

THE FIVE CENT

# WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 1261. { COMPLETE }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE ST., N. Y.  
NEW YORK, April 3, 1896.

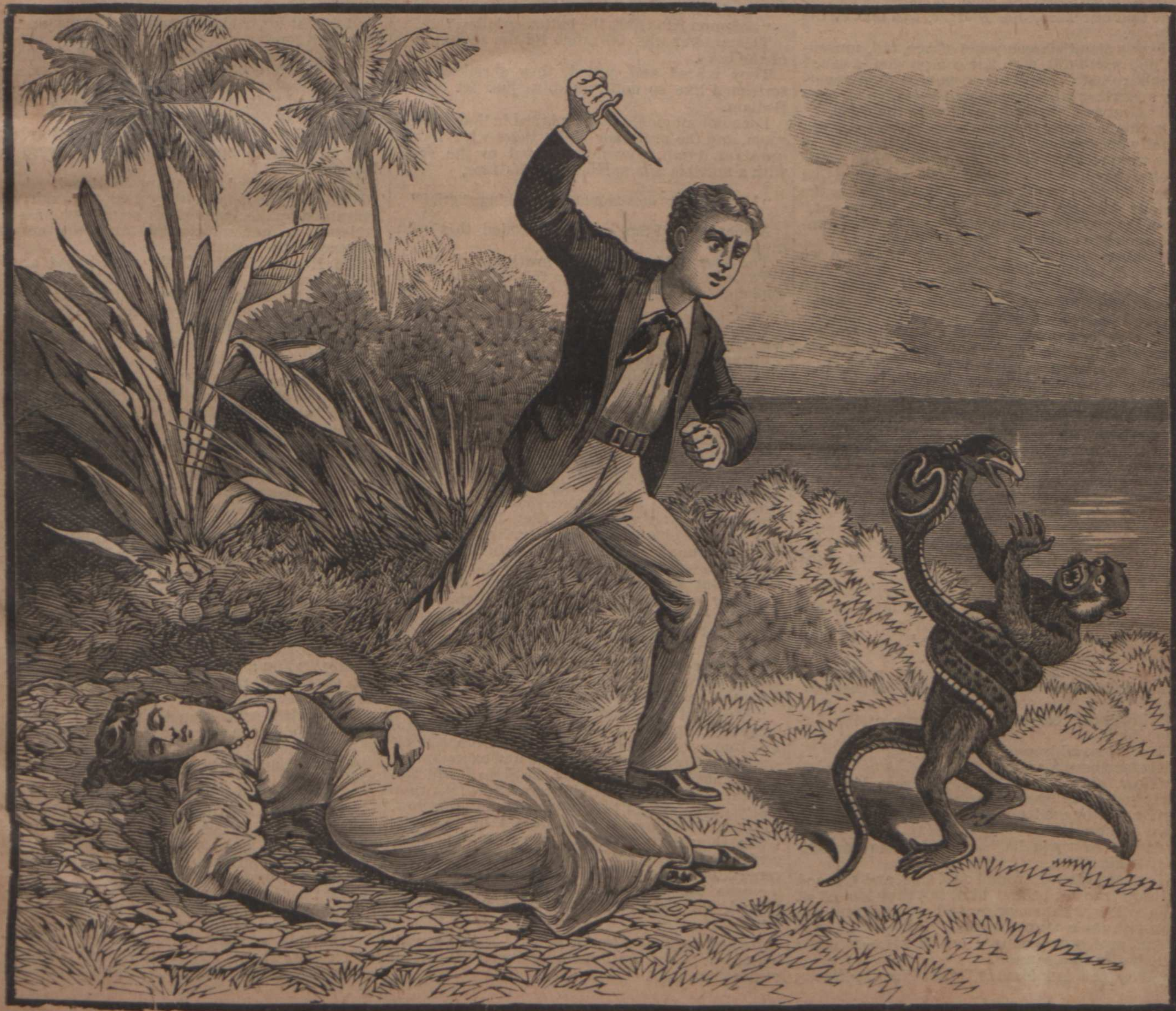
{ PRICE }  
{ 5 CENTS. }

Vol. II.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1896, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## Joe Dodger, the Boy Ventriloquist.

By GUS WILLIAMS.



The shrieking of the monkey aroused Joe from his stupor. He sprang to his feet, he saw that Fay was saved, but that her brute preserver was in deadly peril. He rushed upon the reptile with his bowie-knife drawn.

The subscription price for THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY for the year 1882 will be \$2.50 per year; \$1.25 per 6 months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

# JOE DODGER,

## THE BOY VENTRILOQUIST.

By GUS WILLIAMS,

Author of "The Black Mask," "Billy Bender," "The Seven Charmed Bullets," "An Actor's Son," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERY WHICH ASTONISHES THE SCHOOL-MASTER AND CREATES A RUMPUS.

"Boys, come to order!" cried Professor Thwackem, hammering away at his desk with his ferule. "Come to order immediately!"

The scene was the Yankville High School, an institution that was the pride of all the good citizens of Yankville, a quiet, staid, and sober New England town, and those whom the professor addressed as boys constituted the highest class, who were soon to graduate.

They were lads ranging in age from fifteen to eighteen. The usual crowd of noisy, boisterous, whole-souled and hearty boys, that are to be met with everywhere, and without entering into a minute description of each, it is sufficient to state that our hero, Joe Dodger, was one of the number.

He was about sixteen years of age, tall, muscular, and well-built, with fair complexion, a shock of auburn hair, deep-blue eyes, that were generally sparkling with mischief; the leader at once in intellect and physical qualities in the class.

On this morning the boys were more than unusually boisterous. The occasion being that, as they were to leave school for good within a few weeks, they had determined to have a grand old time, and were busily engaged in discussing the various features of the proposed "blow-out," when the professor entered, and, enthroning himself upon the cathedra, rapped for order.

A single word about the professor before we take up the thread of our story.

Ebenezer Thwackem, D.D. LL.D., was the type of the New England school-master. Long, thin and bony, his legs and arms entirely disproportionate in length with the shortness of his body, with bent shoulders and consumptive air, his clean-shaven face, hooked nose and protruding cheek-bone, the straggling tufts of gray hair, his threadbare black suit in several places, through sitting, shining like a mirror, his scowling countenance and nervous, jerky manner—all impressed upon him the stamp of a kind of instructor, which, happily for themselves and those in their charge, is fast passing away.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the professor, finding that his efforts were in vain. "What's got into you this morning?"

"Gin and milk," came the unexpected answer, apparently from a boy known for his quiet manner and exemplary conduct.

The boys set up a shout of laughter, and then all gazed in amazement at the unheard-of audacity of the seeming culprit.

The professor was dumbfounded.

He could not believe his senses.

Such an act had never occurred within the school to his recollection, and from his best boy, too.

"Hayward," cried he impatiently, "step forward, sir!"

The boy so addressed advanced.

His face bore a puzzled look.

"Now, sir," shouted the professor, "tell us what you mean by such language."

"I never opened my lips, sir," answered Hayward earnestly.

"You know you lie," said some one immediately behind him.

Hayward turned around as if shot, and glanced at those who sat behind him, but they looked at each other with surprise and wonderment depicted on their countenances.

The professor bounced out of his seat like a ball shot from a cannon.

"Why, this is infamous," yelled he, "perfectly

infamous! Who was it that used that slang phrase? I am determined to discover the wretch, and woe to him if I do!"

This new offense made him, for the time, oblivious of the first interruption, and he sent Hayward to his seat.

"Now, sir," said he sternly, addressing the boy from whom the sound apparently proceeded, "was that you?"

The boy protested his innocence, and so did the rest, and all that were in the immediate vicinity of the cause of the disturbance.

The professor was in a rage at his failure to discover the perpetrator.

"Who was it?" asked he in despair. "Does any one know?"

"I do," answered one, though the professor could not discover who.

"Well?" asked he.

"Solomon Slingshot, the button-grinder."

This answer was too much for the equanimity of the boys.

They roared and yelled, they shrieked and screamed like so many lunatics just let out of Bedlam.

For some moments chaos reigned in that school-room, and the professor stood there with ferule upraised, dumb, powerless, rooted to the spot, with a horrible grin spread over his face,

"Like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief."

A silence as of the grave succeeded this wild outburst.

The boys suddenly became mute and silent.

There was some mystery in this they could not explain, but which caused their merriment to vanish.

They gazed at each other with questioning wonder, but none seemed able to solve this riddle.

Silence being thus restored the professor folded his arms, and turning upon them a look of awful dignity, thus addressed him:

"Boys, you are struck dumb with shame at your proceedings this morning. It is absolutely unparalleled in the annals of this school-house. You are soon to graduate, you are soon to enter the wide world, and when you become older and wiser, the thought of this day's behavior will fill your hearts with sorrow and shame. There are some among you who think that, because your stay here is soon to be over, that for that reason you can commit an outrage upon the high reputation this school enjoys, and upon me, its principal. But whoever they are, let me tell them that they will find themselves mistaken. They shall not graduate, they shall be expelled in dishonor and infamy, and none of you shall leave this room until the guilty ones are discovered."

This speech had the effect of sobering the boys, and as there was no more mysterious interruptions the professor continued:

"Now that you are silent and attentive I will tell you what I intended to say half an hour ago. You know that, though this is a private school, yet it is subject to the inspection and examination of the gentlemen comprising the State Board Examiners. I have received information that they will visit the school this day and examine you. In fact, I momentarily expect their coming. While they are present I hope that you young gentlemen of the graduating class will, by your general behavior and ready answers, sustain and increase the reputation of the Yankville High School, for high discipline and sound instruction."

He had hardly delivered himself of this speech when a knock at the door announced the arrival of the examiners.

The boys straightened themselves up and sat erect in silent expectation.

The professor opened the door, and with a greasy smile upon his lips and an humble obeisance, ushered into the school-room four stout, dignified gentlemen, arrayed in all the glory of black swallow-tails, and high-standing collars.

"Ah! gentlemen," exclaimed the professor, shaking their hands, "it does me much honor for you to witness my humble efforts in the paths of learning."

"Professor Thwackem," answered the Honorable Eliphalet Todd, the chairman of the board, and the most dignified of the lot, "the honor is mutual. Your school, sir, is an ornament and pride to the State, and its greatest virtue is discipline. Heaven's first law is order, and it should also be the first law in the school-room. What is a school without discipline?"

"I give it up, Toddy," answered some one, in irreverent tones.

Toddy! The Honorable Eliphalet Todd, chairman of the State Board of School Examiners, and two hundred pounds in weight, addressed as Toddy! and that, too, by one of the boys before whom he had discoursed on discipline.

He could scarcely believe he had heard aright.

He gazed at the boys with a look of severe indignation.

Not a face moved, not a muscle stirred.

Whatever inclination they had to laugh was restrained by the mysterious source whence the exclamation had proceeded, and the august presence of the board.

The Honorable Mr. Todd next gazed at the school-master.

He was blushing with mortification and shame.

He dared not raise his eyes from the ground to meet those of the chairman.

The rest of the board exchanged curious glances.

Was this an example of the discipline their colleague had just now so highly lauded?

"Sir," said the chairman, slightly stammering, and turning towards the crest-fallen professor, "did you—did you address me by the name of—of Toddy?"

"I—I," stammered the professor in turn, and throwing daggers at the class—"I hardly understood you, sir; I—heard nothing."

"I must have been mistaken," said the chairman, accepting the only plausible solution which presented itself to his mind. "I will examine the boys in geography. The boy on the back seat, there, will arise. Now, sir, tell me what is the capital of France?"

"Paris," came in a whisper close to the boy's side.

"Sit down, sir," exclaimed the chairman, sternly. "You are being prompted. Professor, I am surprised that you should allow such a thing to occur."

The hapless school-master was in despair.

No one had been more strict in that regard than he, and now that such a thing should happen in the presence of the board was wormwood to his soul.

Oh how he longed to wallop the whole class.

"The next boy will arise," continued the chairman, in a somewhat ruffled tone. "Now, sir, step out in the aisle, so that no one can prompt you. Tell me, sir, who was the greatest general among the Romans?"

"Ben Butler," apparently answered the boy.

Human nature could not stand that.

The whole class fairly roared with laughter.

"Oh, this is shameful," cried the chairman. "Professor Thwackem, I shall report the school as in a wretched condition. This examination

must stop right here. Look to your license, sir, it will be revoked. Come, gentlemen," added he, turning to the board, "we will delay no longer."

"Squeak, squeak," came the sound of a pig right under the chairman's feet.

That worthy person sprang into the air with a bound.

He struck the professor's desk, which rolled over him, throwing him to the floor.

In falling he grappled with the entire board, and they toppled along with him, drawing the school-master after them.

There they lay on the ground, a heap of groaning flesh, to the infinite delight of the yelling class.

## CHAPTER II.

### JOE AND HIS UNCLE.

"Boys," cried our hero, starting up just as the worthies tumbled on the floor, "let's rush out. Hurrah for the campus. Follow me."

The effect of his words was electric. The boys seized their caps and with wild warhoop of the untutored savage, ran from the room and out into their play-ground.

A crowd gathered around Joe as he perched himself on the head of an empty barrel, and gave vent to immoderate laughter.

"I say, boys," cried he, "wasn't it glorious? How old Thwackem did jump! And how the old codgers took a tumble!"

"Ay, ay," cried several in a chorus.

"What strikes me," exclaimed Hayward, "is who the deuce raised all the row?"

"Can't you guess?" asked Joe, with a curious twinkle in his eye.

"It wasn't you, was it?" shouted half a dozen of the boys.

"I was doing it all the time," answered he, complacently.

"Why," exclaimed the boy who sat next to him in the school-room, "I didn't see your lips move."

"Neither they did," replied he; "nevertheless, I created all the fuss. You won't let out, boys, if I tell you?"

"No, no, we won't," they all shouted.

"Is sneaking Bob amongst you?" asked Joe, gazing around.

"The duffer's not here," answered they.

Sneaking Bob was the nick-name given by the boys to one of their number who ingratiated himself with the master by revealing all the peccadilloes and pranks that his companions indulged in, and was consequently heartily hated and despised by all the boys.

"Well, boys," said Joe, "seeing there's no one here who'll give me away, I'll tell you all about it. You remember, boys, about six months ago an Italian duffer came into the town and gave an entertainment in which he spoke with his stomach so that he could send his voice wherever he wished to; he was a ventriloquist. Well, you remember he said that some fellows are born with a natural gift that way, and if they practice they can become ventriloquists. Well, that sort of struck me, and so I tried whether I mightn't be such a chap. In a word, boys, I found out that I was a ventriloquist. I wouldn't tell anybody until I had become perfect in it. So I kept it a secret and practiced every day. Now I can talk that way as good as any one, and I tried it openly to-day in school for the first time."

This revelation was received by the boys with a shout of delight. The possession of that faculty by their leader promised them a mine of fun, and they besought our hero to give them some further demonstration of his power. This he willingly did, and the boys were transported with glee at the success of his efforts.

"Well, boys," exclaimed Joe, after he had concluded, "let's go into the meadows and have a game of foot-ball. Old Thwackem won't miss us much to-day, I reckon."

His word was law, and in a few minutes all the boys had left the school-yard, and were noisily engaged at their new sport.

They had hardly disappeared when the panel upon which our hero had been sitting was raised and Sneaking Bob crept out.

He stretched his form, which was cramped by the uncomfortable position he had occupied while eavesdropping, and a malicious grin over-spread his cunning face.

"Ah, ah, Joe Dodger," exclaimed he, shaking his clenched hand at his absent enemy. "I'll be even with you now for the walloping you gave me the other day."

Bending low so that the boys should not see him he sneaked into the school-house and entered the professor's private office, where that gentleman, with tears in his eyes, was humbly beseeching the pardon of the august board of examiners, and in a whining tone relating the

strange experiences he had gone through that morning.

"But all this is inexplicable," exclaimed the Honorable Mr. Todd. "How are you to discover the guilty ones?"

"There was only one, sir," said Sneaking Bob, who had entered unperceived and who now came forward. "And I know who he is!"

"Ah, Bob," exclaimed the professor, patting the informer's head, "I knew you'd find out. Tell us who was it and I'll work you perfect in your lessons to-morrow."

This pleased the young scamp for he was too lazy to study, and yet did not like to be always at the foot of the class.

"It was Joe Dodger," answered he, grinning.

"Joe Dodger!" exclaimed the professor, in surprise, "Joe Dodger, the boy whom I teach for nothing, just because his miserly uncle holds a mortgage on the school. Oh, the rascal shall suffer for this! But how did you find out?"

The sneak related all he had heard.

The school-master chuckled with satisfaction.

"I'll tell his uncle, Job Thornton. He hates the boy, and will fix him for this."

Even as he spoke there came a knock at the door, and in answer to the professor's call, Job Thornton, our hero's uncle, entered the room.

He was a decrepit, weazen-faced, pinched-looking old man. Meager in form as though he begrudged himself a meal, with his old and tattered garments loosely hanging to his almost fleshless bones, with the cunning, crafty look in his eyes, his cringing manner, he looked the very picture of what he was—a heartless, mean, and God-forsaken miser.

"Good-morning, professor," whined he, as he entered, "good-morning, gentlemen. I come to see you about the interest on my mortgage. I've been calculating that Joe's got sufficient education, and that he ought to be put to work, and you ought to pay me my interest hereafter in cash."

"That I will," answered the professor, "and Joe Dodger shan't stay in my school another day."

"What?" asked the amiable uncle; "has he again been cutting up his usual pranks? Oh, that boy will be the very death of me yet. I must take him down a peg."

The school-master related what a row our hero had created, and during the recital the old miser's eyes fairly sparkled with malicious rage.

"Oh, just leave him to me," hissed he, grinding his teeth, "just leave him to me. I'll drive this spirit out of him. Oh, let him come home to-night. I'll show him how to act towards his teacher."

The conversation was continued for some time longer and then Job Thornton took his departure.

Meanwhile the boys were enjoying themselves in various ways until the school-master, by the ringing of the bell, recalled them into the school-room.

"Boys," said he, "the board of examiners have gone, and it is needless for me to tell you that they were highly displeased with your conduct to-day. I had intended to keep you here until the offenders should be discovered, but to-day's events have made me feel quite ill, and I will, therefore, dismiss you for the day. To-morrow I will investigate matters further. You may now go home."

That the boys did not want to be told this a second time was evident. They separated for their respective homes in high glee at the glorious old time they had had and resting in fancied security that the school-master had not discovered the truth.

Joe entered the wretched broken-down cottage of his uncle, which had been his home almost as far back as he could remember.

It is true that sometimes in his day-dreams he fancied himself in a former house, more handsomely furnished, and surrounded by all the elegancies and comforts of wealth. At such times he would behold the features of a tall handsome man, a lovely woman, kind words would greet his ear and kisses of love and affection be pressed to his lips.

From such a happy vision he would awaken and find it all a dream. If he had ever lived in such a house it must have been many, many years ago; that handsome man must have been his father, that lovely woman his mother. Where were they now? His uncle had told him that they were dead? But that was all he ever knew of his parentage.

With a sigh he entered the dim hallway. He was met by the housekeeper, the only help his miserly uncle allowed himself, and the good woman endured many privations rather than tear herself away from the boy she so fondly loved.

"Joe," said she, and her voice slightly trembled, "your uncle told me to send you to his room as soon as you came into the house."

"Why, Mary," asked our hero, in surprise, "how agitated you are? What's the matter?"

"He seems to be awfully mad against you about something," answered she.

"Oh, he's in one of his delightful humors," answered Joe, laughingly. "I'm used to that."

"Take care of yourself, Joe," whispered she. "Don't provoke him further. I would die were anything to happen to you."

"I'll look out for myself," answered he cheerily as he sought his uncle's room.

"So, you young rascal," was his uncle's greeting, "you've been kicking up your usual row at school to-day."

"I, sir?" asked our hero, wondering how his uncle became informed of what had occurred.

"Dare you deny it, sir, I know all about it."

"Oh well, if you do, I suppose I must confess it."

"You glory in your shame, do you?" cried his uncle enraged at our hero's cool demeanor. "But I'll put a stop to it. You shan't go to school any more. You shan't eat my bread in idleness. I have apprenticed you to a trade, sir, where you will continue until you are twenty-one years of age."

This was news indeed to Joe, but he merely asked:

"May I know what trade?"

"A shoemaker, sir," answered his uncle vindictively. "You're fit for nothing else but a cobbler."

"I won't learn any such trade," answered our hero, highly indignant.

"Oh you won't, eh," yelled his uncle. "I'd like to know what you've got to say about it?"

"I guess," answered Joe, restraining his passion, "my inclination has something to do with the choice of my profession. At any rate I'll never become a cobbler."

The words were scarcely out of his lips when his uncle sprang upon him and seized him by the throat.

"You beggar, you," shrieked he, "I'll strangle you!"

Joe knew that, boy as he was, he was more than a match for his decrepit old assailant; but he, although attacked, desired to offer no violence to one who was his uncle. So he had recourse to his ventriloquous art. Assuming a deep bass voice and sending the sound towards the ceiling of the room, he exclaimed:

"Brother, touch not my son."

The effect upon his uncle was awful. The old man loosened his hold upon our hero's throat, his face turned an ashy pale, a groan escaped his lips, and he fell senseless to the floor.

## CHAPTER III.

### JOE STARTS OUT INTO THE WORLD.

JOE was himself somewhat startled by the effect of his words on his uncle. It is true that the latter had only fainted, but why should he swoon at apparently hearing his brother's voice? There was some mystery about that which our hero could not comprehend, but which he firmly determined to fathom. As he had become older, by degrees he had more and more felt the want of loving parents to cheer and sustain him. He was not at all satisfied with the vague explanations of his uncle concerning their absence. If they were dead how had they died, where were they buried, did any stone mark their last resting-place?

All these questions, raised by the boy's yearning soul, remained unanswered, and he was bound to discover the truth at whatever cost.

For the present, however, he satisfied himself by rubbing the swooned man's face and hands, pouring cold water on his head, and by other means restoring him to consciousness.

In this he was successful, and as he saw his uncle exhibit signs of returning life, he left the room in order to prevent another outburst.

Joe Thornton slowly arose from the ground, and with chattering teeth and trembling limbs, peered furtively around the room. He evidently expected to cast his eyes upon some one, and gave a sigh of relief when he saw that he was alone.

"Not here," hissed he, "not here. I thought I heard his voice. I'm sure I heard him call me brother. And yet how could he be here. He could not have escaped. No, no, that's impossible."

He seemed absorbed in his thoughts. At last the situation seemed to strike his mind, for he uttered a yell of mingled rage and hate.

"Ah, I have it!" cried he. "Thwackem told me Joe was a ventriloquist. I see it all, it was he who uttered the words that frightened me so. That puts the climax on it. He suspects me, and like the young devil he is, will get at the bottom of the secret. Have I lived so long, have I committed so many crimes, to have a boy triumph

over me? Shall he rob me of the wealth I reared from his father's pittance? Shall he hand me over to the law? No, no, a thousand times no! I'll kill him first."

He paced up and down the room in great excitement. He breathed heavily, and cold perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Ay," muttered he, "this very night I'll murder him, and then the gold is mine, the gold is mine."

When Joe left his uncle's room he went to the kitchen where Mary had spread for him a substantial if not sumptuous dinner, which he devoured with that healthy appetite which is a prerogative of youth only.

"Now, Mary," said he, after she had cleared the table, "I want you to tell me about my parents. Whenever I have heretofore asked you, you, for some reason or other, put me off; but something has occurred to-day which makes me determined to wait in ignorance no longer."

He related the scene between himself and his uncle, and continued:

"You told me that you were housekeeper in my parents' home before you came here, and I know you can tell me a great deal if you wish to."

"Ah! Joe," answered the worthy woman, brushing a tear from her eye. "It is a sad story, and I have kept it from you because I did not want to fill your young heart with sorrow; but now, as you are soon to become a man, it is proper for you to know all."

"Before you begin, Mary," interrupted Joe, "I want you to tell me how it happens that my uncle, who is my father's brother, bears the name of Thornton, while my name is Joe Dodger."

"You were a great favorite with your poor father," answered she, "and he nicknamed you thus on account of the capers you cut even when a mere babe, and it has stuck to you since. Your right name is Joe Thornton, but we've got in the habit of calling you Joe Dodger."

It may be here remarked that we shall continue to call our hero by the name that seems adapted to his general character.

"Your mother," continued Mary, "was a French lady whom your father married while at Paris. He loved her devotedly, and when twin sons were born to him the measure of his happiness seemed complete."

"Twin sons," ejaculated Joe. "Had I a brother then?"

"You had. His name was Henry, and though your brother, he was as unlike in appearance to you as day is to night. He took after your mother, who was a beautiful brunette, with dark flashing eyes and wavy black hair, while you resemble your father, who was light complexioned. Well, until six years after their marriage there never lived a happier couple. Your father was very wealthy; they lived in a brown-stone house in New York. When you and your brother were about five years old, for some unknown cause, a violent quarrel arose between your parents. Your mother was of a very passionate temper, and the result was a separation. She took Henry with her and embarked on the first steamer that left New York for her native land. A week after, the terrible tidings came that the vessel had sunk at sea, during a storm, and that all on board were drowned."

"Poor mother, poor brother," murmured Joe, with tears in his eyes.

"The sad news," continued she, "struck a fearful blow to your father, for he still dearly loved his wife and child. He would remain in New York no longer. With you, his only loved one left to him and me he came to this place and sought to bury himself from all the world in your uncle's house. He became very sad and melancholy. He had been here about three months when one day he and your uncle, accompanied by two stalwart men, strangers to the place, drove off in a carriage. A couple of days later your uncle returned alone."

"Mary," cried Joe, springing up and gazing keenly at her, "do you believe that my father is dead?"

"Hush," whispered she, glancing around the room. "I dare not tell you what I believe."

"He was wealthy, I but a child, my uncle a sordid miser. Mary, could it be, could my uncle have murdered his brother to obtain his wealth?"

"I do not know, I cannot tell," whispered she. "Perhaps he has hid himself somewhere."

"Oh, if I could but hope that," cried our hero fervently. "If I could but believe that he is still alive, I would ransack every quarter of the globe to discover him and restore him to his rights."

It was midnight. On a simple couch in the sparsely furnished attic lay Joe. He was calmly, peacefully, sleeping, and the full moon that shed its silvery beams through the single window shed a halo of glory around his fair head.

Slowly and stealthily the door opened. A female form entered the room. It was Mary.

She was as pale as a ghost, and trembled with excitement.

She advanced on tiptoe to the bed, whereon lay sleeping the boy so dear to her heart.

"Hist," whispered she, shaking him, "hist, Joe, for mercy's sake wake up."

The boy did not stir; his sleep was too profound.

"Oh Heaven help me," cried she, "that I may not be too late."

She shook him more violently and finally aroused him from his slumber.

"Quick Joe," exclaimed she, "get up and dress yourself."

"Why, Mary," ejaculated he, in surprise, "what do you want?"

"Get up and flee."

"Why?" asked he, arising in his bed.

"Your uncle," gasped she agitatedly. "I heard him mutter as I passed his room, 'now it is the time.' I peered through the keyhole, he was whetting a huge knife, he intends to murder you."

"To murder me," cried Joe, springing to the floor. It took him hardly a second to dress.

"Let him come," added he bravely. "I am ready to meet him."

"No, no, Joe," pleaded she, "seek your safety in flight."

"And leave you here alone?" answered he.

"He will not harm me. There, that's a good boy. Out of that window, climb down the honeysuckle. Go, and Heaven guard you."

Thus importuned, Joe crept out of the window. Hardly had he disappeared when the door opened and Job Thornton entered, bearing a murderous-looking knife in his hand.

The sight of Mary showed him that his victim had escaped.

"Perdition!" cried he, "where is Joe?"

"Safe," answered Mary, triumphantly. "Safe from your clutches, murderer!"

"Ah!" shouted he, "you have warned him, you have aided him to escape; you shall pay the penalty."

He sprang upon her, and seizing her by the throat, brandished the weapon over her head.

The poor woman thought her last moment had come.

"Catch the murderer," "bind the villain," "arrest him," apparently shouted a dozen different persons.

Job Thornton let go his hold upon his victim.

"The devil!" cried he. "I'm discovered."

He rushed from the room.

Our hero sprang through the window into the room and embraced Mary.

He had uttered the various cries that had frightened off the villain. His knowledge of ventriloquism had enabled him to save the house-keeper's life.

## CHAPTER IV.

### JOE GOES TO SEA.

JOE now recognized that his only chance of safety was in flight. He knew that his uncle would not repeat the attempt upon Mary's life, for that was but the momentary ebullition of temper, and there was no motive for her death, but he felt that the old villain would, if he had the opportunity, kill them both, through fear that our hero would penetrate the mystery surrounding his father's disappearance, and in order to remain in possession of the ill-gotten wealth which belonged to Joe.

He had hastily made up a small bundle of necessary clothing, which he had slung over his back.

For an instant he hesitated which direction to take. The whole world was before him. He determined to adopt a jolly roving life, hastening from one place to another, as the best means to come across the place where his father was hidden. He felt convinced that the progenitor of his existence was still an inhabitant of this earth, and youth and daring inspired him with the hope that he would be able to find him.

For the immediate present, however, Joe felt that he must find a place where he could earn enough to support him, and his mind instantly reverted to the glorious tales of sailors' lives which he had read. A seaport was but a few miles from his native village, and towards it he directed his footsteps.

He walked sturdily along, and daybreak found him wandering along the wharf, somewhat tired, very dusty, and awfully hungry.

He wanted to get some breakfast, but then it struck him that he had not a penny in his pocket. Under the circumstances, he was not much to blame for resolving to make his art of ventriloquism procure him one.

He entered a grim, smoky, dirty-looking restaurant, which was situated in a street along the water-front, and going up to the bar, asked the jolly, stout proprietor standing behind it for a glass of water. This was handed to him, and he remained standing there under pretense of drinking it.

A party of men were standing at the bar drinking and talking. One of them, a sailor, returned from a voyage, was showing a handful of money and blowing and swaggering. This man Joe hit upon as his victim. Having got the hang of his voice, he made him say:

"Boys, call for what you want, I stand treat for all in the house."

Immediately there was a mighty rush of bummers to the bar. Our hero sat down at the table and ordered a porter-house steak, potatoes and coffee. The waiter quickly brought them, and Joe fell to with a will and demolished the eatables in an extraordinary short time.

Meanwhile the victim was dumb with astonishment; he had heard himself give the order, the words had issued from his lips, and yet he had not uttered them. Before he could recover sufficiently to countermand the order the mischief had been done, and the jolly proprietor said:

"You're a brick, Jack. The bill is ten dollars, and I likes a man as is generous like you."

"Generosity be darned," roared Jack. "I didn't stand treat, and I shan't pay a cent."

"You didn't treat?" cried the landlord, indignantly. "Why, I leaves it to the gentlemen here if yer didn't tell the boys to call for whatever they wanted."

"Yes, yes," cried the bummers in concert. "We all heard it."

"I knows it," said Jack, solemnly. "I heard it myself; but, mates, may I never live to tread the deck agin if a single word came from me. I'm bewitched, and the devil put words in my mouth."

"Come, come," cried the landlord, fearful of losing his money, "that's too thin. Fork over, and don't yer make any more fuss about it."

"Darn me if I will," cried Jack, bitterly. "I'd like to see the man that can make me do it. I tell ye's I didn't stand treat, and it's agin reason for me to pay what I didn't order."

"Oh, Jack," cried several, "pay like a man."

"I won't," cried he, furiously.

"You're a beat, then," shouted the landlord.

Hardly had the words been spoken before Jack, with a bound, cleared the bar and landed himself upon the unlucky proprietor. All hands joined in the fray.

Tables, chairs, crockery, bottles and glasses flew around the restaurant in a lively manner, the air was resonant with oaths and yells. In the midst of the struggle Joe escaped in the street. As he walked along the wharf and reflected upon the mischief he had done, he was sorry for it. He had not foreseen the end of his joke. He thought that Jack, after some bickering, would have paid the score. He wished he could make some reparation for the act.

As he was walking thus he almost ran against Jack. The latter, though badly torn and beaten, wore a triumphant look. He had conquered in the fight.

"Avast, there, youngster," cried Jack, grabbing our hero's hand. "You were down in the crib when the muss broke out. I walloped the duffer, but what puzzles me is who the deuce made use of my voice."

"That was I," answered Joe, with a sudden burst of confidence.

"You!" cried Jack, in amazement.

Our hero, sorrowfully penitent, made a clean breast of the whole story.

"By Neptune," exclaimed Jack, "give's yer hand, boy, you're a trump. I forgive yer, and, what's more, I'll pay the damage. And yer want to go to sea, eh? Be a sailor. Well, there's the school-ship just goin' to heave anchor in an hour. Guess I'll get yer on there. Got any parents? Cut the crib, eh?"

"No, no," answered Joe, "my parents are dead. I have run away from my uncle who wanted to kill me."

"All right, then," cried Jack. "I'll be your guardian. There's the ship, now. Let's get on board."

An hour later when the school-ship *Minerva* left the pier with her prow headed for India, Joe was enrolled with about two hundred boys of his own age to make the voyage.

For the next two or three weeks our hero was too sea-sick and felt too miserable to cut up any capers. In that time, however, he had, quite rightly, come to the conclusion that the captain and the officers were low, brutal, miserable fellows, who omitted no opportunity to maltreat the boys given in charge to them by the government.

Among the boys themselves he had made a number of friends and some enemies. One to

whom he became particularly attached was a German boy of about sixteen years old, who, on account of his foreign ways and broken English, was constantly made the butt of the others' ridicule, and the victim of innumerable practical jokes.

Yacup was a quiet, inoffensive lad, and though he had at first borne the contumely with manly forbearance, yet their constant recurrence embittered his soul, and he keenly longed for a friend to champion his cause.

All these things Joe quietly noticed and resolved at some time to repay the boys in like coin.

They were now under a tropical sky and Joe was on his legs again, as full of life, vigor, and mischief as ever.

They were crossing the equator, and the boys thought it a good time to try a joke upon Yacup.

"Yacup," said Ben Bottle, the leader of the gang, a rough rowdy and cowardly bully, "we're on the line."

"Dat makes me noddins out," answered Yacup, turning away, for he dreaded some onslaught upon him.

"And Neptune, who is the god of the sea," continued Ben, "requires a sacrifice of some person from every ship that crosses the line."

"Vell," asked Yacup, respectfully, "and vat was dat to me?"

"The captain has singled you out to be thrown overboard, and given us the right to do it."

The captain was standing near and heard the words. He entered into the brutal joke, and exclaimed:

"Yes, drown the Dutchman."

Poor Yacup became pale and frightened. Whatever courage the boy may have had, had been taken from him by the repeated trials he had already undergone. He sank on his knees before the captain and with tears in his eyes, said:

"Oh, captain, please don't haf me drown'dt."

"Overboard with him," yelled the captain.

Ben Bottle and a number of other boys raised the struggling lad on high and were about to precipitate him into the sea when a deep bass voice apparently coming up from the depths of the ocean, exclaimed:

"I do not want him, I want Ben Bottie. Soon fire him to me or I will sink your craft."

Superstition is ever dominant in a sailor's mind. The boys dropped Yacup to the deck and stood gaping with open mouths at Ben who was trembling in every limb.

The captain looked stupefied. He had engaged in the sport in mere devilry and had intended to give Yacup only a good ducking. But now he regarded the ominous words as a direct admonition from Neptune, and tapping Ben's shoulder, said:

"Ben, my boy, make ready, you've got to go overboard."

"I won't, I won't," shrieked Ben. "I won't be drown'dt."

He yelled and screamed, he shouted and kicked, he begged and implored until Joe, disgusted at his cowardice, exclaimed:

"Heave him over, captain."

The captain, hardly laid hands upon him when he swooned away in a dead fright.

Joe wishing to change the subject now raised the cry of boy overboard.

"Where—where?" shouted the captain.

"Help—help!" came the sound of a human voice.

The boys crowded to the side of the vessel nearest to the cry of the person apparently drowning.

"Man the life-boat," ordered the captain.

A minute later, the first mate, Joe, and several others were rowing over the wide waters in search of the drowning boy.

"Help!" faintly cried the voice—"help!"

"Keep up, my boy," cried the mate, "we're coming for you. But I can't see you, where the deuce are you?"

"Here, here!" cried the voice, apparently coming from the direction diametrically opposite to that in which they were rowing.

The mate ordered the men to steer about, and the life-boat dashed ahead.

"I can hold out no longer," cried the voice again in an entirely different direction.

"Well, this beats everything!" exclaimed the mate, in surprise. "How the deuce do you manage to shift your quarters? Where are you now?"

"Under the boat," cried the voice. "Look out—oh, I'm struck—I'm sinking!"

There was a sound of gasping and gurgling right underneath them, and then all was silent.

"His goose is cooked," said the mate, still mystified. "What the devil is the matter to-day, anyhow? Is the vessel bewitched?"

He gave orders to row back to the ship, and fell into a brown study.

As soon as the party were on deck again, the

captain piped up all hands, and called the roll of all the boys.

No one was missing, not even Ben Bottle, for he had recovered from his swoon, and stood in line.

"Darnation!" said the captain, "there's some trick at the bottom of this. I'll be bound to find it out."

"I know who it is," said a boy, advancing from the line.

"Who is it that is playing all these tricks?" asked the captain.

"It's Joe Dodger," answered the informant, "he's the Boy Ventriloquist."

Joe turned to see who it was that knew his secret, and was betraying him.

He immediately recognized the little rascal.

It was Sneaking Bob, his old enemy.

## CHAPTER V.

### JOE AND YACUP JOIN FORTUNES.

A SINGLE word to explain the presence of Sneaking Rob on the *Minerva*. Having betrayed Joe to the school-master he was terribly afraid of our hero's resentment, and therefore begged the august board to protect him. That body of functionaries having the school-ship under their control dispatched him on board of it, and he was enrolled the day previous to that on which our hero came on board.

One can judge the surprise he felt at his discovering that his enemy was with him, and he studiously kept out of his sight until this moment. The desire to injure Joe was, however, too strong for his prudence to overcome. Hence his revelation of Joe's secret.

The sky presaging a thunder-storm appears not blacker or fiercer than did the countenance of the captain at the announcement. He fairly foamed with rage.

"Joe Dodger," shouted he, "step forward, sir!"

Our hero mechanically obeyed.

"Now, sir," added the enraged captain, "I'll teach you, sir, to send me on a wild-geese chase again; I'll show you how to cut capers aboard of this vessel; I'll learn you who is master here."

"I am sensible, sir," answered our hero, with great dignity, "that I have done wrong, and though the fellow who told on me is a mean, despicable wretch, yet I am willing to endure whatever punishment you may inflict upon me."

"Oh, you're willing, are you?" sneered the captain. "Well, I don't care whether you are or not. Perhaps you'll change your mind before the performance is over."

He summoned two stalwart men of the crew, and they pounced upon our hero, like wolves on their prey. They stripped the clothes from his back, bound him against the main-mast, and then one of them pulling forth a ferocious-looking cowhide, asked with a grin:

"How many, captain?"

"Give him fifty," cried the brute; "then salt him and tie him aloft."

Joe snudged as he heard the fearful punishment which he was about to suffer, but not a word escaped his compressed lips.

The boys all drawn up in line would gladly have come to his rescue if they had dared to; as it was they could not but be witnesses of his suffering and degradation.

Yacup was especially affected, for he felt that to the trick for which our hero was about to pay the penalty he owed his life.

"Captain," said he, sobbing, "please don't yer licks Joe. It was all mine fault. Let him go and licks me so much as he likes."

"Silence, scoundrel," roared the captain, knocking him in the stomach, "how dare you speak without permission. If you want to be whipped so badly, I'll settle yer hash after I get done with this young mutineer."

The poor boy was thus cowed into silence, and he could do nothing but wring his arms and weep aloud.

The ruffian who swung the cowhide gave it to our hero thick and fast across the naked back.

At first Joe stood the blows with Roman firmness, but when dark blue seams appeared down his back, when the sharp thongs cut into his flesh and the blood spurted from his many wounds, then his courage forsook him, and he could not help exclaiming:

"Oh, captain, bid them stop! I am punished enough."

"Lay on, my hearty," urged the captain, mocking our hero's cries; "lay 'em on heavy."

The full fifty lashes were meted out, and, when the barbarous deed was done, Joe was insensible from pain and loss of blood.

The two sailors unbound him and stretched him on the deck. They then took large handfuls

of salt and rubbed it into the bleeding flesh. This last barbarity might have been spared our hero, for he felt not the smart. Then they hurriedly clothed him, and, bearing him aloft, bound him, still insensible, with strong cords to the upper portion of the mast.

When Joe recovered consciousness it was dark night. The sky was hung with a pall of heavy clouds, a low wind moaned through the riggings, all gloomy and dismal.

At first Joe could not comprehend where he was, but the smarting of his wounds awakened him to a lively consciousness of his position.

"The inhuman wretch," exclaimed he, bitterly, "to torture me thus. If ever I get ashore I'll report him to the authorities. Surely the law cannot be on his side. If I ever get ashore—who knows? I feel weak; the cords with which I am bound seem like red-hot chains searing and burning my flesh. If I am not soon released, I shall surely perish. That rascal Bob; oh, wouldn't I like to meet him face to face. I'd give him a walloping he would never forget as long as he lived."

Our hero continued in this strain for a long time, alternately giving vent to feelings of rage, indignation, and pain. How many hours he had been thus chained he knew not; how much longer the cruel captain would torture him he was equally ignorant of. To the physical pains he suffered were those of an intense thirst and fierce hunger.

He shouted aloud from his dizzy height, but none below seemed to hear. If they did, they paid no attention to his heart-rending cries. He heard the bells ring to change the watch. From that he knew it was midnight. The clouds that had gathered during the night now poured forth a steady flow of drizzling rain. His clothes became soaked with wet, and though that at first offered a temporary relief from the pains of his wounds, yet it caused him to shiver and quake with chills.

"Oh," murmured he, "I shall be dead before morning if I am not released. Have I not a single friend on board the ship who would brave the captain's resentment to save my life?"

He had such a one.

A dark form cautiously and secretly climbed up the mast until it stood beside him.

"Joe!"

"Yacup!"

"Hush," whispered the German lad, "you safes mine life to-day, and I haf come to safes yours."

He pulled a knife from his bosom and severed the cord that bound our hero's arms.

The latter grasped Yacup's hand and fervently exclaimed:

"Heaven bless you. You shall be my friend forever."

"Dond you shpeak so lout, der vatch will hear you."

"Who's on the watch?"

"Dose two big rascals Bob and Ben."

"And the captain?"

"Oh, he was dead drunk, shleepin' like von big log on the floor von der cabin."

By this time Yacup had gradually loosened all the cords that bound Joe. A sense of deadly faintness overcame him as he was set free, and he would have toppled to the deck had not his releaser held him firmly to the mast. The weakness was, however, but momentary, and the thought that he was now free to descend revived him wonderfully.

"How was you?" asked Yacup; "does you feels very sore about der back?"

"A little stiff," answered Joe, "but I guess I can manage it. I say, Yacup, we can no longer remain on board the vessel. If the captain discovers us we are both lost. Have you the courage to capture with me the life-boat, desert the ship, and trust to luck?"

"Vere you goes, I go mit you. So help me der fader vot ish in heaven."

"Now, then," whispered our hero, "let us get down to the deck."

They cautiously descended and reached the deck without awakening any suspicion. They provided themselves with stout ropes, and concealed themselves behind some bales of cotton which formed part of the cargo.

All unconscious of the presence of our hero on the deck, Ben and Bob stood on the fore-castle conversing with each other in low tones to while away the dreariness of their watch.

A low moan startled them.

"What's that?" gasped Bob.

"It's some one dying," whispered Ben, aghast.

"Perhaps it's Joe, giving up the ghost," murmured Bob.

"I am the spirit of him whom you betrayed to his death."

The words were uttered in a low, mournful

tone, proceeding apparently from the rigging. The sound struck terror to the boys. They dropped on their knees with affright.

The next instant they were seized, bound and gagged, and lying helpless on the deck, with Joe and Yacup standing triumphantly before them.

"So my fine buck," hissed our hero, brandishing a knife before Bob's eyes, "you thought you had the best of the boy ventriloquist. What's to hinder me from cutting out that tattling tongue of yours?"

"Und," added Yacup, addressing Ben, "Shposin' now I shucks you into the ocean, eh, likes you want to do mit me."

Unable to utter a word, the baffled young rascals could only plead for mercy with their eyes.

It was not, however, the intention of our hero to do them any bodily harm. Being safe from interruption he, with the aid of Yacup, lowered the life-boat, and having equipped it with whatever necessities he thought proper, descended into it, followed by his German friend, and forever parted company with the vessel on board of which he had been so shamefully misused.

A few sturdy strokes of the oars put them entirely out of sight of the ship, and they then rested, and allowed their boat to drift along with the tide. They were now on the wide waste of waters. The rain had ceased falling, but the sky was still of an inky blackness.

The exercise of rowing and the excitement of their desertion had done our hero much good. The stiffness left his body, and he felt no longer chilly. Having regaled himself with some water and food, which he stowed on board the boat, he stretched himself on the seat and sank into a refreshing sleep.

Meanwhile Yacup faithfully kept watch, so that no harm might befall them.

With early dawn Joe awoke, and felt as well as he ever did in his life. They ate their morning meal, and Yacup was about to go to sleep in his turn when he espied a vessel heaving near.

"They hailed the ship, and were taken on board."

The vessel was the good ship *Alcanthus*, hailing from India, and bound for New York with cargo and passengers.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONFLAGRATION.

THE captain of the *Alcanthus*, named Sampson, was just the opposite in manner and behavior to the brutal officer of the *Minerva*. Having kindly taken the boys on board of his vessel and patiently listened to the story of their woes, he provided them with new garments and enrolled the boys among his crew.

For some days Joe remained quiet, studying the various features of his new quarters, and reminded by an occasional twinge of pain of his old ones. But when a week had passed, and nothing remained of his wounds but dark blue scars, which, however, did not pain him; when he had investigated every nook and cranny of the vessel, he thought it his duty to enliven the monotony of the voyage by some exciting sport.

The vessel was a steamship, and had immense boilers, beneath which roared and blazed the fires in the gigantic furnaces.

Joe was standing with Yacup near the fireman, who was explaining to them the fearful heat in the furnaces, and what would be the effect if some one, by accident, should be caught in it.

"Why," said he, "only yesterday there were a dozen men repairing the tubes of the boilers. Suppose one of them should have got stuck between the bars and remained undiscovered until after I had lit the fires."

As if in confirmation of the fireman's words, the sound of a human groan proceeded directly from the condenser.

The fireman dropped his shovel and gazed at the blazing fires with open-mouthed astonishment. Yacup also was dumfounded. As for Joe, who was indeed the author of the mysterious sound, he could scarcely restrain his laughter at the comical faces his companions made.

"By vat der deibel is dat?" exclaimed Yacup.

"Oh, I'm a-roasting, shure," came from the furnace.

"There's a man in there," ejaculated the fireman.

"Nonsense," said Joe, in his natural voice. "How can a person be alive in midst of a blazing fire. Why, you told us but a minute ago that it was impossible."

"What's impossible?" asked the captain, stepping up.

"The fireman here," continued Joe, "wants to make us boys believe that there's a live man in that red-hot condenser."

"Mr. Jackson," said the captain, sternly, "are

you playing upon the credulity of those boys, or are you intoxicated?"

"Neither, sir," answered the fireman, with a puzzled expression on his face; "but—hark!"

Again a low moan was borne on the incandescent air that issued out with the steam.

"Why, what can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed the captain.

"Oh, captin', darlin'," exclaimed the man in the condenser with a rich Irish brogue, "it's fearful hot in here. Shure, I'm roast beef already."

Had the captain paused but a moment to think, he would at once have perceived the impossibility of the thing. But no—he had heard the man speak; his ears could not deceive him. He was sure there was some one in the condenser.

"Poor fellow," exclaimed the captain, "what can we do for you?"

"Oh!" cried the salamander, "don't stand there a-talkin', and I'm bein' done brown. Shut off the steam afore I'm burnt to cinders."

The captain gave the requisite order and the steam was shut off, as a consequence of which the whole machinery stopped its work, and the passengers came pouring down to inquire the cause of stoppage.

Joe had now quite a large audience.

The captain explained the cause of his trouble. His statements were, however, received with laughter and incredulity, which, however, were soon changed to mute and silent faith by hearing the words:

"Will ye look at them blackguards. Fust they roast me, an' now they're jabberin' an' talkin' instead of helping me out."

A number of those present volunteered to enter the condenser, which had now cooled down, in order to drag out the unfortunate wretch whom they thought within.

"Well?" inquired the captain, after several had entered and looked about.

"He's not in the condenser at all," answered the fireman, who made one of the party.

"Not in the condenser!" ejaculated the captain.

"Where the deuce is he then?"

"Sure I'm in the boiler!"

Horror of horrors! A man actually living and talking in an atmosphere of superheated steam.

"Oh, you're in the boiler," exclaimed the captain, with a sneer, "and pray how do you like your new quarters?"

"Oh, quite well, thank ye," answered the voice. "It's a trifle cowl'd, but I'll feel all right in a few minutes."

This ludicrous reply was received by the hearers with shouts of laughter. Joe, however, was anxious in some way to terminate the scene without drawing the captain's resentment upon his head. When, therefore, the fireman who had come out of the furnace opened the safety-valve and let out some steam, our hero saw fit to let the mysterious occupant of the boiler escape by the same valve.

"I'm out," cried the unknown, "I'm the spirit of the steam, I'm a-floatin' away wid it, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye."

At each repetition of the word "good-bye" the voice sounded weaker and more distant, and seemed to be following the cloud of steam that had left the boiler.

The mysterious stranger having departed, the fireman relit the fires and the captain and passengers scattered themselves over the deck, all discussing the extraordinary event that had broken the uniform current of their ship-board life.

At the dining-table the discussion was renewed, and Joe, who with Yacup, were temporarily acting as waiters, was highly amused at the equally ludicrous explanations advanced to meet the ludicrous occurrence.

One gentleman, however, said:

"Although not present at the extraordinary performances, I have carefully listened to the various reports thereof, and after weighing the subject in my mind I have come to the only rational conclusion possible under the circumstances. And that is that there is a ventriloquist among us, to whose wonderful skill we owe this day's enjoyment, and who, I hope, will reveal himself to us, so that we may obtain for him Captain Sampson's pardon, and beg him to give us further evidences of his ability."

Of course everybody immediately exclaimed, "Just as I thought," and "didn't I tell you so?" It was the story of the egg of Columbus repeated. After the riddle had been solved everybody knew it all the time.

"Vy," exclaimed Yacup, who had listened attentively to the gentleman's explanation, "I shust dinks of it. Der feller vat makes all der fun is mine friend, Joe Dodger."

Our hero, with a blush of pardonable pride, admitted that he was the author of all the trouble, and he was immediately lionized by the company.

"My lad," exclaimed the captain, shaking him

by the hand, "I forgive you this time, but give me notice when you want to play a trick upon me again."

"That would spoil all the fun, sir," replied Joe, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

Our hero gave further specimens of his powers and kept the table in a constant roar of laughter.

After dinner was over the gentleman who had hit the nail on the head called Joe into the state-room.

As he, and more especially his daughter, are important personages in our story, they deserve a moment's description.

Mr. Templeton was a man of about forty years of age, and in the prime of manhood.

Born in New York, and of influential family, he had obtained the position of United States Consul in Calcutta when he barely attained his majority. Since his twenty-first year he had resided in India, and his constant residence there had darkened his features so that he appeared quite oriental in aspect.

He had fallen in love and married a native princess of enormous wealth, who, subsequently to her marriage, had embraced the Christian faith.

Their union, which was one of unalloyed bliss, had been blessed by an only child, Fay Templeton, now a beautiful girl of fifteen, who combined in her person the sturdy vigor of her American father and the ravishing loveliness of her Indian mother.

Within a year, however, Mr. Templeton's wife had died, bequeathing her wealth to her husband and child, and Mr. Templeton, unable to endure the painful associations connected with the residence where he had passed so happy a life, resigned his consulship, and was now on his way to his native home, accompanied by his daughter Fay, and an Indian servant named Lookah.

The latter had been a rajah, or prince, in his own province, but the territory having been conquered by the father of the princess, he became a slave, and after Mr. Templeton's marriage a servant of the latter.

He was highly cultured, and spoke the English language as fluently as a native.

He wore the European dress, and when standing beside Mr. Templeton it was often difficult to determine which was the master and which the servant.

What secret thoughts were buried in his mind were never known.

Perhaps he, too, loved the princess; and it must have filled him with jealous rage to behold her the wife of a foreigner.

The wealth, also, which now belonged to Mr. Templeton had once been his own, and he, who had once ruled over thousands of slaves, was now a slave, a servant.

If such thoughts were in his mind, he never betrayed them, but for years and years had been a faithful attendant upon Mr. Templeton.

Joe fell in love outright with Fay. There was no two ways about it.

They were intimate friends after the first words had passed between them, and when she laughed and clapped her hands in childish glee at his sportive tricks, he felt that he would go through fire and water for her sake.

In a burst of confidence he related the adventures he had already passed through, and showed the marks upon his person in affirmation of his words.

"Poor Joe," whispered she, tears of sympathy filling her beautiful eyes. "But that bad captain and your bad uncle shall never harm you again. You shall always stay with us. My papa shall adopt you as his own son. Won't you, papa?"

Her father had approached them, and heard the latter portion of the conversation.

"I will, my boy," said he. "You and Fay shall be brother and sister."

Somehow or other this arrangement did not quite suit our hero.

Why, he could not tell.

Perhaps in time he would better be able to analyze the emotion which swayed his heart.

At midnight Joe and Yacup were sitting on the deck indulging in mutual confidence, in which the beauty and accomplishments of Fay formed a fruitful topic of conversation.

They saw a form glide through the rigging.

They could not determine whether it was Mr. Templeton or Lookah.

It resembled both.

The next minute a sheet of flame shot out from the hold, followed by a dense cloud of smoke.

The ship was in flames.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ON THE WIDE WATERS.

FIRE!

What sounds more terrible to the luckless pas-

senger, starting at dead of night from his hammock.

The ship is his world, and that world is a burning hades itself.

Whither should he flee?

The tumultuous waves before him open wide their foam-capped mouths to engulf him.

Seething tongues of flame shoot up to the right, to the left, behind him.

He has the melancholy satisfaction of a choice of deaths.

Up from the sleep they shall never again enjoy start the affrighted passengers.

In hot haste they attire themselves in the first garments they can reach; in wild confusion they rush on deck.

Cries, curses, prayers, groanings join in one mighty shriek, that for a moment drowns the roaring of the flames.

Men rush hither and thither in utter distraction; women are everywhere stretched insensible on the burning deck; children cling to their parent's breast and scream with terror.

It is, indeed, a terrible scene.

The crew are demoralized.

In vain the captain commands them to fight the fire; they are deaf to his orders, discipline has vanished; chaos reigns supreme.

The captain, to intimidate the others, shoots a refractory sailor in the head.

It has a contrary effect.

Maddened by the loss of their comrade, the mutinous sailors rush upon the captain, disarm him, and strike him senseless to the deck.

They are now their own master.

The first use they make of their immunity from punishment, is to break open the hold where a cargo of brandy is stowed away.

They smash in the heads of the barrels and fill themselves with the deadly liquor.

The floor of the hold becomes saturated with the brandy, and the flames gain a new impulse thereby.

The intoxicated crew are no longer human beings; they are beasts, worse in their instincts than hyenas that feed on human corpses.

With threats and blows they drive the passengers from the life-boats.

Those who resist are hurled into the flames or cast into the raging sea.

The bestial crew are now in possession of the boats; they lower them into the water, spring in and row away, leaving the helpless passengers to their fate.

The scene at this moment is terribly magnificent.

The lurid flames wrap the doomed ship in a wild splendor; for miles around the heavy canopy of smoke is tinged with the radiance of the setting sun; the waves reflect the scene, and a phantom ship is burned beneath the surface of the sea.

The terrible heat drives the passengers as high up the mast as they can advance; they cling to the rigging with the iron grip of despair.

Beneath them the flames encircle the masts, and the mighty poles, burdened by the precious load, rock to and fro like reeds in the wind.

Every moment threatens to hurl the mass of humanity into the burning gulf below them.

Already hundreds of them, unable to endure the suspense, have voluntarily let go their hold, and their blackened bodies are crackling and roasting in the flames.

Suddenly a bright flame illumines the heavens; a reverberation like that accompanying the discharge of a hundred cannon follows.

The burning ship rises from the sea and shoots like a rocket into the sky.

A wild, piercing shriek is borne over the waters, and all is over.

The flames had reached the magazine.

When Joe and Yacup discovered that the ship was on fire their first thought was to inform Mr. Templeton and Fay of the danger that threatened their lives.

They hastily rushed to the state-room occupied by the pair and Lookah.

The door was locked, and they banged against it with all their might.

"Who is there?" cried Lookah, with a yawn, as if awakening from a deep slumber.

"For Heaven's sake, Lookah," cried Joe, "awaken Mr. Templeton and Fay; the ship's a-fire!"

"Mercy upon us!" exclaimed Lookah from within.

There was a sound as if he was getting out of his hammock, and the next moment the door was opened, and the boys entered, to find the Indian servant in his night-clothes and Fay still soundly sleeping.

"Where is Mr. Templeton?" cried our hero, seeing that the remaining bed was unoccupied.

"What!" cried Lookah, in tones of astonishment, "is he not in his bed?"

"No," answered Yacup.

"And you say the ship's on fire?" inquired he.

"Yes," replied our hero, a sad suspicion arising in his mind. "And it is the work of an incendiary. We saw a man ascend from the hold."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lookah, half aloud; "he has escaped my watch!"

"What do you mean?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"I mean that Mr. Templeton has fired the ship."

"Impossible!" cried the boys in concert.

"For years," continued the servant, "when the moon is full, Mr. Templeton, affected by a strange disease, has been in the habit of arising from his bed while in a somnambulistic state. He then commits acts which he would not dream of in his waking condition. I have carefully kept guard over him so as to prevent any mischief, but to-night he has eluded my vigilance. You see," added he, pointing through the window at the luminous sun of the night, "the moon is at its full."

"Arouse Fay and see that she is safe," said Joe. "I will search for Mr. Templeton."

"No," replied Lookah. "You and Yacup tend to Fay; it will be best for me to look for Mr. Templeton. I can bring him back, so that no suspicion attaches itself to him."

So saying, the Indian glided from the room, leaving the boys alone with the sleeping girl.

Joe advanced to her bed and gently touched her lily-white shoulder.

The contact caused a thrill of pleasure to shoot through his frame.

He could not restrain an exclamation of admiration at her wonderful beauty.

The light touch awakened her, and she sat up in bed, gazing at him in surprise.

"Joe," asked she, wonderingly, "you here?"

"Fay," answered our hero, excitedly, "quickly arise and dress yourself. The ship is on fire."

"On fire!" cried she, looking around the room in alarm. "Where is my father?"

"With Lookah," answered Joe, unwilling to tell her the whole story. "Come, quickly dress yourself, and we will join them."

Fay sprang lightly from the bed and hastily donned her clothes. Then the three left the state-room and proceeded to the deck. An instant's glance revealed to Joe that he had no time to lose. The flames were rapidly gaining headway, and the passengers were awakening to the peril in which they found themselves.

As yet the boats were untouched, but he knew that perhaps a minute later it would be impossible to procure one.

"Yacup," ordered he, "help me lower a boat."

"All right," answered Yacup.

"Will we leave without father?" asked Fay, anxiously.

"It is too dangerous to remain on board the ship," replied Joe. "We can remain in the vicinity for some time."

Though much against her will to go without her parent, Fay was by circumstances forced to submit.

The boat was quickly lowered, and as it already contained provisions and water for some days, the three lost no time in descending into it.

Joe and Yacup rowed the boat about one hundred yards away from the burning vessel, when they rested on their oars and watched the awful spectacle presented to their eyes.

In vain they waited for a sight of Mr. Templeton or Lookah; neither of them appeared. When the explosion took place Fay sobbed aloud:

"Oh, my father, my poor father! He is killed!"

Joe could offer her but little comfort, and silently gave orders to Yacup to row from the sad spot.

The sun arose the next morning in all its refulgence. From a cloudless sky it shone upon the placid waves. The ship had entirely disappeared from view; nothing was visible of the terrible catastrophe except the burned and charred fragments of the wreck floating on the waters, with here and there a disfigured corpse tossed lightly by the waves.

The young party were now alone on the wide waters. No land was in sight. Nothing greeted their vision but the boundless ocean and the clear blue sky. They ate sparingly of their rations, for they knew not how long they would drift along separated from all the world.

The days grew into weeks, and still no sign of land, no sight of a passing vessel.

Their stock of water was entirely gone. Of their provisions they had but a few pounds of crackers left. If they were not soon rescued starvation would stare them in the face.

To these privations were added the burning heat of a tropical sky, and the exhaustion con-

sequent to severe physical labor and the want of sleep.

Yacup loudly gave vent to his feelings.

"Oh, I am shust der unluckiest boy vat vas ever born!" grumbled he. "First I gets me put on der school-ship, und am half killed by der captain und dot Ben Bottle, den I comes on der odder ship und I likes to get roasted, now I tinks I shust starve to death. I wish I haf some pork und beans, mit a little sauerkraut und one glass of beer. That vud make me feel shust bully."

But he sighed for these delicacies in vain, and grew more and more morose and sad.

Joe also felt a sinking of the heart, but not a sound of repining escaped his lips at sight of the wonderful fortitude with which Fay endured the general load of suffering.

She, by nature the weakest of the three, frail in body, and mourning for her father's loss, still had a cheerful smile and a pleasant word to sustain and encourage her companions. She would not allow them to deprive themselves of the slightest comfort for her sake, but shared all the burdens alike, even to taking her turn at the oar, and in watching.

Both Joe and Yacup found a temporary relief from their toils in frequent bathing, a pleasure they indulged in several times each day.

They were sporting in the waves as if that were their natural element, when an agonized shriek of Fay startled them.

"A shark, a shark," screamed she, arising in the boat in wild terror.

They glanced behind them. There, hardly a hundred yards off, appeared the hideous form of the ravenous monster. His fins glistened like swords in the sunlight. Already he turned upon his back and opened wide his monstrous jaws with its double set of pointed teeth. With lightning speed he was rushing upon his destined prey.

The boys were paralyzed with fear unable to move hand or foot. Their doom seemed to be sealed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE STORM.

ABOUT a week after the conflagration of the *Alcanthus*, the good ship *Fortune* bound for New York came across a raft formed of materials from the wreck.

On the raft a man was standing waving a signal of distress, another was lying bound by cords to the beams. Some provisions, a small keg of water, and a few pieces of lumber constituted the whole of their cargo.

"Raft ahoy," greeted the captain of the *Fortune*.

"Ship ahoy," answered the man standing erect.

"Who are you?" asked the captain.

"I am Alvah Templeton," answered the other, "late United States Consul at Calcutta, and the man lying here bound is my servant Lookah."

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the captain.

"His skull is crushed in, and he's an idiot for life."

"How did it occur?"

"Trying to save my life from being destroyed in the conflagration of the ship in which I was journeying homeward, he was struck on the head by the falling mast."

"It is a wonder he was not killed outright."

"It is, and he would have perished were it not for my grateful care. I have been obliged to bind him as you see, for, poor man, he is not in his right senses, and would drown himself."

The effect of this conversation was that the captain lowered a boat, manned it with some of his crew and, rowing to the castaways, he transferred them from the raft to his boat and thence to the ship.

We left Joe and Yacup in the water with the shark open-mouthed bearing down upon them. It was a rather ticklish position to be in, yet our hero did not despair. He had one resource still left by which to save his life and that of his friend. That was his art as a ventriloquist, hitherto it had never deserted him, would it stand by him now.

Some may smile at the idea of vanquishing a shark by ventriloquism. Yet that was the only weapon of defense, if any, available to Joe. Both he and Yacup were stark naked, Fay too terror-stricken to throw them a knife; they dared not move, the shark was within a few yards of them, if Joe failed in the wild speculation, what hope was there for any one?

The shark, for some reason or other, went first for Yacup.

"Oh, it ish all up mit me," exclaimed he, involuntarily closing his eyes.

The voracious monster was just about to make one mouthful of the boy's head, when Joe, with a mighty effort, perfectly imitated the roar of the spouting of the whale, making the sound appear immediately behind the shark.

It is well known that the whale and shark are deadly enemies, and though they often meet in battle, still the latter has a wholesome dread of the former.

When, therefore, the shark imagined his ancient foe to be so close at his heels, he relinquished his intended prey, and made a quick turn-about to meet his opponent.

"Now Yacup," cried Joe, "strike out for the boat quickly, and throw a knife to me. I'll tackle the old boy."

"You shust bet I vill," answered Yacup, striking out hand over hand.

He sprang into the boat, threw a bowie-knife to our hero, who deftly caught it by the handle, and then putting on his clothes, he and Fay watched the forthcoming struggle with intense excitement.

If there ever was a shark struck with astonishment it was this one. He couldn't understand it. His ears had not deceived him; he had heard the war-note of his enemy, and had expected an attack upon his rear; and yet when he turned about boldly to face the foe, he was nowhere to be seen. Had he been endowed with the faculty of speech, he would no doubt have given vent to his feeling in the following elegant exclamation: "Where the deuce is the old buffer?"

The incident was so ludicrous that all of the party burst out in a loud, ringing peal of laughter.

This sound of human glee recalled to the shark's mind, if he had one, the banquet he had deserted, and he turned towards the place where he had left his victim. Yacup was, however, no longer in the water, and the shark, expressing his disappointment by lashing the sea with his tail, turned his attention to our hero.

Joe let him come up quite close, and then again made a whale spout some distance behind the shark.

The monster turned about with lightning speed, this time fully expecting to meet his foe. He was of course again disappointed, and that was too much for the good nature of any shark. His feelings were ruffled, and had there really been a whale in sight a battle would have ensued worthy of the pen of Homer to describe.

Joe sounded the war-note to the right, and in that direction started the shark; then to the left, and the monster changed his course. Before him, behind him, around, about, spouted invisible whales, until the shark must have supposed himself surrounded by a cohort of spiritual foes. Now as this particular fish was no believer in spiritualism, nor a medium, he gave up any attempt to wrestle with a crowd of disembodied whales. Besides, he was not afraid of a thousand enemies who could do nothing but spout, and, therefore, giving his tail a shake of supreme contempt, he, for the third time, faced about to begin his interrupted repast.

This time, however, he was destined to meet a determined foe; for our hero, diving beneath the surface of the water, came up right under the belly of the shark, and, with all the strength he was capable of, drove his knife to the hilt in the head of the shark. Quickly withdrawing the weapon, he stabbed the monster again and again.

The sea round about became incarnadined with the blood flowing from the many wounds. Mad-dened by pain, the shark lashed the waves into fury, he dived down—down—until he entirely disappeared from view.

The terrible exertion, and the protracted stay in the water, had completely exhausted our hero, and he, also, would have sunk never to rise again, had not Yacup rowed the boat near him, and dragged him in an almost senseless condition into the boat.

Yacup clad him in his garments, and gave him a draught of brandy, which they had on board, though as yet untasted. This draught revived him wonderfully, and in a few minutes he was as lively again as ever. The shark now reappeared on the surface of the water; but it was no longer the dreaded monster. Joe's vigorous blows had had their effect, and the misguided creature floated on its back, a helpless corpse.

Joe and Yacup secured the body to the stern of the boat by the aid of a rope, and cutting out the most tender portions of the rump, dried them by the heat of the sun, and thus they had shark-steaks for supper; which, under the circumstances, were highly relished by all, even Fay included.

During the following night a copious shower fell; and, using every available thing on board as receptacles, they obtained a store of water sufficient to last them for several days, and which,

being mixed with a little brandy, was highly acceptable.

They were now, for some time at least, secure from perishing by hunger and thirst, and accordingly became quite merry in feelings.

Joe made the time pass quite rapidly, by the amusement afforded by the exercise of his skill in ventriloquism, and though he frequently made Yacup the victim of his practical jokes, the latter was too good-natured to take offense thereby.

As they drifted along they noticed various signs that announced to them that they were in the vicinity of land. The sea for miles would be covered with sea-weed, leaves and branches; sometimes whole trunks of trees drifted past them. The air was perfumed by the scent of flowers, and with a plumb-line they could touch the bottom at several fathoms' depth.

"We shall soon land," exclaimed Joe, joyfully.

"Vere?" asked Yacup, "in New York?"

"In New York!" laughed Fay. "I should rather think in Africa."

"I believe that we are near the South African coast," said Joe.

"Oh, mine gracious!" cried Yacup. "Shpose now we lands on a blace vere dere is savages, und they catch us und eat us ub, eh?"

"I guess they'd find you rather tough," laughed Joe.

"Vell, vell," replied Yacup, with a sigh, "if dev dose eat me ub, I wish I was so tough dat I sit me right on dere stomick, und make dem all sick."

"That would be some consolation any way," merrily replied Fay.

Thus they passed the day, buoyant with the hope of a speedy sight of land.

The sun sank blood-red into the ocean. An ominous calm lay dull and heavy over the sea, not a breath of air stirred. An oppressive silence reigned about.

"Heaven help us," muttered Joe, half aloud, "if it overtakes us before we land."

"Vat overtakes us?" asked Yacup.

"The storm," replied our hero, gravely.

"What!" cried Fay, "are we going to have a storm? Why, see how calm and still everything is. See how beautiful the sun sets; why, there's not a cloud in the sky, except that small black speck just at the horizon."

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Joe, "the signs are unmistakable; that small speck, which seems no larger than my hand, will, in a short time, grow so huge as to cover the whole sky with a pall of leaden clouds. The air that is now so sweet with perfume, will be impregnated with the smell of phosphorus; instead of no wind at all, a tornado will sweep this region, tearing all before it in its insensate fury; the rain will come down in torrents, the lightning flash, the thunder roar, the calm, placid waves will be lashed into tempestuous fury. Hark!"

A low, rumbling noise was heard. It was the sound of distant thunder. The storm so beautifully described by our hero was upon them.

As in obedience to the wave of the magician's wand the whole aspect of the heavens underwent the change. The bright blue, sky had disappeared, and clouds of inky blackness changed the day into night. The water assumed a dull greenish color, a sudden gust of wind swept past them, and dashed the spray of the foam-capped waves over their persons. A blinding flash of lightning descended from the skies and entered the water a few feet from the boat, a thunder-clap followed that seemed to rend the earth in twain. The clouds burst, and a deluge of rain descended.

The wind now blew a hurricane, and the mountainous wave raised the frail boat, with its precious occupants, so high that they seemed to be soaring into the sky. The next moment the boat was swiftly descending—headlong—as into the bowels of the earth. The bow struck the water and the boat capsized, hurling its human freight into the raging main. And, overwhelming their agonized shrieks, the waves, the thunder, the rain, and the hurricane, united in one tremendous, mighty, supernatural roar.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CAST UP BY THE SEA.

It was morning.

Bright and beautiful shone the sun from the cloudless sky. A gentle breeze, laden with the perfume of many flowers, broke the placid surface of the ebbing sea into ripples. All was still, calm, and peaceful. What a change from the hours of the previous night!

As far as the eye could reach a low beach reflected the rays of the sun from its white, dazzling sand. At a distance beyond the beach tropical forests arose in all their luxuriant vegetation. From out the dense foliage rang loud and clear

the feathered songsters' melody. All nature smiled and rejoiced.

Stretched on the sand, just beyond the reach of the rippling waves, locked in each other's embrace, mute and senseless, lay Joe and Fay.

The heat of the sun had dried their dripping garments and tinged their pale cheeks with the hue of the rose. Their arms were around each other's waist. Fay's head was nestled on our hero's breast.

What a picture of blissful innocence! There they slept—that boy ignorant as yet of the passion which fires at once the basest and noblest emotions of our soul; that girl, too young to dream of love, just old enough to cherish our hero with a sister's devotion. Happy pair; Heaven's blessings upon you. The first to wake was Fay. Her eyelids gently quivered, then opened. Her gaze met the clear, blue vault of Heaven, she inhaled the perfumed air, her ear was greeted by what seemed to her to be the sound of celestial music. She thought she had passed beyond the vale of sorrow, and entered the gates of paradise. And yet the measure of her joy seemed incomplete. She slightly raised her head and beheld her sleeping companion. A smile of angelic bliss parted her lips.

"Oh, I am so happy," she gently murmured, and dropping her head again on his breast relapsed into sleep.

When our hero opened his eyes the day had already far advanced, and the sun, just about sinking beyond the horizon, rendered the scene still more beautiful by a ruddy refulgence. He, too, for a moment thought himself in the realms of bliss, but consciousness awoke the memory of the terrible storm, and he recognized that a beneficent Providence had preserved his life and the life of the dear creature reposing beside him.

Her breath which fanned his cheek and the regular beating of her heart close to his assured him that she was enjoying a refreshing slumber. He remained perfectly still for a time, fearful of disturbing her rest; but as the day waned and night crept on he felt it to be his duty to awaken her.

Gently lifting her beautiful head from his breast, he arose and kneeling beside her softly touched her shoulder and whispered:

"Fay."

The girl awoke and sitting up, wonderingly looked around, exclaiming:

"Are we in Heaven, Joe?"

"Do you feel hungry, Fay?" asked he, with a smile.

"Yes," answered she, "and thirsty too."

"And I'm the same," replied he, "that shows we're not in Heaven."

"Where are we then?"

"That's more than I know; very likely on the coast of Africa."

"Oh, Heavens," cried she, springing to her feet, "we'll be killed by the savages, or eaten by the wild animals."

"We will trust to Providence," said Joe, arising, "and to my trusty knife, which remains in my belt, for our protection."

"But, Joe," asked Fay, looking around, "where is Yacup?"

"Alas, poor boy," said Joe, sorrowfully, "I see him nowhere, I fear he is drowned."

"I'm so sorry," answered she, with tears in her eyes, "he was such a good boy, and true friend."

"We have no time for lamenting," said Joe. "Let us go to yonder clump of trees. All kinds of fruit grow wild in these regions. We may find some to appease our hunger and thirst. And then we must secure ourselves for the night. To-morrow we will determine what further to do."

In his company Fay knew no fear, as she frankly gave him her hand, and the pair walked across the beach to the forest indicated by Joe.

Our hero's prediction concerning the nature of the trees proved true. Almost all of them were cocoa-nut trees, and thickly covered with ripe fruit. The trunks of the trees, however, were so smooth and straight, and the branches so high up that all of Joe's essays to climb up the trunk proved fruitless.

"I'm afraid we'll have to go without supper!" said he, disappointedly.

Just then a troupe of monkeys, attracted by the unusual sight of human beings, swung themselves from the neighboring trees on to that which our hero had attempted to climb, and sat in the branches chattering and jabbering at them.

"I say, Joe," asked Fay, laughing at their curious antics, "couldn't you play ventriloquism on them? Perhaps they'll reward us with some cocoanuts."

"A good idea," exclaimed Joe, "I'll try it."

He had noticed that, like all troupes of wild monkeys, this one, had a leader—an old wizened chap, looking for all the world like a dried-up

Chinaman, whom the others obeyed with serf-like submission. He determined to stir up a rebellion and consequent fight, hoping that the animals would make use of the cocoa-nuts for weapons. When, therefore, the old monkey-chief chattered something which sounded like a command, he as near as possible reproduced the sounds, making them issue, in a contemptuous tone, from one of the frisky juveniles of the gang.

The effect was perceptible on the whole troupe. They immediately stopped chattering and gazed in dumb astonishment at the audacious youngster. The old monkey-chief chattered forth his displeasure, which was cleverly mocked by Joe, throwing the blame on several of the troupe.

Now be it known that, according to Naturalists, the ordinary state of society in monkeydom is that of a despotism. The chief demands and obtains implicit obedience and submission. In all the annals of the quadrumana such a thing as mocking their chosen head had not been heard of. Nothing but the immediate death of the original culprit could atone for the crime committed on the outraged dignity of the ancestor of our present monarchs.

The chief seized a handy cocoanut and flung it at the head of the frisky juvenile with such effect that the latter tumbled to the ground as though struck by lightning.

This act, however, was the signal for a general revolt.

The wounded quadrumana lay on the ground screeching with pain. His many friends in the troupe, mostly youngsters, espoused his cause, and, chattering like a lot of scolding women, fired a volley of cocoanuts at their chief, which the old fellow, however, neatly dodged. In his native tongue, he, like Richard III., called upon all who loved him to follow him, and a goodly number joined his ranks.

They were now ranged in two parties, and right manfully did they belabor each other with cocoanuts, so much so that Joe and Fay were obliged to seek shelter from the flying missiles.

For a time the pair watched the contest with amusement, but when the monkeys seemed to be determined to keep it up on that line all through the night Joe saw fit to put an end to the fight.

He uttered a loud roar like that of a lion, at the sound of which the monkeys hastily scampered off, leaving our hero in possession of the spoils.

None of the combatants had been sufficiently injured to be left behind except the frisky juvenile first hit.

The animal was sorely wounded in the head by the cocoanut, and had sustained some injuries by his fall from the tree, and was rendered quite tame by his suffering.

Fay gently stroked his skin, and gathering some green leaves placed them on the wounds, which seemed to have a soporific effect on the animal, for he soon fell asleep.

Meanwhile Joe had collected all the cocoanuts, which, as they amounted to over fifty, were sufficient for quite a number of meals.

Cracking a couple against each other, he and Fay drank the milk with great relish, and feasted on their meat. After having thus disposed of about half a dozen, their hunger was appeased, and they set about finding a secure spot in which to pass the night.

Though it was now quite late, yet in the dark vault of the skies the bright stars twinkled with a brilliancy unknown in northern skies, and together with the silvery beams of the full moon afforded a light almost equal to that of day itself.

After making quite a circuit, they returned to the place whence they had started without finding a suitable spot.

"Nothing remains," said Joe, "but to make a bed of leaves on the ground. You are still quite exhausted, and you can go to sleep. Have no fear, I shall keep wide awake and watch over you."

"But," asked she, "when will you sleep?"

"Oh, I ain't tired a bit," exclaimed he. "Besides I can sleep in the morning after you awake."

A soft bed of leaves was soon prepared, and Fay reclining herself upon it, soon sank into a deep slumber. True to his heart, Joe remained awake through all the hours of the night. Leaning against the trunk of the tree beside which was the improvised couch, he faithfully guarded his precious charge.

The solitude of the night was unbroken by a single sound, and just as daylight began to streak the eastern sky Joe succumbed to the influence about him, and still leaning against the tree sank into a gentle doze.

The hiss of a serpent awakened him with a start.

Oh, horror! Around the still sleeping form of Fay there coiled the folds of the cobra de capello, the most poisonous of snakes. As Joe started, it raised its head and shot at him a glance of defiance, its forked tongue issuing from its mouth,

and its deadly hiss freezing the very marrow in his bones.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ABDUCTION.

WHAT to do? That was the momentous question.

Spell-bound, fascinated by the serpent's glittering eye, our hero gazed at the reptile winding its folds about the form of the dear girl. The beautiful tints that decked the serpent's skin danced before his eyes. In vain he struggled against the enchantment; he was powerless to resist its baleful influence. He tried to shriek aloud, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his brain whirled, he seemed to be soaring in the air. A low moan escaped his lips, and he sank senseless to the ground.

The reptile, having thus by the power of its spell overcome its enemy, now began to play with its unconscious victim as the cat plays with the mouse between its claws.

It coiled itself up around Fay, then uncoiled itself again.

It softly glided over her bosom and entwined its slimy folds around her neck. It touched her face with its head as though kissing her before inflicting the fatal thrust.

A low rustling among the leaves stirred it from its playful humor. It now coiled its folds tightly around her body, then raised its head preparatory to fastening its poisonous fangs in her face.

At that moment a slender form sprang from the leafy bed, and with a loud shriek grabbed the reptile by the neck. It was the monkey whose wounds Fay had on the previous night so tenderly cared for. Whether it was gratitude for the act that prompted the animal, or whether reptiles are the natural enemies of the quadrumana, we know not.

The monkey clawed and bit; the snake tried to shake him off; but in vain, he clung to his enemy with a tenacious grip. The reptile uncoiled itself from the body of the unconscious girl and twisted its folds around the monkey. Thus they rolled around the ground still engaged in the deadly combat.

The shrieking of the monkey aroused Joe from his stupor.

He sprang to his feet, he saw that Fay was saved, but that her brute preserver was in deadly peril.

Rushing upon the reptile with his bowie-knife drawn, he with one blow cut off its head. The wriggling trunk twisted and turned and wriggled on the ground, the decapitated head hissed furiously, the glittering eyes scintillated with rage. These symptoms of life, however, soon ceased and the monster was dead.

Joe quickly awakened Fay, who learned with surprise the danger through which she had passed. Her sympathies were now more than ever awakened for her brute preserver.

The monkey lay on the ground near the body of the dead snake. A spasm, at intervals, convulsed his form, he was gasping for breath, the poisonous wounds inflicted by the reptile began to have their effect, his body swelled enormously and turned of a dark blue color, with tinted spots like those that were on the snake.

As Fay bent down to caress him he leaped convulsively into the air, then fell back a corpse. Faithful fellow, he had saved the girl's life at the cost of his own.

This incident more than ever determined Joe that very day to seek some more suitable spot for a temporary home.

Having carried the dead body of the monkey some distance into the forest, they dug for it a grave and covered it with leaves. Kind-hearted Fay dropped a tear to his memory.

The episode had a saddening effect on both, and they made a breakfast of cocoa-nuts in silence.

This being dispatched they wandered arm-in-arm through the dense forest, hardly knowing or caring whither they went. As they proceeded the vegetation became more and more luxuriant. Trees and bushes laden with delicious fruits of a kind that the European who has never been in that region must forever remain ignorant of.

They crossed a purling brook, whose water was clear and cool. Evidently they had no fear of hunger or thirst.

They wandered until midday, then, having partaken of a dinner of fruit, and rested themselves, they continued their march of exploration.

The woods began to grow lighter, stumps of trees which had been felled by axes were visible; they came upon a patch of ground that had once been tilled, though now it seemed abandoned and decayed.

"Surely," cried Joe, "these are all traces of

European culture; press on, we may find some settlement near at hand."

"Hark!" exclaimed Fay, suddenly, "I hear a human voice."

"It is Yacup's," cried Joe, "and singing, too. Thank Heaven that he was saved!"

"Listen," whispered Fay.

"For yer never miss der whisky till der jug runs dry."

They peeped through the thicket into an empty space beyond.

There were everywhere dilapidated vestiges of a former European settlement.

A few broken-down huts ranged themselves on one side of the clearing, farming utensils, old and rusty, lay scattered about in every direction.

All this our young couple saw at a glance; but what riveted their attention was the sight of Yacup sitting in the center of the open space.

He was clad in the fantastic garb of a buccaneer, although it was several sizes too large for him; he held a demijohn in his arm, of the contents whereof he had imbibed a considerable quantity. In fact, he was gloriously, hilariously intoxicated.

It was with difficulty that Joe and Fay could restrain their laughter, so as not to discover themselves.

"Now we'll have some rare fun," whispered Joe; "I'll play a little ventriloquism on him."

"But won't he find out the trick?" asked she; "he knows your secret."

"Oh, he'll never think of it," replied Joe; "besides, no doubt, he thinks us both dead and drowned."

Throwing his voice into the window of one of the huts, in a deep bass voice he exclaimed:

"Stop thief!"

"Who der deibel vas dat?" cried Yacup, springing up and gazing with dumb astonishment at the empty hovel.

"Bring back my clothes, you rascal," cried the voice.

Seeing no one appearing, Yacup screwed up courage and replied:

"Vy der deuce don't you come and get them?"

"I can't, you scoundrel, you know I'm naked."

"Vell, vat's der odds, der vas no one here to see you."

"Ain't there, my hearty," exclaimed Joe, in a sailor's voice from the opposite thicket; "that's where you are mistaken."

"Vell, by grashus," exclaimed Yacup, turning around in bewilderment, "I done thought dere vas nobody on dis infernal place."

"Oh, there's lots of us," continued the sailor voice, "and if you don't take off those clothes you've stolen mighty quick, you'll catch it."

"Ain't you bringing my clothes yet?" exclaimed the first voice from the window.

"Vat vill I wear ven I takes dem off," said Yacup, despairingly. "Mine clothes vas all torn to pieces by dem waves."

"Come, come, my hearty," continued the sailor voice, "off with your pirate's rig, lower your false colors."

Not knowing what to do, Yacup mechanically began undressing himself. He was about to take off his pantaloons when the voice from the window exclaimed:

"No matter, youngster, you may put on your clothes again. I've just found another suit, and I'll let you off this time."

"Vell, vy der deuce didn't you say so right away?" grumbled Yacup, dressing himself again.

"But I won't let you off," cried the sailor voice. "What have you done with your companions, what have you done with Joe and Fay?"

"Poor Joe, poor Fay," sighed Yacup, "dey vas both drowned."

"You lie," shouted the invisible sailor, "you murdered them."

"Vat, I—I murdered dem," cried Yacup, indignantly; "dey vas mine best friends, und I gives all I got, I gives dis bottle unt der whisky, ven dey be's alive. I murdered dem, no, no, I'm not so bad as dat."

And burying his face in his hands the poor boy burst into tears.

Both Joe and Fay were deeply affected by this touch of true friendship, but our hero continued, still using the sailor's voice:

"You're lying, you murdered them, and here come their ghosts to haunt you."

Then issuing from the copse, Joe and Fay, almost bursting with the desire of laughter, marched towards him with slow and measured tread.

As soon as Yacup beheld them he uttered a cry of wild terror, his hair stood upright on his head, and, sinking on his knees, he exclaimed:

"Oh, blease mister and miss ghost, don't hurt a poor boy like me."

"Why, Yacup, what's the matter?" cried Joe, in a tone of affected surprise; "are you drunk? Fay and I were saved, and we thought you lost."

"We are glad to find you alive, and surely you ought to be so."

"Vat," cried Yacup, clutching him and Fay, "you are no ghosts, you are flesh and blood; vell, I be tam, this island is bewitched."

"Why, Yacup," asked Fay, merrily, "can't you guess who was fooling you?"

The boy looked alternately on the smiling faces of our hero and heroine. At last the truth broke upon him. A broad grin overspread his features, and, after indulging in a hearty laugh, he exclaimed:

"Vy, vat a fool I vas; it was Joe all der time."

We will pass rapidly over the next few weeks.

The settlement was no doubt a rendezvous for the buccaneers who preyed upon passing vessels, but for some reason had been abandoned. Sufficient articles of furniture were found to furnish one of the huts comfortably. Guns and ammunition were also found, and a well of pure water had been dug near at hand. The hut that was their home contained several apartments, one of which was Fay's exclusive boudoir, in another they dined, while the third afforded a sleeping-place for Joe and Yacup.

Fruit was abundant and game was plenty, and as their solitude was uninterrupted either by man or beast, they settled down into quiet home-like life, until deliverance in the shape of a vessel should appear.

Joe and Yacup alternately went hunting, leaving the other to protect Fay and the homestead.

One evening as Joe, tired out by a long day's hunt, and laden with game, retraced his steps to the hut, a column of smoke reached him from afar. Filled with apprehension, he hastened his footsteps, only to discover on his arrival that the settlement was on fire, and Yacup, gagged and helpless, was bound to a tree.

With his knife he cut the thongs that bound the boy, and agonizingly asked:

"Where, where is Fay?"

"Carried off by the savages!" sorrowfully answered Yacup.

## CHAPTER XI.

### SNEAKING BOB'S REVENGE.

"Impossible," cried Joe.

"Well," continued Yacup, "I don't know how it vas, but shust as Fay und I vas eating dinner der black niggers comes rushing into der hut mit a white boy in der front."

"A white boy," exclaimed Joe.

"Yas; der boy vat gives you away on der school-ship."

"Sneaking Bob?"

"Der same old rascal."

"How could he be here?"

"I don't know, but here he vas, dat's certain. He knocked me on der head mit a club, und der boy takes up Fay und runs away mit her. Den dey drinks all our whisky und puts der hut on fire. It vas good der flames went out und dey is only smoking now, or else I vud be all burned to dead."

"Luckily we have guns and ammunition left," said our hero; "come on, Yacup, we will follow their trail and rescue her or share her fate."

The savages had taken no particular care to hide their footsteps, and the two immediately started off in the right direction.

Yacup had truly said that Sneaking Bob was the leader in the nefarious expedition. After having so shamefully betrayed our hero to the captain's wrath, he was exposed to the just indignation of the rest of the boys, and being too cowardly to oppose them, he, one night, with Ben Bottle and a few more congenial spirits, deserted from the vessel. They suffered many hardships, under which all except him succumbed; and when he was the only survivor he was picked up in a dying condition by the crew of a buccaneer. Being restored to health he made himself a favorite with his new companions, who subsequently landed on this coast and occupied the settlement our hero found deserted, and which, indeed, was their home when on land.

After a short stay the pirates started on a new depredating expedition, but Bob, disliking to accompany them, kept himself concealed in the forests until they were gone. He was now the sole occupant and master of the settlement, and had a good time until he awoke one morning to find the settlement overrun by savages.

Fortunately several of them had learned a smattering of English from the missionaries that had been among them, and Bob managed to make an arrangement with them by which they could ransack the settlement, on the condition that they would take him with them and allow him to remain with the tribe unharmed.

Bob thus became a member of a savage horde, and, being by nature as brutal as the most de-

praved among them, he found himself quite in his element.

He frequently made descents upon the settlements—of which there were several in the vicinity—and, renegade as he was, delighted in the tortures inflicted by the savages on their victims.

It was thus that, with a band of blood-thirsty savages, he surprised Fay and Yacup, and, having bound the latter, as before described, made the former a captive.

Fay was frightened unto death as she was forced to walk between two brawny savages with upraised clubs, threatening at the slightest show of resistance to dash out her brains.

She did not utter one word of complaint, but, foot-sore and weary, trudged many a mile through the dense forest with her captors.

It was dead of night when the party reached the camp of the savages.

About a score of rude huts, constructed mostly of mud and earth, were erected beneath the trees. Around these huts clustered in various groups the semi-nude horde of men, women and children.

Though the weather was quite hot, a number of fires had been built in several places, at which to cook their evening meal.

As the victorious party appeared they were hailed by the tribe with wild yells and unearthly shrieks, which filled Fay with terror.

In accordance with Bob's order, the brawny savages who held Fay brought her into a mud hut, which stood a little apart from the rest, and was a little more imposing in appearance.

It was the residence of the chief of the tribe.

He was an old bleary-eyed negro, whose shrunken skin hung loosely on his form; he was dirty and filthy in appearance, and lazily stretched himself on a lion's skin, which lay on the ground.

As the party, headed by Bob, entered the hut, he half raised himself up and looked inquiringly at them, without, however, saying a word.

Bob knelt on the ground and kissed the hem of his dirty garment, a ceremony followed by all the other savages.

"Great and glorious chief," exclaimed Bob, in English, a language which he knew the former understood, "the moon was full when first I arrived in the tribe; since then it waned until it was no more, and then it grew until now it is full again. You have made me one of yours; I have lived with you, and learnt you the use of fire-arms, and how to surprise and slaughter the white people who come to rob you of your young men and women, and sell them as slaves to their brethren in the land of the setting sun. Say is it not so?"

"It is," grunted the chief.

"I am young," continued Bob, "not yet eighteen; but as I grow older I will become a great chief among you. Your young men shall be my brothers. When I go with them to fight the white people I will forget I am white; I will think my skin is black, like those of my brothers."

These remarks seemed to please the old chief highly, for he gave a grunt of pleasure.

"But," added Bob, "there is one thing I cannot do; I cannot marry a female of your tribe. I had been here but a week when you told me to take a wife from among the dark beauties; then I hesitatingly answered you that I was too young. You were displeased with me, and replied that among the tribe there were young men younger than I who were married; that a young man could never be a chief until he was a husband. I have treasured up your words. I have captured a lot of booty and the white maiden who stands before you. The booty is yours, let the maiden be mine?"

He bent low before the sable dignitary, and humbly awaited his answer.

The chief arose, and throwing the robe which had formed his couch over his shoulders, responded:

"Your words have been music in my ears. Our tribe is strong and powerful, but the white people are tricky and cunning. We can overcome them by our strength, but they defeat us by their stratagem. We need a white man's help, one who will be faithful to us, and learn us the tricks the white man uses. Such a one I believe you are. You deserve a reward. The maiden shall be your wife if she desires to, if not, she shall be your slave. Lead her hence to your cabin."

Words fail to depict the effect of this speech on Fay.

Poor girl, she was still too young to understand all the horrible meaning conveyed therein, but the little that entered her dazed brain was sufficient to fill her mind with consternation.

Wildly she threw herself on her knees before the chief, and clasping him around the knee exclaimed:

"Oh do not send me with him, do not force me to become his wife. I am but a young girl, I am but a child, I do not want to marry, oh have

mercy on me, pity me, let me return to the settlement, let me go back from where I was stolen by him."

"Maiden," answered the chief, "the spoils of war belong to the victor. He has captured you, he is your master, you are his slave. That he wants to make you his wife is an honor, of which you ought to be proud."

"But," begged she, "I am so young, I am but fifteen years of age."

"There are girls among us," replied he, "who are mothers at that age. But I have spoken enough, lead her hence."

Fay screamed and held on to the chief's leg. It was with brute force that they tore her away and bodily carried her to the hut which had been assigned to Bob.

There they rudely flung her on a couch of furs and left her alone with her captor.

"So, so, my girl," said he. "You're in my power now. Pray what is your pretty name?"

"Fay Templeton," answered she doggedly.

"Fay!" exclaimed he, "that's the same as fairy. Well, my fairy, how do you happen to be in this outlandish place?"

"I and my companions," replied she, "were cast ashore."

"Your companions," ejaculated he, "have you another besides the boy we bound?"

"I have."

"And he is?"

"Joe Dodger."

"Joe Dodger," cried Sneaking Bob, fiendishly.

"Ah, ah, he is my old enemy, and I have triumphed over him."

## CHAPTER XII.

### ON THE TRAIL.

"Why do you hate him?" asked Fay, pleadingly. "What has he done to you? He cannot have harmed you. He is so good, so noble-hearted, so generous."

"Ay, that is it," hissed Bob. "At school he was always the favorite among his companions—their leader, their very king. I could not win the popularity he enjoyed, and therefore became jealous of him and hated him for it. I sought to harm him in every way, and once when he suspected my agency in the matter he struck me to the earth with his fist. I have never forgotten that blow; it burns on my cheek even now. Oh, he has already suffered for it; but that is nothing to what he shall endure. I'll have his life yet—I'll have his life."

The boy, for he was hardly more, stamped his foot and clenched his fist with rage; he frothed at the mouth, his eyes became bloodshot and rolling. Thus convulsed with passion, he seemed more like a fiend than a human person.

Fay shuddered as she gazed upon him and thought how utterly she was in his power.

"You love him," continued he, savagely. "Nay, do not deny it—do not say you are a child, and know not what is love. Boy that I am, I feel the master passion sway my bosom, and from the moment my eyes fell upon you I loved you. That passion opens my senses—though you yourself do not know it, yet I can see by your eyes, your manner, your whole self that you are in love, and with Joe Dodger, my enemy. He has rescued your life, he has cared for and protected you, he hopes when he becomes a man to make you his wife. No, no, that shall never be. I would first torture you to death."

"You ought to be ashamed to speak to me thus," replied Fay, a vivid flush mantling her countenance. "If you are a gentleman, you will go away and leave me alone in my sorrow."

"Fay," cried Bob, trembling with excitement, "I go; I leave you sole mistress of this hut. You can sleep in peace to-night. Attempt not to escape, for flight is in vain. I shall guard the entrance to this hut; no one, not even myself, shall enter; I give you time to reflect upon your position. When to-morrow's sun sinks behind the brow of yonder mountains, I shall return to you and ask you to become my wife. If you consent, it is well; if you refuse, then—"

He left the hut without finishing his threat, leaving it to the excited imagination of the helpless captive to deck it with mysterious horror.

Joe and Yacup, rifle in hand, followed the trail through the forest. Neither of them spoke a word, but silent as shadows they flitted along, bent on their holy mission.

It was not long before they came in sight of the encampment. Crouching on the ground and peering between the grass, they could see the group of savages surrounding the camp-fires; the hum of many voices struck their ears. They remained on the ground, in order to take observations.

The ruddy glow of the camp-fires enabled them

to see plainly what was going on, though they themselves, shrouded in darkness, were unseen.

They beheld Fay led from the hut of the chief to the one assigned by Bob.

The sight thrilled Joe, and he would have rushed desperately to rescue her had he not been restrained by Yacup, who pointed out the impossibility of success against the many savages, and that failure now meant the sacrifice of all their lives.

Later they saw Bob leave the hut and assign a number of savages to guard the entrance. Then they beheld him advance to a camp-fire around which a council of elders of the tribe was held.

The consultation was long and animated; but though the sound of speaking reached their ears, yet the distance was too great for them to distinguish the words spoken.

Daylight came, and they had to adjourn their contemplated attack until the night. Fearing their place of concealment might be discovered by the tribe, they penetrated still further into the forest, until they came to a low range of mountains that barred their further progress.

Having nothing more immediate to do, they climbed up the side of one of the mountains. It was of volcanic origin, and they soon reached the crater, and peered down the dark, bottomless opening. They heard a low rumbling noise at an immense depth down the opening, and a slight column of sulphurous smoke issued from the crater.

"I say, Yacup," said Joe, after a thoughtful pause.

"Weil?" asked Yacup.

"If appearances do not deceive me, this volcano is on the point of breaking forth."

"Oh, Shiminy," cried Yacup, in a fright, "we better goes away righd off."

"There's no immediate danger," answered Joe, with a smile, "but it appears as if it would break forth in about twelve hours, perhaps to-night."

"I no likes dat," said Yacup, shaking his head. "I only vish we had Fay mit us, und dat we could get away vrom dis infernal place mit its snakes, und savages, und volcanoes."

"Who knows," exclaimed Joe, "but that Heaven may cause fire and smoke, lava and hot ashes, to shoot forth from this mountain as aid to us in rescuing Fay from her captors!"

"I don't see how dat could be," answered Yacup.

True to his promise, Fay passed an uninterrupted if sleepless night.

In the morning a young negress brought her some fruit and a kind of refreshing liquor made of the milk of the cocoa-nut.

She partook sparingly of the repast, and then attempted to make a confidant of the servant, but she learned to her sorrow that the latter understood no English.

All day long she remained in mute silence in the hut, brooding upon what could be the horrible vengeance Sneaking Bob had threatened, and why Joe did not come to her rescue.

The sun was just sinking behind the mountains when, agreeable to his word, Bob entered the hut.

"I have come for my answer," said he, gazing at her with folded arms. "Will you become my wife?"

"No, a thousand times no!" replied she, defiantly.

"Beware, Fay," hissed he. "You know not to what you condemn yourself. Behold!"

He pointed through the open door to an empty space encircled by a hooting cry of savages.

In the center was erected a funeral pyre.

"Heavens!" said Fay, her face blanching with terror, "you cannot mean, you surely do not intend to doom me to the stake. You cannot be such a monster."

"Aye, Fay," hissed he, "your fate lies in my hands. The savages around you are cannibals. They roast their captives of war alive and eat them."

"Oh, horrible, horrible," gasped she.

"They are eager to make a meal of you," continued he, fiendishly. "I, as your captor, have the power to save your life or hand you over to them. Say now, will you become my wife?"

"No, monster," shrieked she. "Lead me forth to the stake. Destroy my young life, I prefer death, terrible as it is, to a union with such a villain as you are."

"Enough!" shouted he. "You have sealed your doom."

He made a sign.

A number of stalwart savages entered the hut and seized Fay.

Poor girl; at the first touch she fainted away.

They bore her senseless form through the hooting mob of savages, and with thongs tied her to the center pole of the funeral pyre. Then they heaped the wood all about her person.

This being done the whole tribe danced about their destined victim in fiendish glee.

"Most high and glorious chief," said Bob, addressing the monarch of the tribe with a low bow, "the white-faced captive was perverse, she would not consent to my wishes. Last night at the council you said I had the power of life and death over my captive. I have offered her life and she has refused it, give the signal for her death."

"You have spoken well," answered the chief. "Your words are music in my ear. It is against the law of the tribe to let any captive live. For your sake I broke the law when I permitted you to marry her. She has refused; the law can take its way. Let the fires be lighted."

A number of black fiends with torches in their hands sprang forward and applied the flame to the combustible material of which the pyre was constructed.

The bright flames shot upward and encircled the unconscious victim.

"The mighty spirit of the universe commands that the flames be extinguished."

The words came loud and clear, apparently from the heavens themselves.

The tribe, who could not understand the words, were awe-struck.

The chief seemed rooted to the spot.

"The mighty spirit is angry with his children. Why do they not obey him?"

This second appeal roused the chief.

He gave the order, and the burning wood was scattered in all directions.

"It is not the mighty spirit who speaks," cried Bob, in disappointment and rage. "It is Joe Dodger, the boy ventriloquist."

"Liar!" cried the voice. "I am the mighty spirit. Behold me!"

An earthquake shook the earth.

The tribe fell prostrate upon their faces.

A huge cloud of smoke darkened the sky.

From the volcano issued forth a mighty burst of flame.

A sea of burning lava streamed down the mountain side.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE YOUNG CHIEF OF THE AMARI.

To all appearances Joe had performed a miracle. In obedience to his command nature was convulsed. At his word flame and smoke, ashes and lava issued from the hitherto extinct volcano. Fortunately for the preservation of the tribe, the stream of molten lava took a direction to the camp. They thus could, unharmed, gaze awestruck on the terrible yet magnificent spectacle.

How was our hero enabled to perform this apparent miracle? While the others were gazing at the burning pile whose flames were to consume our heroine he had anxiously watched the crater of the volcano, and was the first and only one to behold the beginning of the eruption. We have seen with what success he embraced the opportunity offered to him.

The tribe, in a low, weird tone, raised a chant to propitiate the offended deity. In the midst of the solemn invocation Joe and Yacup slowly, with dignified steps, advanced into the center of the open space and stood silent and motionless by the extinguished pyre.

At their sight Bob recovered his self-possession.

"It's all a trick," shouted he; "smite the rascals to the ground."

With a drawn knife he rushed upon Joe, but the latter coolly raised his gun and aimed it at his assailant's head.

At the same time he made the terrible voice exclaim from on high:

"These lads are under my protection. Harm but a hair of their heads and I will turn the stream of burning lava, which now flows harmlessly away from you, upon you."

The chief heard and hearkened to these words. At his command a group of savages with up-raised clubs formed a circle around Joe and Yacup, and had Bob made the least attempt upon their lives the savages would have brained him on the spot.

He cursed and fumed with rage. He was no believer in the Mighty Spirit, though even he could not explain how Joe could summon up an eruption to his aid. Yet he knew that our hero was the author of the mysterious voice.

"Curse you, Joe Dodger," yelled he. "Curse you, but I'll be even with you yet."

He brandished his knife vindictively, but there stood the solid phalanx of savages, through which he could not penetrate.

He flung the knife on the ground, and ground his teeth with rage. He looked like the embodiment of a baffled demon.

Joe gazed at his vanquished enemy with a con-

temptuous smile, then turning to the chief of the tribe addressed him.

"High, mighty and most glorious chief. The great spirit who rules the sun and the ocean, who causes yon mountains to issue forth death and destruction, to whom you pray for protection against your more powerful enemies, and for victory over your foes, has sent me here to warn you against the enemy who is in your fold. There he stands. A white man, he has betrayed those whose skins are like his, think you he would hesitate to hand you over to your foemen? He has blinded your eyes and duped your senses. Beware of him as you would of the poisonous snake that stealthily winds its folds around you, and stings you before you are aware of its presence. I speak the truth. The almighty spirit hears me. Let him attest my words."

"He speaks the truth," came the response from the clouds.

The effect of our hero's timely speech was immediate upon the chief, and when the latter translated it so that the whole tribe understood its meaning, a shout of approval issued from the throats of all.

"All hail to the mighty spirit," exclaimed the tribe in concert, "all hail his messenger, death to the white traitor."

Nothing is so ephemeral, so fickle, as popularity. But yesterday, Bob was mighty and all-powerful among the tribe; now they would have torn him to pieces where he stood at a nod of our hero's head. The young villain heard their cries, and though he could not understand their import, yet he knew it boded destruction for him. Cowardly by nature his assumed courage deserted him, and sinking on his knees he piteously begged for his life.

"Bob," said Joe seriously, "had not kind Providence allowed me to interfere a fiendish crime would now have been committed. What other fate do you merit but to change places with this poor girl who, still unconscious, is bound to that stake, and to light hell's fires around you to consume your guilty soul?"

"Oh, spare me, spare me!" pleaded Bob.

"I am more merciful than you are," continued Joe. "I will not doom you to the tortures you would inflict on others. But you can no longer associate with man, even so debased as these savages: your fit habitation is in the boundless forests among wild beasts and serpents that prey upon their kind."

"You doom me to exile?" gasped he.

"I do."

"But how can I live—how protect myself from the fury of the wild beasts?"

"That is your lookout, not mine," replied our hero. "Go! Take that path. Halt not, look not backwards, for my weapon is pointed at your head."

Joe again raised his rifle. The baffled villain gazed into his countenance. He met there a look of firm determination. Swallowing his wrath, he faced about and slowly strode towards the forest, neither daring to halt nor to cast a single glance backwards.

After Bob had disappeared Joe lowered his weapon and turned his attention to the fainting girl.

With his knife he cut the thongs that bound her, and receiving her tenderly in his arms, he bore her—at the head of a procession formed by the tribe—to the hut which she had a short time before left, apparently, to meet a horrible death.

Yacup, his ever-faithful friend, was at his side. Laying his fair burden upon a couch of furs, he applied such gentle restoratives as were in his power to recall her to life.

Fortunately the flames had been extinguished before they had touched her person; save her swoon, she was uninjured.

The chief summoned the tribe to a council to discuss the events of the day, and Joe and Yacup were left alone with our heroine.

Joe's endeavors to awaken the breath of life in her senseless form were crowned with success. A roseate tinge suffused her cheeks, her heart took up its wonted heat, her eyelids fluttered and unclosed. Her first glance fell on her two friends, who were kneeling beside her. A heavenly smile played about her lips.

"It was all a dream, a horrible dream," murmured she, softly.

"Yes, Fay," responded our hero, pressing her hand, "it was nothing but a dream."

"And yet," continued she, half rising, "it seemed so real. Ah, I can see it yet. The howling savages, how they sprang upon me with brandished clubs; how they bound and carried me off; how I was led captive through the dark and dreary forest; how he, your enemy, claimed me as his own, addressed me with infamous words, and when I remained true to myself, how

he doomed me to the stake; how I was led out to death, then it seemed I fainted, and I know no more until I now awake and see you near me. Surely it was no dream. No, no; it was a horrible reality. But I am saved; you have saved me."

In her gratitude she raised his hand, which still clasped hers, to her lips, and kissed it. Our hero was affected by the spirit which prompted this impulsive act.

"Yes, Fay," replied he, and his voice sounded rich and tender, "you have indeed passed through the danger you have so vividly depicted. Praise be to Heaven that has made me the unworthy instrument of its beneficent action. What I have done for you willingly would I do again—aye, and a hundred-fold more. We three are cast off from all the world. Our fates are linked with each other. Were either of us to suffer, we all would share the pain. Were either of us to die, the rest would perish."

"Yaw, dot ish so," chimed in Yacup. "If de debels haf burnt you up, by gar, I wud shump into der fire and dell dem to roast me too."

"But are we safe?" asked Fay, somewhat anxiously. "We are still among the savages. Can we return to our home?"

"Home," repeated Joe, with a smile. "We have no longer a home."

"No home?" asked Fay, in surprise.

"No," replied our hero; "glance through the door. Do you see yon mountain still smoking?"

"I do," replied she. "Why, it is a volcano."

"Yes; and the stream of lava which issued from its crater took the direction where the settlement lay. Doubtless by this time it lies buried beneath the molten mass, forever hid from the sight of man."

"Vell, now, who vud haf dinks von dat?" ejaculated Yacup. "Und dot good visky all gone, too? Vell, vell; I only vish I had drinks it all up."

"It is better where it is," said Fay, smilingly.

"I don't know about dot," replied Yacup. "Und der powder und guns all gone? How we now shoot der birds vat we eat, and protect ourselves against der savages, eh?"

"For the present," said Joe, "we will remain with the tribe."

"Vat! Here under der black debels?" ejaculated Yacup. "Vy, dey vill cook us for der dinner!"

"I fear it won't be as bad as all that," responded our hero. "They think me some supernatural person, for which I have to thank my skill in ventriloquism. As long as by that means I can keep alive their superstition, we have nothing to fear."

"Here comes a deputation of the savages themselves," cried Fay, "headed by the old chief."

The party so announced entered the hut, and respectfully ranged themselves in a semi-circle around our three friends.

"Messenger of the mighty spirit," began the old chief, addressing our hero, "we have held a council and deliberated upon the miracles you have performed. We know that, although you have the appearance of a boy, still you, yourself, are a mighty spirit, and can call upon the great spirit at your will. Our enemies are strong and powerful. The tribe of the Wahnohi threaten us with war. My limbs are too weak to lead the tribe against them. You can overwhelm them with your power. Remain with us; your companions shall suffer no harm with us. Lead our young men into battle; become our chief—the chief of the Amari."

And all the savages raised their voices and shouted:

"All hail, the young chief of the Amari!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### HOW A BATTLE WAS WON BY VENTRILLOQUISM.

THE announcement of his election to the chieftaincy of the Amari was an agreeable surprise to our hero. He felt it incumbent upon him to reply to the speech of the old chief with words of equal dignity.

"Illustrious predecessor," began he, cramming into his speech all the longest and most high-sounding words he could think of, "whose eminent office I am about to assume, deem me not presumptuous in accepting the honor offered to me. It is true I am in appearance a mere boy, but the great spirit confides in me and makes me the bearer of his message. He will aid me in my achievements, and with his help I will lead the brave Amari to victory over the treacherous Wahnohi. I have said sufficient. I accept the office. I call upon the great spirit to answer whether I do right in so doing?"

"Thou dost right," said Joe, speaking in the spirit's voice, which apparently proceeded from

the ceiling. "So long as the Amari will honor and obey thee and guard and respect your companions, so long shall I, the great spirit, smile upon their arms, and they shall gain bright victories over the Wahnohi."

"You have heard the great spirit speak," continued Joe, assuming his natural voice. "Are you satisfied?"

"We are," responded the ex-chief, speaking for the deputation of savages. "Go with us, young chief; the tribe are awaiting you."

They formed a procession.

At the head marched our young hero, Fay and Yacup.

The ex-chief followed; the rest made up the rear.

As they issued from the hut they were received by a serenade by the band of the tribe—that is to say, about a dozen semi-nude young savages beat upon metallic plates with short sticks, and shouted at the top of their lungs.

Though the noise was ear-splitting, yet our party acknowledged the compliment with a bow, and the musicians ranged themselves at the head of the procession.

Though it was night, the bright beams of the full moon made torches useless, and everything around about was as visible as at day.

The pile that at an earlier hour that evening was to perform the part of a funeral pyre, was now converted into a huge bonfire, in honor of the auspicious occasion. Right merrily the flames leaped and crackled, and, ascending, sought the sky. The whole tribe formed a circle around the fire, yelling and shouting with joy.

As the procession approached, the assembled throng hastened to it, and, forming a wide ring, encircled the party. At a sign from the ex-chief, the hideous music ceased, the shouting and yelling died away, and all paid respectful attention to the words that he spoke.

"Tribe of the Amari," said he, "the time was when I was young and strong as you now are. Then the ostrich was not more fleet of foot, the tiger more ferocious, or the lion more powerful. But that was long ago. Then some of you were not yet born; the most of you feeble children. Now I am old and weary, my limbs are feeble, my eyes have lost their keenness, and my feet their swiftness. My mind is still clear and strong, and I can direct your councils and inspire your actions with the wisdom gained by experience. But I can no longer lead you in battle. I have led you to victory over the Wahnohi, the Maruni, and the Ujambi. But now a new leader will head your victorious warriors. A boy, heaven-sent, will show you how to vanquish the Wahnohi. Behold him, the friend and beloved of the great spirit."

This speech, which was delivered in the vernacular, was received by the tribe with tumultuous applause, and the musicians struck up a pean on their plates.

Though Joe did not understand a word of the speech, still he rightly conjectured that it was highly complimentary to him, and through the ex-chief, the interpreter, thus addressed the tribe:

"Warriors of the Amari, you have heard the words of your chief; they have been impressed in your hearts. By the choice of the noblest among you I am made your military chief. The great spirit is my friend. Listen to his words."

"Men of Amari," exclaimed the great spirit from the clouds, "trust in your young chief. I have sent him among you to vanquish the Wahnohi. Obey him, and you will be great and mighty; betray him, and my wrath will overwhelm you."

For reasons which the reader will well comprehend, the great spirit spoke English. Great as he was he did not understand the language of the Amari; but his words were translated by the old chief, and the tribe fell on their knees in humble submission to Joe.

It was a beautiful spectacle. The dark, dense forest in the background; the flaming fire shedding a lurid light over the scene; in the foreground the kneeling savages; before them, standing proudly erect, the three young beings whose fate was so closely intertwined.

"Rise, men of Amari," said Joe, somewhat effected by this sign of devotion to him. "It is not fitting that you should kneel to me. The great spirit only deserves your adoration, and I am but human as you are."

The tribe arose and, amid cheers and shouts for the young chief, the meeting broke up for the night.

Our party occupied the hut vacated by Sneaking Bob.

It contained three rooms. Skins of wild animals formed the couches in each, and, bidding each other good-night, the three retired, each one to their respective rooms.

For the next few days Joe busily occupied

himself in marshaling and equipping the force he was to lead against the enemy. The school whence he had run off was governed by military tactics, and the knowledge of these matters there obtained was of good service to him now.

It seems a little strange that one who was but seventeen years old could accomplish so much; but Joe was a strange boy, or indeed he would not have been our hero.

He picked out two hundred of the most stalwart men—the flower of the tribe. These he armed with spears and bows; they also had shields for protection. He himself, robed in the fantastic costume of a savage, used his gun. He needed a lieutenant, and determined to make one out of Yacup.

"Well, Yacup," said he to him, as the two hundred savages were drawn up in line, "what do you think of my army?"

"Vell, I dinks dem putty good," answered Yacup, "und if dey only all had guns like you and me, dey vould shust make dem—what you may call it—Wahnohi shump."

"It is better that neither they nor the enemy have any," said Joe.

"Vy?" asked Yacup, in response.

"You shall see," replied our hero; "but what do you think of their leader?"

"Vat I dinks of you?" responded Yacup, in a tone of admiration. "Vy I dinks you're shust a bully boy mit a glass eye."

"Now, Yacup," continued Joe, "you must accompany me to the field of battle."

"Yah," answered he, shouldering his gun, "I fights mit you."

"But not as a private," said Joe, smilingly. "I hereby commission you to be my lieutenant."

"But I knows nodings about war. I was never in a battle in mine whole life."

"Neither was I. All I want you to do is to keep out of the way of the arrows, watch me closely, and fire off your gun immediately after you see me discharge mine."

"All right; I guess I can fix dot."

The little army now being prepared to do battle, Joe thought it expedient to advance upon the enemy, and if possible steal a march upon them. So one morning at daybreak, bidding good-bye to Fay, and assuring her of his safe return, our hero, at the head of his band, struck out on the war-path.

All day long they marched through the forests, and when they encamped at night they were within a few miles of the hostile tribe.

Joe sent a couple of fleet-footed savages to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and these returned with the intelligence that the Wahnohi were advancing toward them, led on by Sneaking Bob, who had evidently formed an alliance with them, intending to surprise and conquer his former friends.

Joe immediately called his men into line, and put them on the march.

At daybreak the opposing bands stood face to face.

The battle was about to take place.

Bob was armed with a rusty sword, and waving this as a signal, the Wahnohi let fly a shower of arrows at their opponents.

This feat our hero had anticipated, and at the wave of Bob's sword he, with a shout, threw himself flat upon the ground, which act his men followed. The result of this stratagem was that the arrows flew harmlessly over the heads of the Amari, and stuck into the ground without wounding any one.

With lightning speed Joe and his band were on their feet again, and before the Wahnohi could affix their arrows to their bows, a shower of darts struck them, wounding quite a number.

At a signal from Joe his men rushed towards the enemy, to follow up their advantages, but were met by a shower of arrows, which bore many to the ground.

They rallied from the shock and boldly attacked the enemy with their spears, but were overpowered by superior numbers and a panic seized them and they turned to flee, when Joe speaking from the clouds, cried:

"Why flee the men of Amari? There is no danger. The great spirit will lend his weapon to the young chief and his friend."

The sound of the supernatural voice caused the band to halt in their flight.

At the same time Joe singling out a savage fired off his gun, Yacup followed suit. The groans of pain were heard and two of the Wahnohi fell to the ground, bleeding corpses.

Now neither the Wahnohi nor the Amari had ever beheld a gun discharged, and they were rooted to the spot by the noise and the effect of the shots.

Without waiting to reload our hero leveled his gun at another savage and imitated the sound of a shot.

The awe-struck savage aimed at thought he was killed and promptly fell to the ground.

Yacup dispatched him with a spear hastily picked up from the ground.

Joe and Yacup repeated this performance until a dozen of the Wahnohi's had bitten the dust.

In vain Bob tried to arouse the drunken spirit of his band.

They moved neither hand nor limb, and every time Joe leveled at an enemy and ventriloquized a report the latter would instantaneously drop and allow himself to be killed by Yacup without the least resistance.

At length, with a great cry, the Wahnohi's recovered from their stupor, and throwing their weapons away, turned their backs to the foe and fled from the spot as fast as their legs would carry them.

Bob was only too glad to follow their example.

Joe and Yacup now reloaded their guns and gave the flying enemy another dose which stretched two more of their number on the ground.

"Warriors of Amari," exclaimed the voice of the great spirit, "rejoice, the battle is won. The Wahnohi are vanquished."

Ventriloquism had gained the day.

## CHAPTER XV.

### OFF FOR HOME.

SUCH a shout of exultation arose from the throats of the victorious Amari was probably never before heard in that region.

They danced and sung and shouted, some fell on their knees and worshiped Joe, others kissed the hem of his garments, his hands, his very feet. They were wild with joy.

After the first outburst was over Joe ordered them to start in pursuit of the fleeing enemy.

A quick march of several hundred yards brought them to the hostile encampment. But it was deserted. The Wahnohi's, filled with superstitious dread, had vanished, leaving all their valuables behind, which of course became the booty of the conquering tribe.

Tents formed of the skins of wild animals, valuable furs, numerous trinkets, barbaric armor, all this was seized upon.

The prizes of war were equally divided among the men, our hero and Yacup retaining nothing for themselves.

While foraging through the camp they came upon an elephant tightly fastened to some large trees, which had belonged to the chief, but had been left behind in the hurry of retreat.

The animal was perfectly tame and docile, and our hero could not resist the temptation of getting astride of its back. Yacup, also, mounted and seated himself behind Joe.

The huge animal was freed from its bonds, and guided by its rider, majestically strode through the encampment amidst the loud applause of the elated savages.

The booty having been secured, Joe gave the order to march back to the tribe, and he and Yacup, on the back of the elephant, headed the line.

They marched all day, rested the succeeding night in the forest and recommenced their march at daybreak.

As they neared the encampment of the Amari, fleet-footed couriers were dispatched in advance to inform the tribe of the victory which had been achieved, and of the approach of the conquering heroes.

The sun was setting in the western sky when the triumphal procession entered the village.

The entire tribe was assembled to meet them; at their head stood the old ex-chief and Fay.

From his eminence our hero looked down upon the admiring throng with a flush of pardonable pride.

He guided the elephant into the center of the open space which was the common meeting-house of the Amari.

Then he and Yacup alighted.

Fay ran eagerly forward to meet them.

"Oh," cried she, grasping their hands. "I'm so glad you both have returned safe and sound. I felt extremely worried while you were away. Had either of you perished I would have died for grief."

"Oh, dere vas no danger," answered Yacup. "Dem black debils dey runs like blazes shust so soon as Joe und me fires off our guns; und Joe, he blays dem a trick mit his stomach-voice, dat vas so funny I laugh me right dead."

And Yacup indulged in a hearty laugh at the expense of the outwitted Wahnohi.

"What trick was that?" asked Fay.

Joe told her all about that, and she also joined in the laugh.

"Joe," said she, "as long as you keep your skill in ventriloquism a secret, the tribe will worship you as a deity."

The old chief now approached them, and addressing Joe respectfully, said:

"Young chief of the Amari; I have learned from those who were with you in the battle, that to you belongs the honor of victory. You have called upon the great spirit to aid you in the battle, and he answered your request. Great glory is yours. This night the tribe will celebrate the victory with song and dance. Behold, a throne has been raised for you to occupy. The fair maiden can sit beside you. Do us the honor to ascend and witness the festivity."

The throne indicated was a rude structure formed of the trunks of hewn trees over which, however, had been thrown some of the furs captured from the enemy, which gave it quite a luxuriant appearance. When our hero and heroine were seated on this elevation the sports of the evening were begun. The old chief was master of ceremonies, and the participants in the entertainment obeyed his directions.

First came the hideous noise yeelp music, played by the band on the metallic plates before described. Then the dusky African maids performed a dance which resembled mostly the contortions of a group of gymnasts.

Following this was a sham fight which was intended to be a repetition of the victory they had just scored.

Solos were sung by various members of the tribe, more remarkable for loudness than for melody. Yacup was induced to sing a song of his Fatherland in high German, which as it was not understood by a single one of his auditors, Joe and Fay included, merited and received tumultuous applause.

The entertainment becoming somewhat monotonous our hero conceived the idea of creating some fun on his own account.

When, therefore the singing was at its height he cleverly imitated the roar of the elephant and at the same time raised the cry of "elephant loose."

Then was a mighty scattering of the tribe, all rushed off in different directions fearful of being ground to powder beneath the animal's massive legs. Some, however, in their fright ran to the spot where the elephant stood bound, quietly masticating some young twigs and gazing at them in a mild, benevolent manner.

These assured the rest of the tribe that it was a false alarm and induced all to return to the scene of the entertainment. Our young friends who had seen the trick, heartily enjoyed the fright of the savages. The singing and dancing now became quite promiscuous and general, and again Joe started a little trick.

Taking a handful of powder from his flask he descended from his throne, and without any one noticing it, he placed it on the ground near to the old chief.

Then he whispered to Yacup and re-ascended the throne. Yacup touched off the powder. A bright flash suddenly arose followed by a dense cloud of smoke.

The old chief sprang into the air as if shot from the mouth of a cannon. The whole tribe fell prostrate on their faces expecting the outbreak of a volcano in their midst. All this was extremely ludicrous to our three friends, and, as it passed off harmlessly, was a source of exceeding enjoyment to them.

The savages, however, unable to account for the flame, thought it best to break up the entertainment, a proceeding ardently desired by Joe, who was very fatigued and worn out by the exertion of the previous days.

Half an hour later all the inhabitants of the village were sound asleep.

We rapidly pass over succeeding months. Indeed a year had elapsed since the three outcasts had been cast by the waves on the coast of Africa. During that time Joe maintained his ascendancy over the tribe, and he, as well as Fay and Yacup, had nothing left to desire but a sight of the civilized world.

They, however, longed to be again among the habitations of people of their own complexion, and had made several journeys to the sea-shore in the hope of attracting the attention of some passing vessel.

For this purpose they had also reared a pole, on which was fastened the white flag of distress. The savages knew their object in so doing, but though they earnestly desired to have Joe live among them forever, yet so much did they dread his secret power that they dared not oppose his desires.

Their patient watching was at last rewarded by the sight of a vessel. Oh, how eagerly did they strain their eyes in gazing at the ship, which could bear them homeward; how they raised their voices in loud appeals; how their hearts throbbed lest it should disappear from sight; how they fairly screamed with delight as they saw the vessel lower anchor and a row-boat filled with a por-

tion of the crew row to the very spot where they were standing.

The minutes that elapsed before the boat touched the shore seemed like hours to them. When finally the crew landed Joe and Yacup fairly clasped them in their embrace, exclaiming:

"Saved! saved! saved!"

Fay, though less demonstrative, was equally excited.

"*Jene vous comprends pas,*" answered one of the sailors, disengaging himself from our hero's embrace.

"*Vous etes francaise?*" asked Joe, who had learned the language at school and spoke it fluently.

"I am," replied the sailor in his native tongue. "Our ship is the *Bonhomme*, and we came here to get some cocoa-nuts. We are surprised to see you. How came you here with your companions?"

Joe explained, and then asked:

"Whither are you bound?"

"To Havre."

"And you will take us along?"

"The captain will have no objection," replied the sailor. "I am only mate, but come on board with me and tell the captain your story. I have no doubt he will take you on board."

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Joe fervently. "Our exile is over. We shall depart from this foreign shore. We shall leave, and forever. Come, Fay, we will prepare for the voyage, and then we will be off for home."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### JOE'S FAREWELL TO THE TRIBE.

FAY naturally spoke French as fluently as she did English. Indeed, the language had been almost the exclusive medium of intercourse between her parents, and her mother had addressed her in no other tongue. She, therefore, was enabled to keep up quite a continued conversation with the French sailors.

To Yacup, however, French was Greek. He listened to their talk, of which he did not understand a word, with a curious expression on his face, and at last broke forth:

"By tam, you jabber und jabber like von pair of geoses. Vy don't you talk United States, so dat a feller can put in a vord, too?"

"No matter, Yacup," said Fay, smiling; "you beat us all in German, you know."

"Dot vos so," cried he, "und I shust show you how it sounds."

And he began to rattle off several sentences in high German, much to his own and others' enjoyment.

"Sir," said Joe to the mate, "at present we dwell with a hostile tribe of savages, named the Amari. By certain means, I will not now explain, I have been elevated to the position of chief. They would grieve at my departure, and your appearance among them would be the signal of hostility towards you, and perhaps towards me and my companions. The thing must be managed with tact. Fortunately none of the savages have beheld the approach of the ship or the boat. Come with me, and when near the camp secrete yourselves in the woods. When you are summoned, though the manner of the summons may surprise you, advance and stand before me."

These remarks filled the mate with some suspicions.

"Pardon me, my dear boy," said he, "I hardly know you, and you yourself admit that you are the chief of a hostile tribe of savages. Are you not leading us into a snare? Will you give us your word as a Christian that you will not deliver us up to the savages to be killed and perhaps eaten?"

"I pledge you my life," said our hero, earnestly.

"But," continued the mate, his doubts not being all dispelled, "why do you want to go back to the tribe, why can you not with your companions return to the ship at once?"

"There are several reasons therefor. First, I would depart with dignity and honor from those who, though savages, have treated us kindly and with every mark of respect; then there are several objects at the camp I desire to take along with us, not the least of which is a live elephant, which I gained as a trophy of war with a neighboring tribe. And, besides, if the matter is rightly arranged, the tribe will voluntarily present you with more cocoanuts than you could gather unmolested."

"You can repose the utmost faith in Joe," added Fay; "he is a noble boy and would not break his word to any one."

"Mademoiselle," replied the mate, gallantly, "there is no higher certificate of honor than that which a beautiful young lady like you can give."

I am at your service, young gentleman do with me and my men as you see fit."

This point being satisfactorily arranged, the party struck a bee-line for the encampment, as it was already late in the afternoon, and they had quite a distance to walk.

The sun was just setting when Joe, Fay, and Yacup reached the tribe.

They ate a light supper, and then our hero proceeded to the tent of the old chief.

"Venerable chief," said he, after the usual salutation, "while this day I wandered through the forest, lo and behold the great spirit appeared before me in a mighty column of fire. I threw myself on my knees before him. He bade me rise and convene the tribe to a council."

"For what object?" asked the ex-chief in surprise.

"I know not," replied Joe, "the mighty spirit said that he would himself announce it to the assembled tribe."

Such a summons could not, with impunity, be disregarded, and at dusk of evening a mighty fire was kindled in an open space as a signal that the tribe was called to council.

Soon the warriors, the old men, the women, and even the children were congregated around the blazing throng all eager to learn why they were convened.

Upon an elevated dais sat Joe and Fay; at his feet crouched Yacup. Around him in respectful attention stood the old chief and the warriors of the tribe. Such a pre-eminence as our hero, young as he was, had acquired by the force of his intellect and his wonderful talent over the untutored savages before him was well calculated to inspire a less pure nature with pride and haughtiness. But though he assumed a quiet dignity, yet he never departed from his rule, being that of an humble messenger of the mighty spirit, sent temporarily to dwell among the tribe. By this means he had raised no spirit of rancor or enmity among the warriors older and physically more powerful than he.

He arose and quietly surveyed the throng gathered around him. He thought how hopeless would have been his lot and that of his companions had not these savages befriended him. This thought brought an unbidden tear to his eyes and rendered his voice husky and emotional. He addressed them in their native tongue, for a sojourn amongst them had made him master of their language.

"Brethren," said he, and all were struck by the solemnity of his manner. "The mighty spirit who has guarded you while I dwelt among you, who has made you victorious over the Wahnohi, your enemies, who has kept illness and famine from you, he, not I, has called you here, in council to-night. He has appeared to me this day and his face was sad and sorrowful. 'I will command the Amari,' said he, 'to do that which will grieve them. It is necessary, let them not rebel against me. What I, the mighty spirit, order must be obeyed. I have smiled upon them, but if they obey me not, they will tremble beneath my frown.' Thus spoke the mighty spirit. The tribe is assembled. Oh, mighty ruler of the universe, speak, proclaim thy wish. The Amari hears thee."

The speech and invocation had the effect of inspiring the tribe with that feeling of awe which suited our hero's purposes.

"Men of Amari," exclaimed the mighty spirit, this time using the language of the tribe. "Your young chief has spoken rightly. I have commands that will grieve you, but which you must obey. The moon has become full thirteen times since first I sent my messenger amongst you. He has served you all. But other tribes, tribes whose skins are of a color like his own, implore me to aid them. I hear their prayers, they are in distress. I pity their sufferings, and will grant their prayer. Your young chief must leave your tribe, he must hasten to where I direct him, he must assist them as he has assisted you."

"Mighty spirit," replied Joe to his own words, "thy messenger has heard thee. He grieves to leave the Amari. They have been kind and good to him. They have sheltered him and his companions, they have shielded him from hunger and thirst, they have made him their chief. Yet, if thou commandest it, thy messenger will do thy bidding, but how, oh mighty spirit, can he leave this place. He has no ship in which to sail."

"I am the mighty spirit," continued the voice from on high. "Behold I call and men shall appear whose ship now rides on the coast. Depart with them, I will guide the vessel whither I would have thou shouldst go."

The voice then changed his language to French, a tongue happily none of the tribe understood. Their amazement therefore was great when they beheld, in response to the summons, the French sailors, as if rising from the ground, standing in their midst. The new-comers, addressed as it

were by a voice from Heaven itself, and beholding our hero standing on his throne of state, surrounded by the submissive tribe, were equally dumbfounded. They arranged themselves in silent, respectful attention by the side of Joe and his companions.

"Brethren," said Joe, and his voice slightly trembled, "you have heard the mighty spirit speak. He summons me away; he raises up from the empty air men to take me hence; he commands, and lo, a ship appears on the coast. He is all-powerful, and I must obey—farewell men of Amari, farewell warriors whom I have led to battle, farewell venerable chief, whose wisdom surpasses that of all others, even like the lion surpasses all beasts in strength. I go from you, I depart hence. In my heart, however, the memory of you shall ever be green. In whatever clime I am I shall turn my face toward this spot, and, remembering your kindness and hospitality, raise my voice in earnest appeal to the mighty spirit ever to look down upon you and protect you."

"Messenger of the mighty spirit—young chief," replied the old man, speaking for the tribe, "the Amari are not women; they do not weep; they can stand in the shower of arrows and see their companions and friends fall around them and laugh; yet their eyes grow dim as they think that their young chief will leave them. They grieve at the wishes of the mighty spirit; yet they do not murmur at them. To the treacherous foe the Amari are stern and vindictive, to their friend, their benefactor, they are kind and gentle. When the young chief is gone the Amari will erect a stone on yonder hill, and will light a fire on that stone which shall never be extinguished. And when the tribe sees that fire they will think of the young chief who has left them."

The old man concluded his simple, affecting speech, and the tribe in concert chanted a mournful melody; then old and young passed in review before our hero, each fervently grasping his hand as he passed.

Thus ended the farewell ceremony.

The next day was passed in embarking. Whatever the tribe could induce our hero to accept was urged upon him.

Everything was stowed on board the ship, not excepting the elephant.

The tribe gathered on the sea-shore.

On the deck stood our hero, with Fay and Yacup. They waved their handkerchiefs until the vessel was far out of sight of land.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CRAFT.

FAVORED by wind and tide, the *Bon Homme* sped merrily through the water. She was a sailing vessel of some hundred tons burthen, and though equipped for trading service, yet carried several cannon on board to be used should occasion offer. Besides the captain and mate there were about a dozen men on board.

The captain—a jolly good fellow—surrendered his cabin to the use of Fay, while Joe and Yacup, like the sea-dogs they were, messed with the crew.

The captain, unlike his mate, spoke English quite fluently, and the common sailors were drafted from all nationalities, including several sons of Erin.

Joe made himself a favorite on board the ship, and the crew were never tired of hearing his yarns about the adventures he had passed through.

The elephant, which was safely housed amid-ship, was a source of constant amazement to many of the crew who had never before beheld a live one of its species.

Joe was spoiling for want of some fun, and was anxiously waiting for an opportunity to begin his pranks. The occasion presented itself when two of the sailors, both sons of the "ould sod," were standing before the elephant discussing its various qualities. Joe hid himself where he could overhear them.

"I tell yez, Pat," said one, "there's niver one av all the bastes what is so smart as the elephant, begorra, it can reason just like a human bein', and barrin' its want of spache, it would be all the world as good as a man."

"I've hearn what ye say afore, Mike," replied Pat, "but nary a word do I believe. Shure what's a baste but a baste, an' how can a baste be endowed wid' reason like a human crater?"

"Whist, Pat," exclaimed the other, as the animal elevated its trunk. "I tell yez he understands what yer a-talkin' about, an' if he could talk he'd tell yer so hisself."

"If I could talk!" exclaimed the elephant. "Who denies it?"

The sailors started as they heard the strange sounds and looked sheepishly at each other. Joe, who of course was the author of the words, could

scarcely repress a burst of laughter at their comical fright.

"Who denies it?" continued the elephant, brandishing his trunk. "Who denies it at his peril?"

"I—I don't, good Mr. Elephant," stammered Mike, unable to discredit the evidence of his ears. "I—thought all the while yer worship could speak; 'twas Pat here who denied it."

"I—I—," began Pat.

"Oh, you shut up," interrupted the elephant. "I know you of old. Your ancestors, when they were kings of Ireland, were great magicians. One of them changed his own daughter and a young man she loved into elephants. Those elephants were my ancestors. Pat, give's your fist, you're my cousin."

Joe made the elephant utter these last words just at the moment as the animal with his proboscis touched Pat's hand, probably in search of a cracker, of which he was very fond. The action, therefore, was entirely suited to the words.

The Irishman is, by nature and education, disposed to place the utmost faith in apparent miracles. He especially believes the evidence of his senses, and rarely, perhaps never, thinks that even in that respect he may be deceived.

When, therefore, the elephant announced the relationship existing between it and Pat, both the latter and Mike, without a thought of its absurdity, believed it.

"Well, now, Mike," cried Pat, "phat do yez think av me now. I'm fust cousin to a hehephant, faith, I'm a hehephant meself."

"It is moighty strange, anyhow," said Mike, scratching his head, "an' shure supposin' now we'd find out the spell what turned yer ancestors into elephants p'raps we kin restore yer cousin to his mother—"

Mike was evidently perplexed, for he stopped in the midst of his speech.

"What are yez howldin' in for?" asked Pat.

"Shure," answered Mike, "I'm wantin' to know is it a male or a female cousin ye have."

Joe, in his place of concealment, thought he would die with laughter at this remark.

"Faith, that's so," said Pat, looking confused; "how'll we find out?"

"Why, ask yer cousin, av'coorse."

"I say, elephant," asked Pat, turning to the animal, "cousin, I mane. What's yer name?"

"My name's Biddy," replied the wonderful creature.

"Oh, yer a leddy, thin," exclaimed Pat, "but ye say yer's Irish. Why, yer havn't a bit av the brogue."

"How could I," replied the elephant, "being born in Africa. But only restore me to my natural shape and I'll be a comely Irish girl, with brogue and all."

"Restore ye to yer natural shape," exclaimed Pat. "Faith, can I do that?"

"Of course you can."

"How?"

"Well, I've told you I've got Irish blood in my veins, and, hence, I like a drop of whisky. That's the spell. Your ancestor, the old king, was smart."

"Who'd ever think of giving an elephant a drop of whisky?"

"Just bring a small keg, and as soon as I drink that I'll be a maid again."

"Pat," cried Mike, "the captain's got a whole cargo av the good stuff; let's stale a keg."

"Shure we will," replied Pat; "and when will you have it, cousin dear?"

"To-night, at sunset," responded the elephant, "but you mustn't let the secret out or the whisky will be powerless to break the spell."

"All right," cried Pat, "we'll be mum. Come on, Mike, let's get the whisky. To-night, begorra, we'll have the grandest ould spree yer iver saw in yer life."

The two Irishmen departed in quest of the powerful talisman that was to change the elephant into human shape; and Joe emerged from his hiding-place.

He first acquainted Fay and Yacup with the trick he had played upon the two sailors, and excited in them a desire to witness the result.

Then he approached the captain.

"Captain," said he, "have you examined your crew well?"

"Why?" asked the captain.

"Because I fear that two of them are insane."

"What two?"

"The Irishmen, Pat and Mike."

"I never observed it. How come you to think so?"

"I was just about feeding my elephant when I heard them talk with it as if it were a human person, and promise to bring it a keg of whisky, for what purpose I do not know, at sunset."

"If what you say is true, I must see into this."

"It's best to be present when they bring the whisky and observe their actions."

The captain agreed to this, and Joe spent the afternoon secretly in spreading among the crew the suggestion of the Irishmen's lunacy.

The result was at sunset, the captain, our hero, Fay, Yacup, and as many of the crew as were not on the watch, were all concealed where they could have a good view of the elephant's pen, without being themselves seen.

Pat and Mike soon appeared carrying a keg of whisky between them.

"Now, me darlint," said Pat, placing the keg on the ground, "I'll give yez a drop av the good stuff, and that'll soon change ye into the purty lass, me cousin."

"I say, Mike," said Pat, "shure an' how'll yer cousin drink the whisky, by the glass or from the keg?"

"We'll mash in the head of the keg, and place it in the pen."

This they did, and anxiously awaited the result. The elephant put his proboscis in the whisky, smelt it, and turned away with a grunt of disgust.

"Faith, yer cousin won't touch it," cried Mike.

"P'raps it's not good enough for her," said Pat. "I'll ask her. Me darling," added he, addressing the elephant, "why don't yer drink?"

Joe remained silent, and the elephant of course made no response.

"I say, Biddy," cried Pat, "raising his voice, 'why don't yer drink?'"

The animal gazed at him a moment, then inserting its proboscis in the whisky, filled it with the liquor and spurted it over Pat.

This action created a roar of laughter on the part of those concealed.

Both Pat and Mike turned around to behold the ship's crew advancing towards them.

"Seize them," ordered the captain; "put them in irons; they are crazy."

Pat and Mike were immediately seized and bound.

"They're not crazy," exclaimed the elephant; "it's you that's cracked."

"There now; do yez hear that?" said Mike to the astonished auditors; "it's me own cousin that vouches for me."

"What devilry is all this?" cried the captain.

Our hero saw that it was useless to maintain the secret any longer, so he gave a humorous account of the whole proceedings, which kept his listeners in roars of laughter.

The upshot of the whole affair was that the whisky was distributed among the crew, and Joe had to give example after example of his skill in ventriloquism.

A night was made of it, and Joe recounted the numerous advantages it had already given him, and especially how to that power was due his elevation to the chieftaincy of the Amari.

"My dear boy," said the captain, "you possess a wonderful power, and who knows but that the exercise may be of some use even to us."

He little knew how soon his words would be verified.

Several days passed without any incident happening worthy of record.

One morning, however, the watch aloft announced that a ship was in sight.

"What sort of a vessel is she?" asked the captain.

"A sailing vessel," responded the watch, "and from her build a fast sailer. She is painted entirely black from stem to stern."

"Ah!" said the captain. "What flag does she fly?"

"None at all. Yet stay, now she unfurls a flag; it is the French colors, the same as we are flying."

"A French ship," muttered the captain, "yet painted all black. I do not like it. Ah, now I see her myself; we are approaching. When we get a little closer fire a salute and hail her."

The vessels gradually drew nearer to each other.

The strange ship was now apparent to all.

Not a person appeared on her deck, which was bright and shining.

Though there was but very little wind she seemed almost to fly over the water.

"I do not like her look," said the captain, piping up the crew. "Men," added he, "look to the cannon."

"Do you suspect her, sir?" asked Joe.

"Her colors ought to reassure me," said the captain, "but yet we cannot be too careful in these waters."

The vessels were now but several hundred yards apart, and the captain ordered one cannon to fire off a salute.

Then he hailed her in French.

For an answer the suspicious-looking craft hauled down the French flag and hoisted a black flag with skull and cross-bones.

"Ha! as I thought," cried the captain. "She is a pirate."

At the same moment the pirate vessel opened a broadside upon her intended prey.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A TERRIFIC COMBAT.

FORTUNATELY the pirates had miscalculated the distance between the vessels, and most of the balls touched the water before reaching the ship, only one or two slightly touched the sails.

After this reception further doubt as to the nature of the strange vessel was dissipated, and the captain saw that an engagement was inevitable.

There were on board four cannons; these were rolled into line so as to form a broadside on the port of the ship, facing the enemy. A man was stationed at each of these cannons. The rest of the sailors were armed with guns, and at their belts they hung cutlasses to use in case the vessel should be boarded by the pirates.

Joe led Fay into the cabin and begged her to have no fear, assuring her that as long as a drop of blood remained in his veins he would see to it that no harm should befall her.

"I fear not for myself," replied the brave girl, "but, oh, Joe, you are so daring. You will rush into the thickest of the fight, you will expose yourself to the greatest danger. Have a care for your life, and for my sake do not court death."

"I will do but my duty, Fay," answered Joe, "and we are all of us in the care of Heaven, let it do with me what seems best. Good-bye, Fay, perhaps—perhaps we shall never meet again, Fay, pardon me, but kiss me ere I go, it will nerve me for any fate."

The innocent girl threw herself into his embrace and he kissed her tenderly. Then tearing himself from her he sought the deck.

There he met Yacup bearing two guns and a couple of cutlasses.

"Here, Joe!" cried he, "where you vas all der times? Der fun is goin' to commence, und I know you vant to take a hand in. There is a gun mit a sword. Coom, der captain wants us!"

Our hero took the weapons and proceeded to that portion of the deck where the sailors were drawn up in a line.

They modestly placed themselves at the foot of the column, and waited further orders.

"Men!" shouted the captain, "it will be a desperate fight, for we are but few, while they, no doubt, are many; but, with Heaven's help we may vanquish them. I will lead you on; will you stand by me?"

"To the death!" responded the sailors as with one voice.

"'Tis well!" exclaimed the captain, "give them a rattler!"

The gunners discharged their cannon simultaneously, and the balls struck the side of the pirates' vessel, doing considerable damage.

The effect of this broadside was to convince the pirates that they had not so easy a thing as they thought they had.

This must have occurred to them, for they rushed on deck—over fifty of them—all heavily armed with muskets and sabers, and raised a loud shout of defiance.

The men on board the *Bon Homme*, from their concealment behind the cargo on the deck, aimed in a body at the mass of pirates and fired.

The cries and groans, and the sight of falling men showed them that their powder and balls were not thrown away.

This unexpected discharge put the pirates in a momentary panic, which the captain of the *Bon Homme* took advantage of by sending another broadside at the pirate craft.

The balls plowed their way through the side of the black vessel, tearing a large hole, through which the water poured.

The ship began to sink, and it seemed the pirates were vanquished.

But, no! Quickly resolved, they lowered at least a dozen boats, and almost a hundred men sprang therein.

They plied their oars and boldly advanced to board the French ship.

The captain saw them coming and grew a trifle pale, as he counted the overwhelming number.

"Now comes the tug of war!" exclaimed he. "If they gain a footing on board this ship we are lost."

Hardly had the last boat left the pirate vessel when it sank, making a grand splurge.

The pirates uttered loud curses at the loss of their vessel, and it was evident that they would seek their revenge at all hazards.

They were freebooters drawn from every clime, and linked together by the ties of blood and plunder.

Their chief, a burly Mexican, was seated in one

of the foremost boats urging on the rowers, and delivering his orders in a cool, deliberate manner.

Next to the chief sat a boy. At sight of him, Yacup uttered an exclamation:

"Shust see dere, Joe!" cried he. "I be tam if that ain't Sneakin' Bob."

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Joe. "It's the young rascal. I wonder how he got amongst them."

"Oh, birds von a fedder flocks togedder!" said Yacup.

On came the boats in a solid column.

"Aim for the boats," ordered the captain to the gunners. "Level your cannon at them. Fire!"

The pirates, however, suspected this maneuver, and at the moment the gunners discharged their weapons, they scattered in all directions.

The balls, therefore, fell harmlessly in the water.

The boats now closed up on all sides, surrounding the ship.

The gunners and sailors kept up a steady fire, now swamping a boat, now picking off a number of pirates.

But all was in vain; the boats steadily advanced; they touched the ship on all sides, and the pirates began to swarm up on the decks in spite of all efforts to keep them off.

The captain saw that a hand-to-hand combat was inevitable.

Already there were fifty pirates on board the *Bon Homme*, and still they came.

He called the gunners away from their cannon. "Draw your cutlasses," cried he, "and on them."

Then came a clash of steel to steel.

The men fought like tigers; a single one often keeping half a dozen pirates at bay.

Wounds were given and taken; the deck became slippery with human gore.

For an hour the unequal combat raged, then all was over, the captain was forced to surrender, and the ship was in the possession of pirates.

Of the crew of the *Bon Homme* there remained alive beside the captain but six, and these, with Joe and Yacup, were imprisoned in the hold to await whatever fate the pirate chief might have in store for them.

With anxious heart Fay had been sitting in the cabin listening to the turmoil overhead.

While the battle raged she dared not venture forth, and the danger to which her friends was exposed filled her soul with suspense.

At last it grew quiet, and she knew the combat was over.

Which side had won? Were Joe and Yacup victorious, or laid low in death?

These thoughts distracted her; she would be satisfied.

She put her hand to the knob of the door, but before she could turn it, it opened, and Sneaking Bob entered the cabin.

"Ha, you here!" she cried, shrinking back.

"Oh, oh, my little bird," exclaimed the young scoundrel, laughingly. "I've found you at last! I thought that where Joe was you couldn't be far away."

"How—how came you here?" asked she, apprehensively.

"How came I here?" replied he, triumphantly. "With the pirates, of course. You see, it's a year ago since Joe licked Wahnohi and me. Well, I skedaddled from the tribe mighty quick after that. I struck a pirate's lodge, and have turned freebooter. Now, as to how I'm here at this particular moment, I'll tell you, my pretty dear. I was on board the pirate craft that's been after this vessel for some time. To-day, you know, we attacked it. At first the darned Frenchers got the best of us, and sunk our craft; but we boarded the ship, and knocked them all to pieces. Why, we're masters of this ship now!"

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Fay, clasping her hands; "and Joe?"

"He's dead."

"Dead?"

"Well, if he ain't dead, he's just as good. He, and that Dutchman of his, and the captain, and what's left of the crew, are all prisoners. Our jolly chief will have them all shot to-morrow morning. An' you can just bet your life on that."

And Bob, as he uttered these fiendish words, grinned with malicious triumph.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Fay, sinking on her knees before him. "You are powerful with the chief; oh, I beg—I implore you, go to him; tell him to spare the lives of those young boys. Do with me what you will; only spare their lives."

Tears streamed from her eyes, and stone itself might have been moved to mercy at her piteous appeal. Not so Bob, however; he only laughed the louder.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed he: "that's too good! After all the humiliations and defeats I have sustained at Joe's hand, I should beg for his life?"

No, indeed! To-morrow's sun will rise on his corpse, and you—you will be mine!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### REGAINED.

NIGHT brooded over the surface of the water. The pirates had broken into the store-room, where there was quite a cargo of whisky, and poured the vile stuff down their throats.

All, including the pirate chief, became beastly drunk.

They sang, and danced, and shouted.

In her confinement in the cabin Fay heard the reveling and shuddered at her fate and that of the prisoners in the hold.

The pirates ceased not their carousals until almost all of them were stretched in a drunken stupor on the deck.

Sneaking Bob had joined in the convivialities, but had imbibed only enough to make him boisterous and pugnacious.

He was in that condition in which he would have braved the very devil, and could not resist the temptation to vent his drunken spleen on his captured enemy.

With reeling steps he stumbled towards the hold and lifted the hatches that covered their impromptu prison.

All was dark below. It was fully twenty feet from the deck to the floor of the hold.

He stretched himself flat on the deck and bent over the opening.

"Hello there, Joe!" cried he.

"Hello yourself, Sneaking Bob," answered our hero, defiantly.

"Your goose is cooked," hiccupped the drunken young rascal.

"We'll see about that," replied Joe.

"By hades!" shouted Bob, "if I had a pistol with me I'd blow your brains out."

"You'd whistle another tune if I were on deck with you, you cowardly scoundrel."

"Oh, oh; you are mad, are you?" taunted Bob. "I wouldn't like to be in your skin for all the world. Do you know what's going to happen to you in the morning?"

"What?"

"You're going to be shot like a dog. And do you know what I'm going to do with Fay?"

"Oh, villain!"

"She's going to be mine, ah, ah, mine, mine."

He fairly shrieked the last words in fiendish glee. The ship just then gave a lurch, and Bob, too drunk to steady himself, lost his balance and toppled down headlong into the midst of the captives. Before he could rise Joe sprang upon him and clutched him by the throat.

"She'll be yours, will she?" exclaimed he, tightening his grasp. "What's to prevent me from strangling you? I'll be shot like a dog, will I? By Heavens, I'll wring your neck like a cat."

"Oh, mercy, Joe," gurgled the young rascal.

"You're—you're choking me."

"Do you deserve a better fate?" cried our hero, maintaining his hold upon the other's throat.

"Forbear, Joe," interposed the captain. "Though he merits death do not murder him. It was kind Providence that caused him to tumble into our midst; see, the hold is open, we can escape and perhaps regain the ship."

At the request of the captain Joe flung the crest-fallen Bob into a corner of the hold, exclaiming:

"You can thank the captain that I refrain from taking your miserable life."

"Dot vas all right," said Yacup, "not to kills him, bud, by tam, I vill bind him mit a rope on hand und feets so dot he not plays us some odder tricks."

A rope was soon found in the hold, and Yacup firmly bound Bob, and besides stuffing his handkerchief in his mouth by way of a gag.

"So, mine fine feller," exclaimed Yacup, "I dinks it vas your goose dat vas cooking."

The prisoners in the hold consisted of Joe, Yacup, the captain, Pat and Mike, and two other sailors, seven persons in all.

They knew that the pirates outnumbered them seven-fold, and that they had to resort to some strategy in order to have a chance of success.

A council of war was held, and it was concluded to send Joe on a reconnoitering tour, and the rest would remain where they were until he returned and reported the position of affairs.

To prevent discovery it was resolved that Joe should change garments with Bob, who was dressed as a Mexican buccaneer.

Accordingly the bonds were removed from the latter and the exchange in dress was effected. The next step was for Joe to get out of the hold. This was not such an easy thing, as the opening was twenty feet overhead, and there was no

chance of climbing up the sides of the chamber. Yacup, however, struck upon a plan.

"Ven I was in Yarmany," explained he, "I vent in dot turning school where they teach vot you call dot gymmnastics. Vell, dere ve used to build pyramids. Dot is three or four shtand on der ground, den two shtand on der shoulders von der odders, and von on der shoulders von odder two. By gar ve build him forty, fifty feet high."

This plan was immediately adopted. The captain and two sailors stood upright on the bottom of the hold, Pat and Mike, after several collapses, managed to sustain themselves on the shoulders of the three, then Joe, with the agility of an acrobat, clambered on the shoulders of the two Irishmen.

He could now just touch the deck with his hands. He cautiously drew himself up and peered out on the deck.

"The field is clear," whispered he, to those below, "there's no one in sight."

He then silently emerged from the hold and stood on the deck. Until now the sky had been covered by clouds, but the full moon broke through a rift and illuminated the deck for some distance ahead.

Cautiously our hero crept along. The silence was oppressive. Not a sound was heard, he seemed to be traversing the deck of a phantom ship. The mystery was explained when he reached the forward portion of the vessel.

There, stretched on the ground, snoring loudly, sunk in intoxicating sleep, lay the drunken pirates.

Noiselessly he bent over them, and one by one removed their knives and pistols, leaving them totally unarmed.

Having accomplished this, he turned to the captain's cabin to inform Fay of his liberty, and to reassure her by his presence.

The feeble light of a candle streamed through a narrow window, and to this window Joe softly crept and peered within.

There, on the cabin floor, knelt the beautiful girl. Her back was turned towards the window, her hands were clasped in prayer, her eyes were raised towards heaven.

"Almighty Father," prayed she, "if that Thou wilt harken to me, preserve Joe from the horrible fate now threatening. He has saved my life, and let my humble prayers win Thy aid to save his."

Joe was deeply affected as he heard this humble appeal to heaven. In a low sweet tone of voice he softly sang a song taught him by Fay, and which the two had often sang together as they strolled along the beach.

As the well-known notes struck her ear she paused in her prayer and listened attentively. A glad smile overspread her countenance, and she sprang to her feet.

"'Tis he," exclaimed she, "'tis Joe."

She rushed to her cabin-door, hastily unlocked it and appeared on the deck.

Joe was about to clasp her in his arms when she recoiled with a shriek. From his clothes she thought it was Bob.

"Oh, what a bitter disappointment," cried she, turning to re-enter the cabin.

Joe caught her by the wrist.

"Unhand me, villain," exclaimed she, "I am armed, see; I have a dagger; unhand me or I'll stab you to the heart."

She drew a dagger from her bosom and raised her hand to strike.

"What, Fay," cried Joe in amazement.

"Joe," joyfully exclaimed she, dropping the weapon, and rushing into his embrace, "I thought you were Bob."

"My dress misled," said he, gently, leading her into the cabin. "I have turned the tables on Bob, I am free and he is a prisoner."

He related what had occurred.

"And now, dear Fay," continued he, "remain here in peace. I shall clear the ship of the pirates and rescue our friends."

Bidding her a tender farewell, he left the cabin and proceeded on the deck.

Being a little vain-glorious he had indeed conceived the idea of outwitting the pirates alone and unaided.

He went directly to the elephant's pen. The animal recognized its master with a joyful exclamation. Patting the beast on its head, he took off the chain that was bound around one of its feet, and led the animal out of the pen. Then he got on its back. Catching hold of the elephant's huge ears for want of a better bridle, he urged it forward.

The intelligent animal appeared to know what was desired of it, for it with low and solemn tread, strode on the deck to where lay the drunken pirates.

It paused before their outstretched bodies, but our hero urged it on.

Then began a fearful execution. The elephant raised one of its massive legs and placed it on the

back of a pirate before it. A low groan issued from the victim's lips, as the breath of life was pressed out of his body.

The elephant strode forward. At every step a pirate surrendered the ghost.

Pale and breathless, yet determined and irresistible as fate, Joe guided the steps of the gigantic executioner. In less than an hour all was over, every pirate was a corpse.

"It was a terrible thing," muttered Joe, "but there was no other choice. Either our lives or theirs."

He guided the elephant back to his pen and left it serenely munching a load of hay as if the fearful deeds it had just performed had no weight upon its conscience at least.

Next Joe took up a long rope and proceeded to the hold where his companions were anxiously awaiting him. He lowered the rope, and one by one clambered up and stood on deck.

"Well?" asked the captain.

"The ship is ours," triumphantly exclaimed our hero.

"And the pirates?"

"Are dead."

"Dead?"

"Behold."

The full moon cast its silvery beams on the ghastly faces of the lifeless, mangled bodies of the pirates stretched out on the deck.

It was, indeed, a fearful sight.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN INTERRUPTED CEREMONY.

FOR some moments the captain and his companions gazed at the fearful havoc caused by the elephant in mute astonishment. Then the captain turned towards Joe and said:

"You have performed a deed from which firmer hearts than yours would have shrunk. Doubtless the souls of these wretches were black with murder, theft and all the wickedness imaginable, yet their fate was terrible. Perhaps had you summoned us we might have regained possession of the ship without sacrificing their lives."

"If, sir," replied our hero, "they would have slept off their stupor, even though they would awaken to find themselves in chains, yet through their overwhelming numbers they might still have found the means of overpowering and slaughtering us."

"The deed is done," said the captain, "and further argument concerning it is fruitless. See that the bodies are cast overboard, the decks washed, and everything restored to its proper shape."

This was done during the night, and when the next day the sun rose bright and clear, all traces of what had happened were gone; the ship, neat and trim, was gayly bounding over the waves towards its destination.

No incident worthy of note occurred on the further voyage of the vessel, and before many weeks had elapsed, the *Bon Homme* entered the port of Havre and cast anchor at the quay.

The company that owned the ship had their office at this seaport, and Joe was introduced to its president by the captain, who gave a glowing account of the encounter with the pirate and our hero's achievement.

This came to the notice of the press, and for several days in succession the papers were full of sensational reports about the matter.

Joe became the hero of the hour; crowds flocked on board the ship to behold the wonderful elephant.

The result was that the agent of the Zoological Gardens at Paris made Joe a magnificent offer for the animal, and though our hero was loath to part with his gigantic pet, yet, as he could not well keep it with him in his travels, and as he needed the money offered for his present uses, and for the use of Fay and Yacup, who were dependent upon him, he finally sold the animal, which was immediately shipped off to Paris.

As for Bob, he was handed over to the authorities for complicity in the piracy, and they in turn handed him over to the American consul, who kept him in close confinement until he should find means to ship him to America for trial.

The captain of the *Bon Homme*, when on land, resided at Paris, where he had a family, and upon his solicitation our three friends accompanied him for a short trip to that gay capital.

Arrived at Paris they made the captain's house their home, and determined to spend the time they remained in the city in visiting whatever was worth beholding.

One evening the whole party, including the captain and his wife, took a private box at the Grand Opera.

During the first act Joe, to whom the spectacle

was a novelty, remained quiet, watching the performance; but after that it came into his head to give the audience an entertainment not put down in the bills.

Urging those with him not to betray him by immediate laughter, he began his operations.

The prima-donna had just concluded a beautiful aria, and the whole house was still ringing with applause, when, from the center of the parquet, a clear, ringing hiss was heard.

Now, it was well known in Paris that the prima-donna had a rival whom she had displaced in the affections of the audience, and every one immediately believed that the expression of disapproval was a machination of their favorite's rival.

They therefore broke forth into a tremendous burst of applause, which, however, was followed again by that suspicious hiss.

The audience now sprang to their feet, wildly shouting.

A venerable old man who was just then wiping his bald head with his handkerchief was fastened upon as the author of the mischief.

"Put him out, put him out," shouted several among the audience, shaking their fists at the harmless old man.

An usher tapped him on the shoulder and significantly pointed to the door.

"Sir," cried the innocent man, highly indignant, "it was not I. I won't go out. I've paid for my seat, and have a right to keep it."

"Put him out, put him out," cried the excited audience.

The usher saw that, right or wrong, he would have to obey the imperious mandate, if quiet should ever be restored so that the performance could continue.

So seizing the old man he hustled him out of the theater in spite of his protests, amid the tumultuous applause of the audience.

To show their appreciation of the prima-donna the audience demanded an encore of the song which had called forth the demonstration.

It was gracefully given, and as no hissing followed the applause, the house gradually settled down to its former decorum.

The inmates of the box highly enjoyed the sport, but Fay expressed her pity that the old man had been so roughly treated on account of our hero's trick.

"No matter," cried the captain, almost bursting with laughter, "it serves him right. I know him well. He's an old sinner that only comes here to see the ballet that follows the opera."

As the captain had intimated, a ballet was performed after the opera was over, and soon the stage was filled with airy-costumed fairies.

"Now shush look at dot codger," exclaimed Yacup, "who sits in dot box opposite us. He is ogling mit dem ballet girls all dot time."

"Oh, I'll fix him for that," said Joe.

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" exclaimed the captain; "that's the Emperor Napoleon."

"And what's the Emperor Napoleon to me?" cried Joe, with true American independence. Then sending his voice so as to make it appear as if coming from the gods in the gallery, he shouted:

"Mind your eyes, Napy—mind your eyes, or I'll tell Eugenie!"

This of course was uttered in French, and its effect was immense on the audience. They suspected a radical plot, and as their sympathies were about evenly divided, the air was filled with shouts of:

"Vive l'Empereur! Vive la Republique!"

"Now you've fixed it!" exclaimed the captain.

Joe capped the climax of the disturbance by raising the "Marseillaise"—which was then forbidden to be sung at Paris—right in the midst of the parquet, where it was supposed all were supporters of the empire.

The audience were dumfounded. Which was friend, which was foe? The gallery, glad to give expression to their sentiments, took up the burden of the song, and such a chorus was never heard within those walls before.

In the midst of the confusion the captain, fearful lest by some mischance our hero's complicity in the row might be discovered, hastened the party out of the opera-house.

The next day the papers gave a varied account of the occurrence, according to their political sympathies, each party charging the other with having created the disturbance. This produced a bitter newspaper war, which waged for many weeks, and as the affair had no more serious result, the flaming accounts were a source of supreme enjoyment to the captain and his party.

"Fay," said the captain's wife to her, several days after the above occurrence, "how would you like to witness a grand wedding at Notre Dame?"

"I should like to see the famous church above

all things," replied Fay, "and especially at the event of a wedding. Who are the bridal couple?"

"The groom is Marquis de la Rue, an old nobleman; the bride is Madame de Lavigne. I slightly know the bride. She's a widow lady, whose husband has been dead over ten years; I believe she's forty, but she is still beautiful, and looks no older than thirty. Why, she has a son by her first marriage who is about a year younger than Joe. How she comes to marry the marquis is a very romantic story. There comes the captain with Joe and Yacup. I'll tell you the story some time when we will not be interrupted, for it is a long one."

The others now entered the room and it was agreed to go to "Notre Dame," to be present at the marriage which was to take place at three o'clock that afternoon.

"But promise me, Joe," said the captain's wife, with a smile, "to leave your ventriloquism at home. I would be sorry if by any trick of yours the ceremony should be interrupted."

"Your word is law," replied he, gallantly. "I promise to be as quiet as a mouse."

Punctually at the appointed hour our party found themselves sitting alone in one of the ancient pews near the altar, where they could get a good view of the ceremony about to take place.

The captain entered into a long disquisition about the antiquity of the church, its wonderful architecture, and the many stirring scenes that had taken place within its walls.

The deep notes of the organ announcing the bridal procession, interrupted the instructive discourse.

The solemn procession was headed by the minister who was to officiate, in the robes of his high office; following him was the bridal couple; friends of the two closed up the rear.

The procession halted before the altar. The bride raised her veil and extended her hand to the groom. The minister read the impressive ceremony. He came to that portion where he asked the bride if she would accept the man beside her for her husband.

For a moment the lady hesitated, her eyes glanced through the assembly, they fell upon Joe.

Suddenly she turned deathly pale.

"That face, that face!" exclaimed she, and sank senseless to the ground.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

THE sudden swooning of Madame de Lavigne filled the congregation with consternation. No one could account for it. As for our hero, he was entirely ignorant that it was the sight of his face that had produced so deep an agitation in the mind of the bride.

The marquis, a gentleman of the first water, thought the marriage would have to be postponed, and informed those present of the fact, begging them quietly to depart. Then with the aid of the minister he bore the senseless form of her who was to have been his wife to the sacristy.

Meanwhile the captain and party had returned to their home. The interrupted ceremony was of course the main topic of conversation.

"I'm positive," said Fay, "that the lady swooned as she got a glimpse of Joe's face."

"What is the matter with you, Joe?" exclaimed the captain. "It seems you're bound to create a row wherever you appear."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied our hero. "As she swooned I heard her exclaim, 'that face, that face.' Could she have meant mine? Now, really, Fay, have I such an ugly face that a sight of it is enough to turn a person to stone, like the Gorgon's head of old?"

"If that were so," suggested the captain's wife with a smile, "Fay would have been a pretty hard stone by this time, judging from the number of times her eyes wander towards you."

Before Fay could recover from the confusion into which she was thrown by this silly hit, a servant entered the room, dressed in a magnificent livery.

"Madame," said he, addressing the captain's wife, "I have the honor of bringing you this note from my mistress, Madame de Lavigne."

The lady opened the note and read along as follows:

"KIND FRIEND:—You were at church to-day and saw me swoon. Though feeling quite weak, still I have recovered sufficiently to satisfy a long-ling hope which fills my heart. The cause of my faint was the sight of a young gentleman in your company. If he is at present with you I bid you, for the love of Heaven, to allow him to follow the

servant who brings this note to you. Let him come immediately, or I shall die of suspense.

"Yours, in love,

"MARIE DE LAVIGNE."

"Strange," muttered Joe; "could it be—"

A wild hope sprang up in his heart.

"But no," sighed he, "it is impossible."

"Joe, you've made a conquest," said Fay, gayly.

"Are you jealous, my dear?" asked he, roguishly.

"Jealous!" replied she—"pshaw! of a lady old enough to be your mother."

"Old enough to be my mother," muttered he—"oh, my heart—down, down idle thought; such happiness will ne'er be mine."

Yet he was strangely excited, and in hurried tones bade the servant lead on.

Bidding his friends a hasty farewell he left the house with the servant.

At the door stood an elegant carriage. At the request of the attendant he sat himself therein.

The vehicle was rapidly driven through various streets, and at last halted before an elegant mansion in one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris.

"This way, sir," said the servant, leading our hero up the broad staircase, and to the door of the parlor, "Madame is within."

Joe's heart beat wildly, he scarcely knew why, as he opened the door and entered the room.

The parlor was luxuriously furnished with all that good taste could suggest and wealth purchase.

On a low couch, clad in a rich, yet neat *robe de chambre*, pale and weak, yet still beautiful, lay Madame de Lavigne. Beside her stood a boy about a year younger than Joe, whose dark features, black curly hair and general resemblance to the lady marked him as her son.

At our hero's entrance the lady slightly arose from her reclining position, and a flush suffused her palid countenance, and extended her hand to him and said in pure English:

"I am glad you came, there, kneel beside me on this ottoman, so that I can gaze into your face."

Joe did as he was directed, feeling all the while a strange tremor at his heart. The low, sweet voice seemed to have touched a chord that thrilled his very soul.

"Madam," said he softly, "if I shut my eyes and hear you speak it comes over me as if I were a little child, and heard my mother's voice."

"Ah," cried the lady, springing up, "does nature awaken within you as in me; do you feel the inspirations that I have experienced since first I beheld your face? Oh, tell me, tell me, what is your name?"

"They call me Joe Dodger, my right name is Joe Thornton."

"My heart has not deceived me," cried the lady, clasping him to her breast; "Joe, Joe, I am thy mother."

The hope in our hero's soul was realized, he was in the embrace of his mother, whom he thought the cruel waves had swallowed.

"Henri," continued Mrs. Thornton, for indeed it was she, "behold this is your elder brother. This is the Joe whom we have thought dead."

The brothers met in a long embrace. For some moments all were too happy to give expression to their emotions by words.

"Ah, Henri," said our hero, at length, "I can't tell you how happy I am to find you and mother still living. They told me that the ship on which you sailed from France had been wrecked and you both were drowned."

"And Joe," said Henri, "they wrote us that you and father had died."

"Who wrote you so," asked Joe.

"Our Uncle Job."

"He is—" began Joe, but he checked himself and continued:

"But first, mother, tell me how it is that you have been so long in France, how comes it that this day you were to become the wife of another? I know of your separation from father and your departure for your native land."

"It is true," said the mother, taking up the recital at this point, "that the vessel sustained shipwreck, but by the gallant efforts of the Marquis de Larne I and Henri were saved."

"We came to Paris. My parents were noble and wealthy. They had opposed my union with your father, who was but a plain American gentleman, and therefore received me with open arms."

"At their request I assumed my maiden name—that of Marie de Lavigne."

"A short while after came the news of yours and your father's death. I was frantic with grief, and wanted to return to America. They restrained me by force, and sent a person to New York, who afterwards returned, saying that he had seen

yours and your father's graves. The sad tidings which now I accepted as true, threw me on a bed of sickness. It was long before I recovered my health.

"Meanwhile the marquis, in a gentle, manly way, sought my hand. My parents earnestly desired me to marry him, but I persisted in my refusal.

"Years passed. My parents died, and I became the sole heiress of their princely fortune.

"The marquis persistently wooed me. He was my benefactor—had saved my life and that of my child. After twelve years of patient waiting, I could not hold out any longer. I consented to become his wife."

"Mother," said Joe, "do you know, that had not the ceremony to-day been interrupted by my fortunate presence, you would have committed a fearful crime?"

"Ah!" said she, turning deathly pale, "what crime?"

"Bigamy!"

"Can it be true? Oh, tell me—your father!—my husband—"

"Is alive!"

"Alive! Oh, where is he?"

"Alas!" said Joe, sadly, "I do not know. But from certain actions of my uncle, I feel assured that father still lives, but is hidden somewhere. But wherever he is, it shall be my mission to discover him."

"And why should your uncle have perpetrated this crime?"

"To possess his wealth. He is a miser, and the only god he worships is gold. For it he would hesitate at no crime."

"Oh, Joe," said his mother, earnestly, "believe me that I always loved, that I still love your father. I thought him dead, and it was a feeling of gratitude, not of love, that induced me to become the wife of the Marquis de Larne. Heaven knows how happy I am in having found you, in knowing that he still lives. I will tell the marquis, he is a noble gentleman, and will immediately resign all claims upon my hand. Joe, we will set out for America together. I will convert all my possessions into money, I am wealthy. We shall explore every nook in the world if necessary. I feel it we shall find your father. Oh, how blessed I will be if again I will be clasped to his manly bosom. What happiness will be ours, if our age will be passed in a restored union, with our children, you and Henri, near us."

"You are still weak, mother," said Joe, tenderly; "we will wait until you are fully restored to health, and then we will set out for home."

"Until then, Joe," said his mother, "you must make your home with me. I cannot bear, now that you have been given back to me, to be separated from you even for the shortest time."

"But my friends, Fay, the loveliest, kindest girl that breathes, and Yacup, my faithful friend, can they live here too?"

"Yes, I will be happy to receive them. They shall come immediately."

She touched a bell and ordered the servant who answered the summons, to proceed immediately to the captain's house and bring the whole party along with him.

Half an hour afterward, the captain, his wife, Fay and Yacup arrived, and were put in possession of the happy news.

The evening was spent in listening to the wonderful adventures through which our hero had passed, and it was late at night when the cheerful party broke up for the night. The captain and his wife started for their home, the rest took up their new quarters in the palatial home of Mrs. Thornton.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### JOE'S RETURN.

As Madame de Lavigne—or rather as we now know her, Mrs. Thornton—had foretold—the marquis, who was to have led her to the altar, immediately and honorably resigned all claims to her hand, upon learning the change in the state of affairs. He remained, however, a true friend of the family, and assisted them in their various preparations for their voyage to the New World.

As for Joe and Henri, they became sworn friends, and accompanied by Fay and Yacup, they made frequent strolls through the streets of Paris, to view the various objects of interest there presented.

Joe had as yet not revealed to his brother his skill as a ventriloquist, and he thought he would mystify him a little.

They were just passing a donkey, and Henri was eating an apple.

"Won't you please give me a piece?" apparently said the donkey, in pure French.

Henri dropped the apple, and gazed aghast at the wonderful animal.

The donkey, prompted by a natural instinct,

stooped its head, and picking up the apple, complacently devoured it.

"Thank you, sir," said the animal, after it had finished its repast. "That was very good. Have you got another?"

"Joe, did you hear that?" cried Henri.

"What?" asked our hero, with a severe countenance.

"That donkey."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It speaks."

"Henri," said he, assuming an air of mock gravity, "I am a year older than you, and that gives me the right to give you a little advice. Be sure that you are perfectly sober before you presume to take a walk with Fay and me."

"But, Joe," persisted he, bewildered, "I tell you this donkey did speak."

"Pshaw, my brother. You'd better take a soda-water to cool off your head. A donkey speak! What nonsense. Fay," asked he, turning to the young lady, who with difficulty suppressed her laughter, "did the donkey speak?"

"No, indeed," replied she, truthfully.

"Yacup," continued he, in English, "did you hear it speak?"

"I understand me not French," said Yacup, "but I dinks the language vos shust good enough for a jackass to shpeak."

"There, you see," said Joe, resuming the French tongue, "we're all against you. The majority rules; you were mistaken."

This did not satisfy Henri, but as he could not explain the miracle he remained silent.

They strolled along, and soon arrived before the entrance of the Parisian Museum, which is the grandest in all the world.

"Oh, let us go in!" exclaimed Fay.

Her wish being law, Joe procured tickets, and the party entered the spacious building.

It would be impossible to describe adequately the many and wonderful curiosities drawn from every age and clime there on exhibition. Our young folks promenaded along the glittering galleries viewing the various objects with admiration.

Each country has here a separate department, in which its particular curiosities are collected. Joe led the way to that department headed "Egypt," where, among other noteworthy things, were several fine specimens of mummies, taken from the Pyramids.

"How wonderful," exclaimed Fay, "to think that those mummies, three thousand years ago, were living, breathing, walking, and talking like we are to-day."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Henri, who was quite a skeptic in his way. "Those mummies are all manufactured to order in Paris, at the shortest notice and with the greatest dispatch."

"Fool," came in a low, distinct voice from the mummy.

Henri stared hard at the inanimate figure.

Joe had so toned his voice that the word was only heard by our party, and not by others in the hall, who were, indeed, at that moment not paying the mummies any attention.

"Impudent youth," continued the mummy. "I was king over Egypt three thousand years before you saw the light of day."

"There, do you hear that?" said Henri, turning to Joe.

"Hear what?"

"That mummy speak?"

"What?" cried Joe. "First it's the donkey; now it's the mummy. Why, if you're drunk, say so, and we'll go home."

"I ain't drunk," replied Henri, impetuously; "and I heard the mummy speak, and the donkey, too. My ears cannot deceive me."

"Henri!" exclaimed some one at the further end of the gallery.

"Now, there's some one calling you," said Joe.

It was quite a breach of etiquette to call out aloud, and everybody glanced in the direction of the sound, but saw no one except an old man, who was sitting in a chair quietly reading a paper.

"Henri!"

There was no doubt the sound came directly from where the old man was sitting.

"Did you call me, sir?" asked Henri, walking up to him.

"I, my young friend?" replied the old man, in astonishment. "Why, no. I do not know your name."

"Henri!"

The sound now came from the opposite side of the gallery.

"Ah, pardon me," cried Henri, hastening in the new direction.

But there was absolutely no one.

"What can it be?" exclaimed the poor boy, returning to his friends. "Am I indeed drunk or bewitched?"

"Henri!" exclaimed the first mummy, who had, apparently, spoken.

"Henri!" cried the second, and the third and the fourth, and so on, until the whole twelve repeated the word.

"Am I mad?" cried he. "Who can explain all this?"

"I can," said Fay, pitying his desperation; "it was Joe, he's been fooling you all the time."

This let the cat out of the bag, and he was duly made acquainted with all his brother's art. He readily forgave him, and laughed heartily over his own mishaps.

Joe instructed him not to inform their mother about it, as he wished to give her a pleasant surprise.

That evening, when they arrived home, Mrs. Thornton informed them that everything was ready for departure on the day after the next.

On the morrow, therefore, Mrs. Thornton, Joe, Henri, Fay and Yacup proceeded in a carriage to take leave of all their friends, including the captain of the *Bon Homme* and his wife.

"And now, mother," said Joe, after that part was concluded, "let us drive to the 'Jardine des Plantes;' I want to see the elephant I formerly owned before I leave this place forever."

The "Jardine des Plantes" is the zoological garden of Paris, and is situated a little off of the city. A pleasant drive along the broad Boulevards brought them to the park. They alighted from the vehicle and proceeded on foot.

They wandered slowly through the magnificent park, stopping every now and then to view the many strange animals there domiciled. Thus they paused before a cage that contained an old chimpanzee or man-monkey.

"See, mother," said Joe, in English, as the animal stood erect, "does he not look like a human person?"

"Indeed," replied his mother, in the same language, "the resemblance is something marvelous."

"Suppose, mother," continued our hero, "that they were to dress up a man like that and put him in a cage, do you think the deception could be discovered so easily?"

"Bedad," exclaimed the chimpanzee, in a rich brogue, "ye've hit the nail on the head. I'm no more av a monkey than ye are yeself. I'm a true-born Irishman, and come over to this blasted country to find a livin'. And, bedad, the hathen frog-aters stuck me in the monkey's skin and put me in here."

It luckily happened that the people standing around understood no English, and they supposed that the words were but the jabberings of the animal.

"Oh, Joe," cried the mother, completely taken off her guard. "What a fearful misfortune that is. We must tell the keeper."

"I'd be much obliged to ye, ma'am, if ye wud," cried the Irish monkey, or rather the monkey Irishman. "I've been tryin' to do that same meself, but I can't spake the hathen lingo and the devils don't understand good Christian English."

It required several warning looks on the part of Joe to restrain the others from bursting out into laughter and spoiling the joke.

"There, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, in French, to a keeper just passing. "I ask you in the name of humanity to release that man immediately."

"What man, madam?" asked the keeper.

"Why he, whom you've put in the cage there, dressed up as a chimpanzee."

The keeper gazed at Mrs. Thornton from head to foot.

A puzzled expression appeared on his countenance.

She seemed to be a respectable lady, she could not be intoxicated. Could she be mad?

"Madam," said he, hesitatingly, "that is no man, that is a monkey."

"Ah, do not try to deceive me," said she earnestly, "he has told me all. He is an Irishman and does not understand French."

"She must be crazy," thought the keeper.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Thornton sharply, "will you do as I bid you, or must I bring this outrage to the notice of the police?"

At this moment a gentleman standing near inserted his cane between the bars of the cage and poked the animal between the ribs. It gave a genuine chimpanzee scream, and with the agility that monkeys alone possess, clambered up to the very roof of the cage.

This incident convinced Mrs. Thornton that she was mistaken, and that the animal before her was really and truly a chimpanzee.

She became very embarrassed, and stammered an apology to the keeper, who, giving Joe a peculiar wink with the eye and tapping his forehead, sauntered off.

Joe saw that his mother was both bewildered and distressed, and so in an humbly penitent

way he acknowledged himself as the culprit and explained his *modus operandi*.

It is hardly necessary to state that his mother forgave him, and heartily enjoyed the pranks he subsequently played on others.

Joe took a touching farewell of the elephant, with whose aid he had accomplished the heroic feat already recorded, and the party returned to their home highly delighted with the day's enjoyment, and eagerly expecting the morrow which was to witness their setting out for America.

We will not follow them in their journey from Paris to Havre, but merely state that a few days subsequently they were standing on the deck of one of the magnificent steamers of the French Transatlantic Steamship Company.

The gong sounded, the ship cast off its moorings, and, midst the booming of cannon and the waving of handkerchiefs, majestically steamed out towards the broad Atlantic, on its way to the shore which stretches forth its hospitable arms to the oppressed and enslaved of every land.

The first day out they could not get a glimpse of the captain, as he was too busy in attending to the duties of his position.

But on the second day, as Joe and Fay were standing on the deck conversing with each other, the captain approached them.

A mutual glance of recognition passed between the parties.

"What! Joe Dodger?" cried the captain.

"And you," said Joe, extending his hand, "were the captain of the *Alcanthus* at the time of its conflagration?"

"The same, my boy," exclaimed he, grasping the proffered hand and shaking it heartily. "And Miss Templeton, too," added he, turning to our heroine. "How glad your father will be to learn that you are saved."

"What!" cried Fay, in joyous amazement, "is my father alive?"

"He is," replied the captain. "As for me, I am an old sea-dog. I was picked up by a passing vessel. They pumped the water out of my stomach, and then I was as good as ever. I came to New York, and was surprised a few days after my arrival to behold your father call to see me. He told me in confidence that it was his Indian servant, Lookah, who, in a fit of insanity, to which he was liable, had fired the ship."

"Strange," murmured Joe to himself. "I remember that Lookah told me it was Mr. Templeton who fired the ship while in a somnambulist state."

"He begged to keep it quiet, as his servant had his head crushed in during the catastrophe; and though your father saved his life, still he was an idiot under your father's care."

"It seems that his fellow-citizens gave Mr. Templeton an enthusiastic reception on his return from his many years of service in India, and he was fearful lest his servant's crime should cast a stain upon his high reputation. Under the circumstances I remained quiet, and you are the only persons to whom I have told this."

"I do not like all this secrecy," thought our hero. "There's some mystery in this that needs clearing up."

He did not, however, reveal his thoughts, merely saying:

"Thus, Fay, Providence rules all for the best. You have mourned your father's loss. Now your tears of grief will be changed to those of joy when you are again clasped to his breast."

"Oh!" exclaimed she fervently, "I feel so thankful to Heaven for its mercies. I shall look forward with impatience to the happy day when I will again behold my father, whom I so dearly love."

The captain was introduced to Mrs. Thornton and Henri by Joe, and all the adventures through which our hero had passed were duly recounted.

"Joe," said the captain one day, "I know you are a ventriloquist. I remember the trick you played on board the *Alcanthus* about those persons being in the boiler. Now would you give an entertainment for the benefit of the passengers?"

Joe mused for a moment, and then replied:

"I will at the dinner-table to-day; but don't let it out, for that would spoil the fun."

The captain promised not to do so.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A MYSTERY.

THE hour for the principal meal arrived. Our party was in the first cabin, and quite a banquet was spread before the passengers. As all of them understood French, our hero adopted that language so as to be appreciated by all.

Among the passengers was a stout hearty old bachelor. He was seated at the table by the side of a lean hungry looking old maid, and these two Joe singled out as his victims.

"It is very hot to-day," said the old bachelor during the course of the meal.

Immediately Joe, imitating his voice cried out:

"Waiter, bring me a cup of boiling tea."

The waiter hastily executed the order and set the burning hot liquid before the astonished bachelor.

"Eh," cried he, "what's this?"

"You ordered tea, sir," replied the waiter, "and told me to bring it boiling. It's as hot as it could be."

"Hot, stupid fellow," exclaimed the bachelor. "And me roasting. Take that stuff away and bring me some brandy with ice in it."

The waiter took up the rejected tea, and the bachelor was soon absorbed dissecting a fowl.

"Here, waiter," cried Joe, assuming again the bachelor's voice; "never mind the brandy, I guess I'll take the tea, anyway."

"All right, sir," said the waiter, again placing the cup before the bachelor.

"Crazy fool!" cried he. "What's the matter with you?"

"You told me to bring back the tea."

"I told you no such thing."

"I heard it, sir."

"You're a fool."

"It may be, sir, but I think it's you that's fooling us."

"Take that for your insolence!" cried the enraged bachelor, seizing the boiling tea, and throwing it at the waiter, who retired highly discomfited.

The table was already in a roar at this episode, which particularly irritated the bachelor.

"No matter, my darling," said Joe, assuming the old maid's voice, which he had previously heard, "when we get married you won't be bothered in this way."

"Madam!" exclaimed the bachelor, putting down his knife and fork, and gazing fiercely at the ancient maiden beside him—"Madam, how dare you address me as your darling, and speak of marriage to me, such an old thing as you are? I would not marry you though you were lined with gold!"

"Sir!" cried that highly virtuous and indignant female, "you are a brute!—a monster! I did not utter a word. But I know you, sir. You take this opportunity before all the people here to ruin my reputation!"

"I call upon everybody," asseverated the bachelor, "to bear me witness that you called me darling."

The highly amused listeners all agreed that the bachelor was right, and that the old maid had given expression to that term.

"Oh," cried she, "I am innocent, but I am doomed."

Joe saw that she was about to faint away, so he hurriedly confessed the trick to those there assembled.

"Saved, saved!" ejaculated the old maid. "My reputation is vindicated."

The old bachelor, however, showed signs of pugnacity, and advancing towards Joe, exclaimed:

"Young man, how dare you play such tricks on me?"

"Take my advice, old fellow," said Joe, so suiting his voice as if it was the old bachelor speaking to himself, "and forgive him."

This new evidence of his skill completely vanquished the indignant man, and he joined in the general merriment.

In such gay sports the time quickly passed, and soon the ship that had borne them safely across the ocean was moored at its dock in New York.

Mrs. Thornton and her family, as she called the four young people, temporarily took up an abode at a fashionable hotel.

So impatient was Fay to meet her father that on the very afternoon of her arrival she set out in company with Joe to find him.

Our hero asked the clerk of the hotel whether he was acquainted with Mr. Templeton.

"Know Mr. Templeton, our ex-consul at Calcutta," replied the clerk; "I should say I do. Why, sir, don't you know that last week our party have nominated him for governor of the State of New York?"

"I'm delighted to hear of it," said Joe; "he's a good man and deserves the honor. I should like to see him. Could you give me his address?"

"Here it is," said the clerk, copying it out of the directory and handing it to him.

Joe thanked him, and with Fay proceeded to the house, which was an elegant brown-stone mansion in one of the most aristocratic quarters of our city.

Together they ascended the broad steps. Fay was trembling with eager impatience.

"Oh," murmured she, "I shall see him. How glad he will be. No doubt he thinks me dead. With what joy he will clasp me to his bosom!"

Our hero rang the door-bell. A servant answered the summons.

"Is Mr. Templeton at home?" asked Joe.

"I do not know," replied the servant. "I will inquire."

"One moment," said our hero, drawing forth a card on which his name was inscribed, and adding that of Fay. "Here, hand him this card."

A moment later the servant returned.

"Well?" asked Fay, eagerly.

"His secretary informs me," said the servant, "that Mr. Templeton left town this morning."

"Ah," sadly exclaimed she, "what a cruel disappointment."

"And when will he return?" asked Joe.

"I do not know," said the servant, abruptly closing the door in their faces.

"Those people are very saucy," said Fay. "Why didn't you tell him who I was? that would soon have changed their demeanor."

Joe said nothing, but descended the steps with Fay and walked to the corner of the street.

"Pardon me, Fay, a minute," said he, leaving her alone.

He walked up to a policeman.

"Do you know Mr. Templeton?" said he.

"I do," replied the guardian of the peace.

"Were you on this beat since morning?"

"Yes."

"Did you see him leave the house as for a journey?"

"I did not. On the contrary, I saw him enter the house not fifteen minutes ago. I've been on this block since that time, and have not seen him go away. He must be in the house at this moment."

"Just as I thought," exclaimed our hero.

He thanked the policeman for his information.

"There's some mystery about this," thought he, "but, by Heaven, I'll get at the bottom of it."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Joe and Fay returned to the hotel Joe merely recounted the fact that Mr. Templeton had gone out of town and it was uncertain when he would return.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Thornton, "for I wanted to go to Yankville to-morrow and did not wish to put Fay to the necessity of the journey."

"Oh, she can remain at the hotel with Yacup," suggested Joe, "while you, Henri and I go to Yankville."

"Have you no objections to that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Thornton.

"Oh, none at all," said she. "I prefer remaining, as our recent voyage has somewhat fatigued me."

"And Yacup," said Joe, turning to his German friend in a tone of mocked severity, "I hand the young lady over to your charge. If a hair of her head is hurt your life is forfeit."

"Supposin' now," asked Yacup, with a grin, "she tears vun out mit her comb?"

"That we'll overlook."

"Vell, you shust go. I takes good care von her. Der man vat wants to touch her must shtep over mine dead body."

As he said this he struck a theatrical attitude and flourished his arms wildly.

That point being settled, our hero said:

"Mother, there's a ventriloquist advertised to appear at one of the theaters to-night; as that is in my line, I'm quite curious to see him. Let us all go together."

This was agreed to, and eight o'clock that night found them seated in a box at the place of amusement where the professor, as he was styled in the programme, was to give his performance.

When the curtain rose for the act it revealed a room. In the center were standing two pasteboard figures representing respectively an Irishman and a representative of the fifteenth amendment.

The professor turned out to be the very man whose performances at Yankville had first awakened in our hero the consciousness of the possession of a similar faculty. Joe, therefore, looked upon him somewhat in the light of his master, and was curious to discover whether he, the pupil, had excelled him.

The professor, as he proceeded, made such a botch of his work that our hero determined to give him a lesson in the true art.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, "I am proud to state that I am the only one in the profession able to present to you the characteristics of the three types of nations represented by these figures."

"That's a lie!" shouted Joe, making his voice appear coming from the gallery.

The professor was somewhat disconcerted by this interruption, and glanced severely at the gods above. He, however, regained his equanimity, and addressing the figure of the Irishman, said:

"Now, sir, tell us what is your name?"

"Shure, that's none ov yer bizness," answered the figure.

The audience regarded it as a huge joke and roared with laughter. The professor, however, seemed at a loss for the utterance. He surely had not prompted them. Nevertheless, seeing that the audience believed it a part of the act, he would adopt them.

"Sir," said he to the figure, "be more polite and tell us your name."

"Oh, by the blazes," exclaimed Joe, through the medium of the figure, "why don't ye make me say it? Ye're a foine ventriloquist, anyhow."

Amid the roar of laughter that followed this sally, the professor began to smell a rat. There was a ventriloquist among the audience who was making an exhibition of his power at his expense.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, advancing to the footlights, "I need only say that I did not cause the Irishman to utter the words you have just heard, in order to inform you that there is a brother professional in the audience."

This was news indeed for his auditors, and they stretched their necks in all directions to discover who this personage could be.

"Whoever he is," continued the professor, "I challenge him for one thousand dollars to make an immediate exhibition which can equal mine."

As no response came to this challenge the professor thought he had cowed his rival, and putting aside the figure of the Irishman brought that of the darkey forward in order to continue his performance.

"Before, however, he could address a question to the figure it broke out into the following song:

"Massa saw me catch a coon,  
Hi, boys, hi;  
Laughed and thought it was de moon,  
Hi, boys, hi!"

The audience immediately recognized that this was a feat of the unknown ventriloquist, and broke forth into a burst of applause.

The professor was now in a rage.

He advanced towards the footlights and brandishing his fists toward his unknown persecutor he exclaimed:

"I dare the scoundrel to reveal himself. I will soon show him who he is."

"Oh you git out dar," cried the darkey, under Joe's inspiration. "He's showed up putty well who you is."

"He is a scoundrel, a villain."

"You're a humbug," cried Paddy from the rear.

"He's a rascally coward."

"An' you'se a fool," exclaimed the darkey.

This encounter between the professor and his two lay-figures, appeared so ridiculous to the audience that they were kept in a continual state of laughter. In the midst thereof the manager rang down the curtain, and the professor, still wildly gesticulating, was hid from view.

Our party soon after left the theater and returned to the hotel.

The next day, Mrs. Thornton with Joe and Henri took the cars for Yankville. A few hours' ride brought them to the scene of our hero's childhood.

Over a year had passed since he was last here, and yet everything appeared just as it did on the day of his secret departure.

As he passed the school-house, he peeped slyly through the window.

There was old Thwackem, still in his glory, flogging an unruly boy.

What tender recollections came over him as he viewed the campus, the giant oaks, the well, and all the various objects dear to his mind.

"Ah, mother," said he, "the associations linked with this place shall never fade from my memory while life lasts."

He led the way to his uncle's hovel. Strange perturbations filled the minds of all at the thought of the shock their return would give to the old man. It is true, they knew he was a miser and a rascal, yet he was the brother of him they loved, and while they condemned him they grieved for him.

Stealthily they approached the cottage. It looked dreary and neglected.

Where was Mary the good housekeeper? Was Job Thornton still alive?

Joe peered through the blinds.

Yes, there sat the old miser counting out gold coins and dropping them one by one in a metallic-bound box.

"He, he," giggled he, "this gold is mine. They're all dead. The mother, the sons, the father—no, he's alive but he's as good as dead. He, he, who can come to claim the gold?"

"We can," cried Joe, bursting open the door and entering the room, followed by his mother and brother.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A SUDDEN ATTACK.

It would be difficult to describe the various emotions depicted on the miser's countenance at sight of the wronged parties, who had come to assert their rights.

He bounded out of his chair, and with his hand convulsively clutching his box of gold, gazed at them with a wild, maniac stare.

"Alive," muttered he, "all alive?"

"Yes, uncle," said Joe, "we're all alive and kicking. My mother and brother did not go down in the shipwreck as you thought, and as for me, why, I guess I'm a pretty lively corpse. You might as well give up. Your little game is played out, and your goose is cooked. So just hand us over the money you robbed us of, and tell us where you have concealed my father."

The wretched old man was silent for a while. To part with the gold was wormwood to his soul. Rather would he give up his life-blood, drop by drop, than surrender his ill gotten wealth. He would temporize with them. He would raise hopes in their breasts, and then find means to crush them.

"I confess," whined he, "that I have been a villain. But the good Lord has overruled my wicked designs. I am old and feeble, tottering on the brink of the grave. I will try to undo the wrongs I have inflicted upon you. Mrs. Thornton, your husband, my brother, still lives."

"Oh, Heaven be praised!" murmured she, fervently.

"But he is incarcerated in an insane asylum."

"And you have done this deed?" cried Joe, enraged.

"I have," whined he.

"Oh, where is this horrid place?" cried Mrs. Thornton, eagerly, "oh, tell me where it is, that I may hasten there and liberate my husband."

"I will do so," replied Job Thornton, "but only on one condition."

"And that is?" asked she.

"I will not live much longer," whined the miser, "and I love my gold even dearer than my life. Let me keep possession of it until my death. I will bequeath it all to Joe."

"If that is all you desire, it shall be granted to you," said Mrs. Thornton.

"And you will not denounce me to the authorities?"

"Though you do not deserve that," said Joe, "we'll promise it, only to see our father."

"The asylum is quite a distance from here," continued his uncle. "We take the cars until we reach a certain station, and then we proceed by carriage."

"When shall we go?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Hark ye, old man," said Joe, "we shall all go. Mother and Henri, and I. Do not dare to mislead us, attempt no trickery, or uncle, though you are of mine, I would throttle you as a dog."

"I swear by Heaven," replied the old rascal, turning up the white of his eyes, "that I will bring you to your father. So may Heaven deal with me as I with you."

"It is well," said Joe. "We will be here to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

They took their departure leaving the miser alone.

A glance of fiendish triumph lit up his countenance. He grinned horribly and shook his clenched hands at the door through which they passed.

"Aye," hissed he, "I'll bring ye to him, I'll bring ye to him with a vengeance."

He secreted his box of gold, then he wrote a letter, sealed it in an envelope and addressing it, carried it to the post-office himself.

"They shan't triumph over me," muttered he to himself. "We'll see who holds the winning cards to-morrow."

During the short stay of our party at Yankville they put up at the village inn. The rumor of Joe's return being noised about, they found on their return to the inn quite a number of his old friends and schoolmates there to welcome him.

The principal room of the tavern was a low, dingy apartment, with a bar at one end, and a large hearth for burning wood at the other. As the weather was quite warm there was no fire in the hearth.

Mrs. Thornton retired to her room, leaving Joe and Henri, or Henry as he was now called, to entertain their friends.

Joe, having plenty of money, stood treat several times, and as the flowing mugs of ale passed around the crowd became quite hilarious.

"Joe," said Hayward, his old schoolmate, who was among the number present, drawing him aside and speaking in a whisper, "I remember when you were at school you used to raise

plenty of fun with your ventriloquism. Won't you give us a little exhibition now?"

"Are there many here," asked our hero, "who knows of my skill?"

"Only our old chums." "Well, instruct them to keep mum about it."

This was done, and Joe began proceedings.

While the stout and jolly landlord was supplying his guests with flowing tankards of ale, a peculiar sound was heard in the chimney.

"What's that?" asked Joe.

"Oh, them's the blasted cats," said the landlord.

"It didn't sound like a cat," said our hero. Listen!"

All were silent for a moment, listening attentively.

"Darn yer eyes," whispered a voice in the chimney. "What are you making that noise for? D'yer want to be heard?"

"It's burglars," ejaculated the landlord in a stage whisper.

All were now painfully excited.

"Hist, Mike," whispered a voice different from the other in the chimney. "Where does this chimblly lead to?"

"To Joe Dodger's room," replied the other, also in a whisper. "He's down in the barroom drinking, and all his money's in the trunk. We'll make a haul if we're not caught."

"Friends," said Joe, "it is evident that there are burglars in the chimney, intending to make a raid on my property. We must capture them. Will you assist me?"

"We will," cried all present. Even those who knew that Joe was a ventriloquist expressed their determination to assist in the capture of the supposed burglars, the deception was so perfect.

The landlord produced a long boat-hook, with a sharp point at the end.

"I'll give them a poke in the ribs with this," said he, running the pole up the chimney.

"Ouch!" cried one of the two up the chimney. "By gob, Mike, they're after us! Hurry up, let's get out!"

The real effect, however, of inserting the pole was to loosen a quantity of the soot from the sides of the chimney, and as the landlord was stooping at the hearth, he received the dose full in the face, transforming him into a negro.

"Oh, my eyes!" cried he, dropping the pole and running to the wash-basin. "But these cursed burglars shan't escape. Some of you hurry upon the roof and stop them."

A number started for this purpose, amongst whom was the village constable, a fat, burly official by the name of Nat Turner, against whom Joe had an old score to settle.

"Are they in yet?" asked the landlord, when he had washed the soot off his face.

"Yes," cried several.

A scratching along the sides of the chimney was heard, and a quantity of soot descended.

There was no doubt of the presence of some one in the chimney.

"Darn it," whispered a voice, "there are people on the roof. They've cut off our escape. What shall we do?"

"We'll stay where we are," replied the other voice.

"You will, will you, my fine bucks," cried the landlord. "I'll soon drive you out."

He left the inn a moment and returned with an arm full of straw. This he placed on the hearth and applied a match to it.

A bright flame leaped from the combustible material and ascended the chimney along with a column of smoke.

"Oh, hold on," cried a real voice in the chimney. "I'm suffocating; I'm roasting."

"Roast and be darned," ejaculated the landlord in high glee.

Joe, however, seized a bucket of water and dashed it on the burning straw, extinguishing the flames.

At the same time a human form came sliding down the chimney, all covered with grime and soot.

The landlord and several others pounced upon the man, shouting:

"We've got him! We've got one of the burglars!"

"I ain't a burglar!" exclaimed the captive. "I'm Nat Turner, the constable."

"Nat Turner!" cried all, in surprise.

"Yes," replied he, arising, "and I've been almost burnt to death."

"But where are the burglars?" asked the astonished landlord.

"Devil a one of them is in the chimney," said the constable. "I've slid through it and ought to know. I thought I'd get into the chimney to arrest them, but they wain't there."

With these words the rueful-looking constable rushed out to change his clothes.

Those remaining indulged in various surmises as to the existence of the mysterious burglars, all wide from the mark, until Joe, under their solemn promise to keep him harmless, revealed his agency in the affair.

It is needless to add that the explanation was received with roars of laughter, in which even the much-abused constable, who subsequently returned, joined.

The next morning the train carried from the village our party, including Job Thornton.

In due time the station for which they were bound was reached, and they alighted.

After a short repast at the inn they entered a vehicle which had been ordered by Joe, and were driven on rapidly along the country road.

Gradually the path became precipitous, the carriage was slowly winding its way along a narrow pass, either side of which was hemmed in by almost perpendicular walls of rock.

Suddenly the path gave a sharp turn and as the carriage wheeled around, a group of six men all masked and with pistols in their hands stopped its further progress.

Some of the assailants sprang on the coachman's box and presented their weapons at the affrighted driver's head. Others flung open the carriage door, and holding their pistols before the surprised occupants, shouted:

"Stir the least and you shall be killed!"

"Oh, good Mr. Highwayman," whined the old man, wringing his hands in apparent terror, "we have no money. Please do not stop us."

The ruffians, however, gagged and bound the whole party, who were indeed at their mercy. Then, snatching Mrs. Thornton and Job from their seats, they dragged them from the carriage and bore them bodily away, leaving our hero and his brother gagged and helpless.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ENTRAPPED IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

THE highwaymen, if such they were, dragged their captives some distance along until they reached the end of the narrow pass, where they found a carriage awaiting them.

At this stage of the mysterious proceedings the men who were holding Job Thornton released him. Instead of raising a cry for help or attempting to escape he only said:

"Why didn't you carry off the youngsters with you?"

"There'd be too many," replied one of the assailants.

"Then why didn't you crack open their skulls?"

"It wasn't in our orders," answered the other coolly, as if that was the only reason why the party had abstained from murder.

The feelings with which Mrs. Thornton listened to this conversation can be better imagined than described.

She had been betrayed, torn from her sons, was tightly held in the grasp of villainous ruffians who were bearing her off she knew not whither. And for all this she had to thank the old man. His capture was evidently but a blind to mislead the others. He was in league with her abductors.

As she thought thus the desire for escape became stronger in her mind. With a sudden turn she freed herself from her captors and started to run.

But they closed around her, completely encircling her, all with cocked weapons leveled at her head.

"It's no use, Mrs. Thornton," jeered the wretched old miser; "it's no use. You're in our power, and you must submit quietly or these men will let daylight through your brains."

The captured woman glanced around at the shining weapons pointed at her, then she earnestly gazed into the face of her captors to discover one pitying countenance to befriend her, but in vain; they were brutes rather than human beings, with no instinct but that of dogged submission to the will of their master. Who he was we shall see anon.

Mrs. Thornton saw that her present safety lay in the fact of her making a virtue out of necessity, and leaving it to a kind Providence to endow her sons with the power to rescue her.

"Job Thornton," said she, "I will follow you quietly. I see that it is useless longer to resist you. But rest assured, as there is a heaven above us, my Joe and Henry will yet find a way of snatching their mother from your ruthless grasp, discover the cell wherein you have incarcerated their father, and punish you, you old villain, for all your misdeeds."

"I am glad, my dear," said the old scoundrel, "to hear you talk so sensibly. Now won't you step into this carriage?"

"Whither will you take me?"

"That you shall learn when we arrive at our destination."

She entered the carriage, followed by several of her captors. Job, however, not daring to sit near her, clambered up beside the coachman. The latter lashed his horses, and off dashed the carriage at a rapid pace.

The captors had chosen a narrow pass for the scene of their operations, and now when this was passed, the road became broader and less precipitous, until it became an ordinary country highway, stretching along for miles beside fields of corn and wheat and other cereals, just ready for the mower.

At any other time, the beautiful landscape, the clear blue sky, the merry warbling of the feathered songsters clustering amid the branches of the mighty oaks that lined the roadway—all the beauties of nature, so profusely displayed, would have awakened the admiration of Mrs. Thornton. But now her thoughts were too busy speculating upon the fate of her two sons, and whether they were already hastening after her to rescue her, to enable her to survey the beautiful country through which they passed.

The carriage rapidly rolled along mile after mile. Day waned, and night was about to set in, when at last the vehicle drove up before a large stone mansion and stopped.

It was a solitary, solemn-looking edifice, built on the summit of a slight elevation. The height of the site afforded a view for miles around, and nowhere was a building, not even a cottage, in sight. The truth was that the land for miles around belonged to the proprietor of the mansion, and for some reason he was careful not to sell any, or by any other means allow human habitations to arise to any proximity to his building.

The edifice was about five stories high, and each story had a large number of long and narrow windows, each of which was secured by cross-bars. The mansion proper was inclosed by a wall of masonry, which formed a court-yard between the building and the wall.

This wall, which was about ten feet high, was surmounted by sharp glistening prongs, and had but a single gate, and that was heavily secured within.

As the carriage rolled up the deep-mouthed baying of a pair of blood-hounds was heard from within.

A bolt was withdrawn, a bar displaced, a huge key turned, and the gate was opened a small distance.

At the same time Job Thornton descended from the driver's box, and opened the carriage door.

The ruffians within forced Mrs. Thornton to alight, and they followed.

"What place is this?" asked she.

"You shall find that out in due time," replied the miser.

Job passed through the gate first, then Mrs. Thornton was pushed through; the others succeeded.

The gate was closed, the huge key turned, the bar replaced, the bolt re-inserted, and our hero's mother was within the walls of a very hell on earth.

She was, however, unconscious of the nature of the place into which she had been entrapped, and without deigning to inquire, silently followed her captors through the empty court-yard and to the main entrance of the building itself.

Here again a number of bolts and bars had to be unfastened before the door was opened. In fact, security and strength seemed to be the main characteristics of the establishment.

The party was ushered through a hall-way into a small, but neatly-furnished office. At a desk sat a gentleman who, however, arose at their entrance.

He was a stout, well-built middle-aged man, with a large head, high forehead, and calm blue eyes.

He seemed to be the mildest-mannered man that ever lived; and yet beneath that calm exterior he concealed the brutality of a savage, the cunning of a fox, and the merciless cruelty of a tiger.

As the party entered, the attendants departed, leaving Job Thornton and Mrs. Thornton alone with the portly gentleman above described.

"Good-evening, Doctor Trueheart," said the old miser, motioning Mrs. Thornton to a seat. "This is the lady of whom I spoke to you."

"Ah, good-evening, madam," said the doctor, gently pressing her hand. "And you are the wife of one of my patients?"

"Ah!" cried she, starting up. "Is my husband in this place? Is this the lunatic asylum where he has been imprisoned for the last thirteen years?"

"It is."

"And I may see him?"

"Alas, madam!" replied the doctor, in a tone of deep sorrow, "you may see his corpse; his spirit has fled. He died this morning."

"Dead!" gasped she; "dead! No, no, it cannot be! He could not have survived so many years of torture only to perish now. Oh, it is a trick—a device! Tell me that he is enchained in the deepest dungeon below the ground; tell me that in despair he is hoping, praying for death; but assure me that he still lives."

"Madam," answered the lying scoundrel, with hypocritical sympathy, "it were cruel to deceive you. Your husband is indeed dead."

"Oh, my heart, my heart!" wailed she, sinking senseless to the floor.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE LONG-LOST HUSBAND.

DOCTOR TRUEHEART carried the insensible form of Mrs. Thornton to the sofa, and stretching her out upon it returned to his desk.

"We can leave her," said he, drawing forth a memorandum book, "while we attend to business."

"But she may revive," suggested the miser.

"Oh, no, her swoon's good enough for half an hour at least. Thirteen years ago, Job Thornton, I received from your hands a patient alleged to have been of unsound mind, but who really was no more insane than you or I am. He was your brother, and though you had no scruples against taking his fortune, still you hesitated about taking his life. You promised me one thousand a year during his incarceration at this place, and five thousand if he died a natural death."

"And haven't I kept my promise faithfully?" asked the old wretch.

"You have, and I have tried to earn the five thousand without resorting to the more efficacious means that lay in my power. What is the result? The old man is alive to-day. If he has survived thirteen years of this life, who knows now many years longer he will hold out. I told you all the while to let me have my own way about it. It would have been so much the safer."

"But he was my brother."

"Pshaw, man," sneered the doctor, "did you think of the relationship when you put him into my power, and stole his wealth, amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars?"

"'Twas false," cried the miser, "it was not—"

"Bah," interrupted the other. "Do not try to pull the wool over my eyes. I have my spies abroad, whose duty it is to keep me informed of everything concerning those who bring us patients. See, I have it all down in this little book. Amount taken from your brother, one hundred thousand, expenses fifteen thousand, clear profit, eighty-five thousand."

"Well, sir," whined the miser, "since you know all I will confess that I did profit that amount by that act."

"That's another lie," coolly said the doctor; "you invested this stolen money to such advantage that you are worth at least a quarter of a million dollars. And now this wife turns up, the husband lives. You'll have a deal of trouble to come out ahead this time."

"Aye, doctor," hissed he, "and that's not the worst. They've got two brats, and one of them, Joe, he's the very devil himself."

"They're only boys," said the doctor, calmly, as if discussing an ordinary business transaction, "and if the old ones were forever hushed up—"

"Do you mean that it is necessary they should be killed?" gasped the miser.

"Hush, friend," said the doctor, with a smile, "you call things by too harsh a name. It is true, here we are safe, but suppose some one should overhear us? Why don't you say translate them to a happier sphere?"

"And you will do it?" eagerly asked the old scoundrel.

"I will for fifty thousand dollars, cash down."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" exclaimed the miser, horror-struck at the amount.

"Oh, that's cheap as dirt," said the other, as coolly as though he was arguing the price of a hat or other commodity. "It's only twenty-five apiece, and I'll guarantee you that you shall not be suspected."

"But I haven't that sum with me."

"How much have you?"

"A thousand."

"Well, hand that over. I'll settle the woman first, then you pay me twenty-four thousand dollars when the old man's fixed."

In a slow, regretful way the old miser handed over to the deep-dyed villain the amount, which the latter quietly pocketed.

"Now," said he, "by the setting of to-morrow's sun, Mrs. Thornton will be an angel in

heaven. You see, that's the way I put it. It's so much the more soothing to the feelings."

While the villains were scheming, consciousness had slowly returned to Mrs. Thornton, and by degrees she had regained her senses. The import of their conversation struck her ears, and she remained apparently in her senseless condition, listening to the fiendish plot against hers and her husband's life.

The doctor touched a bell, and two of the ruffians who had made the attack upon our party in the carriage answered the summons.

"Carry that woman," ordered he, "to ward number seven."

"Above or underground?" asked one of the ruffians, laconically.

"Underground."

The men approached Mrs. Thornton, but she suddenly sprang from the sofa and rushed to the opposite corner of the room.

"Back! back!" said she wildly, "you shall not touch me, you shall not murder me!"

"Oh, oh!" cried the doctor, "so she's been playing possum on us and overheard our conversation. That seals her doom; she must never pass these walls alive. Seize her, men, bear her to her dungeon!"

"Fiends, monsters!" cried the unfortunate woman, "have ye souls, have ye any conscience thus to doom me? If money prompts you to these fiendish acts, see, upon my knees I beg you to let me go, release my husband, and I will give you more than the amount he has stolen."

She sank upon her knees and imploringly raised her hands; but in vain.

The doctor calmly said:

"Obey my orders."

The brutes sprang upon her, and seizing her by the wrists began to drag her from the room.

"Oh! will no one save me?" screamed she. "Husband—George! Oh, has Heaven deserted me?"

An old man rushed into the room through the open door. His hair was snow white, and a long silvery beard hung down from his countenance. His garments were tattered and torn, and he seemed to be an octogenarian. Yet a wild fire flashed from his eyes, and a herculean strength appeared to be imparted to his frame.

He threw himself upon the ruffians, and, hurling them to either side, clasped Mrs. Thornton to his breast, and while tears gushed from his eyes, exclaimed:

"My wife! My wife! It was her own voice! It was not madness!—it was not madness, thank Heaven!"

It was indeed the long separated, cruelly treated husband!

This sudden entrance struck the beholders with stupid amazement.

Mrs. Thornton was the first to recover herself.

"George," cried she, fondly clinging to his embrace, "you are alive? You are near us! We will cling to each other! Those bad men shall not tear us away again!"

"No, darling!" began he, but he stopped short, and a dark look of bitter hate swept over his features.

He had caught sight of his infamous brother.

"You here!" hissed he. "Has Heaven at last placed you face to face with me? Monster! Do you not tremble at my sight? Oh, how I have prayed for this moment! It has come at last! Now sink beneath my wrath!"

Still clasping his wife to his bosom, he advanced with slow and measured tread toward the old miser, who with fear written on every lineament, retreated from before him, and sought refuge behind the two ruffians.

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Thornton, "you flee from me, but you shall not escape me! Off, men! Stand aside, and let me get at my enemy, or with these hands I'll make a corpse of you!"

He attempted to push the ruffians away, but they, now recovered from their fright, attacked him.

Burdened as he was by his trembling wife, he struggled with them with all his might, and would eventually have conquered them, had not three or four other men entered the room.

"Old Thornton has escaped!" exclaimed one of them, "and—"

"There he is," interrupted the proprietor. "Seize him."

Without more ado the new-comers drew small clubs from their breasts and belabored the head of the old man so long, until, mangled and bleeding, he sank unconscious to the floor.

As he fell, the ruffians with whom he had been struggling snatched Mrs. Thornton from his arms and bore her shrieking from the room.

"What shall we do with him?" asked one of the brutes, pointing to the fallen man.

"Bring him back to his old cell," ordered the doctor, "and await further orders."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HOW JOE AND HENRY GOT INTO THE ASYLUM BY A LITTLE VENTRILOQUIAL DODGE.

We left our hero and his brother bound and gagged in the coach by the abductors of his mother.

The coachman, who was also bound, managed to release himself and soon set the boys at liberty.

"How is this?" cried Joe, in surprise; "we have not been robbed?"

"They surely were no highwaymen," ejaculated his brother.

"No more they wasn't," said the coachman, with a mysterious look.

"Who were they then?" asked Joe.

"Attendants at the lunatic asylum."

"Impossible!" cried Henry.

"No, it isn't," added the coachman. "It's not the first time the things' been done. Say, wasn't there somebody to get rid of?"

"My mother," exclaimed the two boys simultaneously.

"That's it," said the coachman; "the thing was arranged to abduct your mother."

"But," said Joe, "they also carried off my uncle."

The coachman hesitated a moment and scratched his head.

Then he asked:

"Had your uncle any interest in putting your mother out of the way?"

"Ah," exclaimed Joe, "I see it all now. My rascally uncle was at the bottom of the whole plot. His abduction was but a blind to mislead us."

"Exactly," replied the coachman.

"We must follow them," cried Henry.

"Aye," answered Joe, "and rescue our mother."

"They're dangerous fellows, those keepers," said the coachman, shaking his head. "The best thing would be to return to the village and get assistance."

"And meanwhile my poor mother is in their power," cried Joe. "No, drive on, coachman; we may overtake them on the road."

"I wouldn't for a million dollars!" vehemently exclaimed the coachman. "My life's worth more than that to me."

He hastily ascended the box of the vehicle and turned the horses around.

"You desert us!" exclaimed Henry.

"You only risk your life in vain," was the cowardly driver's response, as he rapidly drove on, leaving the boys behind him.

"The white-livered coward!" cried Joe; "but let him go. We will push on and rescue our mother from the very jaws of hades. Come, brother, come."

He seized Henry's hand, and the two rapidly advanced on the road.

All through the live-long day they walked without seeing a sign of the asylum or any other habitation.

As night broke over them they rested beside a stream, and refreshed themselves with its cool water.

After an hour's pause they continued their march.

It was near daybreak when they at last reached the asylum.

All was dark and silent within and without.

The boys cautiously tried the gate. It was locked and barred.

They peeped through the railing. They could perceive the dim outlines of two ferocious bloodhounds crouching on the stone floor. They knew that if they attempted to scale the wall the dogs would fly at them and tear them to pieces.

They determined to conceal themselves in the woods near by and await further developments.

All night they watched and waited. Day broke, and with it came sounds of animate life from within the asylum.

From their place of concealment they could see the helpless lunatics being driven into the yard with clubs, like so many cattle. If one of them halted but a moment he was brutally knocked down.

"What a shame," whispered Henry, "that such a thing should exist in this free country! In France, where I was reared, such things never happen. Those brutes of keepers would long since have been transported to Caledonia."

"And to think," added Joe, "that mother is in that place! Ah!" whispered he, with a start, "see—there! Our uncle!"

In truth, the old miser, who had been afraid to venture forth during the night, was just now taking leave of Dr. Trueheart, the proprietor.

A carriage drove up to the entrance, and in this Joe seated himself. The coachman cracked his whip, and the horses, which seemed lean and lanky animals, started at a slow, lumbering gait.

"Henry," whispered Joe, "I have a plan to get into the asylum. Follow me."

The boys scooted along the side of the road, under the cover of the bushes, and were enabled to keep quite up to the carriage.

When they were quite a distance from the asylum, Joe uttered a low cry of distress, making his voice appear as if coming from some distance in the forest.

The coachman, hearing the cry, instantly reined up his horses.

"What's the matter?" asked the miser, as the vehicle stopped.

"Some one's hurt in the woods," replied the coachman. "Hear that!"

Again the cry of pain was repeated.

"I hear it," whined the old reprobate; "but no matter. Whoever it is, let him look out for himself. Drive on."

But the coachman's curiosity was aroused, and instead of obeying the direction, he descended from the box, and entered the woods to investigate the cause of the sounds.

By a series of well-executed cries, Joe led him on a wild-goose chase, until the man, wondering what it all meant, sank tired out on the ground.

At the same time, the boys sprang upon him, and while Henry clasped his hand over the astonished man's mouth to prevent his uttering any cries, Joe pulled a pistol from the captive's pocket, and presenting it at the latter's head, whispered:

"Make but the least noise and you die!"

The sight of the cocked weapon before his eyes cowed the man into silence.

Our hero made a gag of his handkerchief, and thrust it into the man's mouth. Then telling Henry to keep a firm hold on him, he deliberately unrobed him. Taking off his own jacket, he firmly bound the man to the trunk of a tree. With Henry's jacket he also secured his legs, so that the man could neither move nor cry out.

"Now, Henry," said he, "quickly, undress yourself and put on these coachman's clothes."

"What for?" asked his brother in surprise, obeying, however, the direction.

"You shall see."

When Henry was clad in the coachman's garb, which happened almost to fit him, he really seemed to be a coachman, to a casual observer.

"Now," said our hero, "go to the carriage and ascend the box; uncle will not suspect you."

Henry did as he was directed, and the old miser, glad of the coachman's return, as he thought, bade him to drive on more rapidly.

At this moment, however, Joe sprang into the coach, and presenting the pistol at his uncle's head, cried:

"Ah, you old villain, I've got you now."

"Joe," exclaimed the terrified miser, "you here, will you murder me? Coachman, help, help."

"Shut up," grimly exclaimed our hero. "It's Henry."

"So it is, uncle," cried the disguised boy, cheerily.

The wretched man saw that he was outwitted.

"Oh, what will you do to me?"

"Take off your clothes," replied Joe, "and tie you in the woods."

He caught his pleading relative by the neck and dragged him from the vehicle, and some distance into the forest. The old man was too frightened to resist. In a few moments Joe had him unrobed and bound. Our hero put on his clothes, and especially the wig his uncle constantly wore, and having encased his eyes in a pair of green spectacles he found in his uncle's coat, assumed his gait and tone of voice.

"Blast that Joe," said he to Henry, "he's a very devil."

His brother looked at him for a moment, as if in doubt whether it was Joe or his uncle, but then the truth broke upon him and he laughingly exclaimed:

"Good, by Jove! I thought you were the old man himself."

"Do you think the rascal of a proprietor would think me some one else?" inquired our hero.

"I don't."

"We'll try it on him."

"What?" exclaimed Henry, in surprise. "Are we going to drive back to the asylum?"

"Exactly."

"And with the aid of our disguise rescue our mother?"

"That's the ticket."

"Joe," exclaimed his brother, admiringly, "you're a brick."

"That's so," said our hero, with pardonable pride. "Whoever runs across me gets hurt."

He entered the vehicle, and Henry, turning the heads of the horses, lashed them into as quick a trot as they were capable of going.

Doctor Trueheart was greatly surprised to behold the coach returning much sooner than he

expected, and his surprise was increased by seeing the old miser alight from the vehicle and approaching him.

"Why, my dear sir," said he, "I thought you were gone."

"The woman," whispered Joe, admirably assuming his uncle's voice, "has a valuable paper that I must get hold of."

"Oh," replied the doctor, "I would have found it on her body and sent it to you."

"She has not the paper with her," replied Joe, suppressing a shudder at hearing his mother's fate so coolly hinted at. "She's got it secreted. I must see her. I will get the secret out of her."

"But you've missed the train," said the doctor, leading the way into the asylum.

"When does the next train leave?"

"To-morrow."

"Then I will remain here until to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### JOE AND HENRY FIND THEIR PARENTS.

MRS. THORNTON lay in the corner of a foul and loathsome subterranean cell. She was not manacled, for the grated opening in the wall, and the heavily barred iron door, afforded her no opportunity to escape.

She was very unhappy, and scalding tears flowed from her eyes as she wrung her hands and exclaimed:

"Lost, forever lost. To see him again after so many years of separation, only to be torn from his arms and imprisoned in this foul den. And the brutes struck him down, perhaps killed him, before my very eyes. Oh, God, where are Thy thunderbolts? Why sleeps Thy wrath? Can suffering innocence sink into dust before triumphant villainy, and Thou not wreak Thy vengeance on these human fiends! Oh! what will become of him, my husband, my long lost love; where are my children, my boys? What will become of me? Oh sorrow insupportable, oh grief immeasurable! My heart, my heart—canst thou endure these pangs and yet not break?"

Thus she raved, and wept, and tore her hair. She filled the cell with her groans and cries, she pounded and shook the iron gate which barred her egress, until the sound re-echoed through the dim and murky gallery, confirming all who heard it in the thought that she was a raving maniac.

Her cries were momentarily hushed at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Ah! they come to butcher me," shrieked she, springing from her recumbent position on the floor and standing at bay.

Dr. Trueheart now approached the gate of her cell, followed by Joe, disguised as his uncle and Henry, in the coachman's dress. Under the pretense that violence might have to be resorted to, our hero managed to keep his brother near him.

At sight of him whom she thought to be the author of all her woes she bitterly exclaimed:

"Job Thornton, can you come to look upon the evil you have done; to mock and jeer me because I thought you had some spark of honor left in you yet, and trusted myself in your power. Soon your vile schemes will be crowned with success. Soon I shall be dead, but, mark my words, as sure as there's a heaven above us my spirit, unable to find repose, will haunt you day and night, and hiss into your ears: 'Murderer! Murderer!'"

"You see, doctor," said Joe, assuming his uncle's whine, "she's mad, stark mad. Poor thing, how I pity her."

"Fiend!" shrieked Mrs. Thornton, "keep your pity to yourself; I want none of it."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Thornton," said the doctor, "that it will be dangerous to enter her cell now. She's desperate, and a woman in that condition is worse than a tiger. You'll never find out from her where the paper is."

"What paper?" asked Mrs. Thornton.

"I will," hissed Joe, "if I have to choke each word out of her throat. The coachman will assist me, will you not?"

Henry only bowed; he dared not trust himself to speak.

"Have you the keys, doctor?" asked Joe.

"There they are," replied he, handing them to him.

A slight tremor of joy shot through our hero's frame as he received the instruments of his mother's escape in his hands.

"You are trembling," said the doctor.

"Only the dampness," whined Joe. "Doctor, what I want to say is a secret which even you must not know. You will leave us together, doctor, won't you? I won't set her free, eh, doctor. You can depend on me for that."

"I should think so," answered the proprietor,

with a chuckle. "You'd be the last person in the world to do so."

"If you only knew," mentally exclaimed our hero.

"You want the coachman?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; he can stand off a little, so as not to hear our conversation, but be within call when desired."

"All right. I have business otherwheres to attend to, and must now leave you."

Joe waited until the last echo of the departing proprietor's tread had died away; then, hastily unlocking the iron gate, he entered the cell with Henry.

He approached his mother, but she, raising her hands, cried:

"Back, Job Thornton, back, or with these fingers I'll strangle you as I would a dog."

"Mother," cried our hero, throwing off his rig, and stretching out his arms, "do you not know me?"

At the sound of his voice a glad light broke over his mother's countenance; she rushed into his embrace, and, wildly kissing him, exclaimed:

"Joe, my Joe! Heaven be praised!"

The tender embrace lasted for some moments, during which neither of them spoke, for rapture.

Then his mother, gently disengaging herself from his arms, anxiously asked:

"And where is Henry?"

"I am here, mother," exclaimed her second-born, throwing off the coachman's cloak.

"Oh, my child—both my children," cried Mrs. Thornton, embracing Henry; "oh, how happy I am."

Joe allowed his mother a few minutes to recover her self-possession, and then he told her of the stratagem he had employed to gain an entrance into the asylum, and added:

"Be of good cheer, mother. Your sons are near you, and they shall find the means to rescue you this very night."

"And not only me, Joe," said his mother, with a glad light beaming from her eyes, "but your father also."

"My father!" exclaimed Joe.

"Our father!" cried Henry.

"Yes; he is imprisoned in this place. I saw him—I was clasped into his arms, though only for a moment."

She related to them the scene that had taken place in the proprietor's office.

"Poor father," exclaimed Joe, "how cruelly he has been treated; but his trials will soon be over, lasting joy, like the beautiful sun, will disperse the clouds of sorrow and grief that now envelop him."

"Hush!" whispered Henry, "the proprietor is returning."

In an instant the boys had resumed their disguises, and when the proprietor approached the cell he found Mrs. Thornton crouching on the ground wringing her hands in agony and the pseudo-uncle sneering at her.

"Good-night, madam," said Joe, tauntingly. "I've wrung from you the information I desired; and now pleasant dreams to you, for you'll never have another chance to dream again. He! he!"

Laughing and sneering, he came out of the cell, followed by his brother.

He handed the keys to the doctor, who locked and barred the iron gate.

"Doctor," said Joe, in his uncle's voice, "the paper I told you of contains a description of treasure buried by my brother. I've found out where the paper is, but I must know more about the treasure. That only my brother can tell me. I must see him. Conduct me to him."

"He is very violent," said the doctor; "I doubt whether you will be successful."

"I can at least try," replied Joe. "I'll take the coachman along. If he offers violence we two are a match for him."

"I'll conduct you there," said the proprietor, "but cannot remain with you, as this is my office hour, and I must be in my office."

As this was exactly what our hero desired, he took good care to conceal his delight, and even went so far as to urge the proprietor to remain with him.

"Impossible," said he; "I'll conduct you there, and hand you the keys. Be very careful to lock the door when you come out, and be sure that you bring me the keys, as they unlock all the cells in which the patients are confined."

"Lead on," said Joe.

The proprietor led them through the gallery, then raising a broad stone which was placed in the flooring he revealed a trap and spiral staircase which led down into the darkness.

Taking up a torch and lighting it he began to descend, followed by the boys.

"You take good care he shall not escape," said Joe as they were descending.

"His cell is thirty feet below the ground," explained the proprietor, "and was expressly made for such refractory patients as he is. Until yesterday he was confined in the cell where his wife now is, but he actually wrenched off the iron bars and escaped. We clubbed him down and brought him down here, where nothing on earth could rescue him."

"Perhaps you'll think differently after a while," thought our hero.

They arrived at the bottom of the staircase.

They found themselves in a vault, the atmosphere of which was heavy and murky, giving the light of the torch a pale, ghastly hue, they themselves could scarcely breathe.

The stone flooring was covered with a greenish slime, and here and there little pools of stagnant water oozed out from between the cracks in the stones.

"He, he," cackled Joe, "a fine place this is. Say, doctor, how long can a man live down here?"

"Well, I should say he might manage to survive forty-eight hours."

"And how long is your patient here?"

"Well, more than twenty-four."

"He'll be gone to-morrow?"

"I hope so."

So did our hero, but in a different way than the proprietor.

One corner of the vault was grated.

This was the cell where Mr. Thornton was confined.

The proprietor flashed the torch through the bars and the boys dimly beheld an old gray-haired man lying on the ground.

He did not turn his head towards the light.

He seemed unconscious of their presence.

"I'll leave you with him," said the proprietor, handing the torch to Henry. "I'll leave the trap open for you to come out."

For full five minutes the boys stood contemplating the old man in tremulous silence.

Then Joe stretched forth his arms between the grating and, in a voice choking with emotion, exclaimed:

"Father!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### OUR HERO UNFOLDS A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

At the sound of the single word, so dear to a parent's heart, the old man started from his semi-unconscious state and muttered:

"Am I mad, or did I indeed hear a word for whose utterance my heart has craved and my soul hungered for so many years? Ah, no," added he, sinking on the cold, slimy floor of his cell, without having observed our hero and his brother. "Years of cruelty and torture, how many I can no longer remember, have at last completed their dire mission. Oh, how I have feared this day, how, when, beneath their fiendish inhumanities, my brain, like a giddy traveler, was reeling and tottering on the brink of insanity, I have pressed my forehead with my hands and cried aloud, 'Stay, stay, fleeting reason, I will not be mad, I will not be mad.'"

He let his head sink on his breast and remained in mournful silence. Tears flowed down the cheeks of his listening sons at hearing their father's recital of the horrors he had endured.

They could not speak; deep emotion bound their lips and fettered their limbs.

"Yesterday," continued their father, in a low, mournful tone, "I thought I heard my wife's voice; it seemed to me as if with a giant's strength I tore the bars that confined me asunder and rushed to her arms, clasped her to my breast. Ah, it was but a hallucination of my distorted mind. It was the first outbreak of that madness I had feared so long. And now, methinks I hear my son's voice call upon me. Alas, I had two sons, and they are dead. Oh, Heaven have mercy upon me, I am mad, I am mad."

He buried his face in his hands and relapsed into an abstraction of utter despair.

Silently and stealthily Joe unlocked the gate of the dungeon and entered the cell with his brother.

On tip-toe they advanced until they stood before their father.

The old man lowered his hands and beheld them.

"Ah, demon," cried he, thinking his wicked brother stood before him, "have you arisen from hades itself to mock my agonies? Though you have robbed me of health, home, happiness, the light of reason, and all that makes life happy and blessed, I have strength enough still left to strangle you, monster."

He sprang to his feet and clutched our hero by the throat.

"Father," cried Henry, "what would you do? Would you murder your son, your first born?"

"My son!" gasped the old man, staggering back.

"Yes, father!" exclaimed our hero, "I am Joe, your son, him whom you loved to call Joe Dodger, and this is Henry, my brother, whom you thought was sleeping at the bottom of the ocean."

Whilst uttering these words, our hero had divested himself of his disguise, and Henry had done the same.

Mr. Thornton heard the words in stupefied silence. He saw them throw off their disguise, and uttered not a word.

They extended their arms, yet he drew them not to his bosom.

He staggered and reeled as if intoxicated. A wild gleam shot from his eyes, and he shook his fist at them.

"Avaunt, ye phantoms," yelled he, "my sons are dead. Ye are not flesh, ye are spirits come to haunt my mind. Down, down, to hades, I say."

He struck our hero a blow on the head and recoiled as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"My poor father," murmured Joe, "are his senses really deserting him?"

"I struck him," gasped Mr. Thornton, "I thought to strike but empty air, but it was a body—a living body. Oh, reason, pause but for a moment. Let me feel them again."

With trembling fingers he first touched Joe, and then Henry.

He ran his hand over their heads, their faces, their very bodies.

"Alive!" shrieked he, "they are alive. Oh, I am not dreaming, I see them with my eyes, I hear them with my ears, I hear the sound of their voices, I touch them with my hands. They are my sons, they are my children!"

He rushed to Joe and rapturously kissed him, then he caught up Henry, and raising him in his arms, held him to his breast as if he were a child.

For some moments he could not bear to part from their embraces, but kept kissing and hugging them in childish glee, his tears of joy now fast rolling down his wrinkled face.

"If I am not mad," said he at length, "if these, my sons, are alive, then, surely, it was indeed my wife I clasped to my bosom. Oh, boys, tell me if you know, does your mother live?"

"She does indeed," replied Joe, "and is this moment confined in a cell in this horrid place."

"But it seems so strange," continued his father. "They told me that she and Henry had been drowned."

"It is a long story, father," said Joe, "but let us sit down on the stones, side by side, and I will tell you all."

The three sat on the slimy floor; for the time being they were unconscious of the fetid, noisome place in which they were. The father sat between them, holding the hands of either son with nervous grasp, as if he feared they would be snatched from him.

Our hero began, and in a short and simple way related all the incidents with which our readers are already acquainted. His father listened attentively, interrupting him now and then with some exclamation of indignation at the author of all their woes.

"My children," said he, when Joe had concluded. "In the eventful character of all our lives may be seen the guiding hand of an overruling Providence, who has watched over and protected us all. Surely the dark night of our misfortune is rapidly fading before the bright sun of happiness already beginning to rise upon us. From our past lives I draw faith that we shall escape from this pest-hole of civilized life. We shall be free, united and happy."

"That is our mission," said Henry.

"And we shall accomplish it," said our hero.

"But how can we?" said his father, sadly.

"Your mother is locked in a cell."

"But I," interrupted Joe, "have the keys, not only to unlock her cell, but that of every inmate here confined."

"That is something," continued the old man, "but even so, we are still within the power of the bad man who governs this place. The inmates are either imbecile idiots and lunatics, or such men, who, by a long course of cruel treatment, have become cowardly and demoralized. On the other hand, the proprietor has around him a horde of ruffians who would hesitate at no deed of violence or bloodshed."

"Those men," said Joe, "can be gained over. I do not believe in the saying that there is honor among thieves, nor is there any either among villains. The only ties that bind these ruffians to their masters are dread and money. I have in my possession bank-notes to the amount of five thousand dollars. They are partly my own and partly mother's. We took them along when our rascally uncle promised to lead us to you,

because we thought we might have occasion to need them. Bribe these men, and convince them that their only chance to avoid the just punishment of their misdeeds lies in aiding us, and they will turn upon their master, whom, I am sure, they hate as much as they fear, and rend him limb from limb."

"Hush," whispered Henry, "here comes some one down the staircase."

It was an attendant, who, seeing that the trap was open, descended in order to discover if the prisoner was safe. The boys hid themselves in a corner of the cell, and the attendant, astonished at finding the iron gate opened, entered the dungeon.

Hardly had he put his foot within the cell, when the boys sprang upon him, and our hero, leveling a pistol at his head, exclaimed:

"Breathe but a word and you die."

"Why, what's this mean?" stammered the surprised man.

"It means just this," continued Joe, "that we're going to rescue this man and some other inmates of this asylum. We are desperate and heavily armed. If you attempt to resist we will blow your brains out. If you aid us we will guarantee you immunity from punishment and five hundred dollars. Take your choice."

"Say, young feller," whispered the keeper, "will old Trueheart know of this?"

"He will not," replied Joe, "until he finds himself helpless to interfere."

"Then I'm with yez," said the man. "I hate him, because he clubbed me, and I swore if I ever got the chance to be revenged on him. I'll help yez. I swear it, by Heaven, and so will all the others, if yer divide a couple of thousand among them."

"Can we depend on you?" asked Mr. Thornton.

"You can," replied the man, earnestly; "I'll not betray yez."

"Listen," said Joe, "I'll go with you to all your companions. I'll try to win them over. If I notice the slightest suspicious sign about you, I'll shoot you down. I've got my pistol loaded and cocked. Remember that. If I win them all over I will unlock all the cells. At a signal all the inmates will rush out. You must all join us so that the proprietor will be alone. Do you promise me this?"

"I do."

"Henry," continued our hero, "you remain with father until I return."

"Joe," said his father, as our hero and the keeper were about to ascend the staircase, "among the inmates you will find a poor half-witted old man, who was brought here about a year ago. I desire above all that he shall be let out unharmed."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Joe.

"The keeper knows him," replied his father.

"Poor fellow, a portion of his skull was depressed by some accident. If under good medical treatment that portion were slightly raised, I am sure he would recover his reason again."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE MISER'S DOOM.

As might have been foreseen by the boys, the bonds with which they bound the miser and the coachman, being formed of their jackets, were not of a very durable nature.

The coachman, who was a strong burly fellow, after a deal of twisting and tugging, managed to rend them asunder, and thus free his hands and legs. He then removed the gag from his mouth and uttered a shout.

This the miser answered with a low moan, and, directed by the sound, the coachman soon came up to him and set him at liberty.

"Those cursed boys!" exclaimed the old rascal, struggling to his feet; "they've got the best of me!"

"What was their motive," asked the coachman, in "putting on our clothes?"

"No doubt to return to the asylum and hood-wink the proprietor," whined the miser. They had now advanced into the road.

"Ah!" exclaimed the coachman, "the devils have run off with the carriage!"

"They're in the asylum by this time," said Job. "The only thing we can do is to trudge right back and inform the proprietor."

"What a plight we are in!" said the coachman, glancing at his companion and bursting into a laugh.

They were indeed dressed in the boys' pants, and presented a ludicrous appearance.

"Don't stand there, laughing," angrily exclaimed the miser; "let us go on!"

They walked the long way back to the asylum. It took them several hours to accomplish the distance, and, at last, entered the proprietor's

office just as he returned from conducting Joe to his father's cell.

If ever there was an astonished man in the world, that man was Dr. Trueheart.

He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

He was sure he had just conducted the miser and coachman to the subterranean dungeon, and here they were standing before him in a very sorry plight indeed.

"Oh, doctor," whined the old reprobate, "we have been betrayed, we are lost."

"What does it all mean?" asked he, confusedly. "I thought I just brought you to your brother's cell?"

"Ha," cried Job, "you did?"

"Yes; why do you start?"

"Because he whom you thought was I, was my nephew, the son of my brother."

"The deuce you say!" ejaculated the doctor.

"Yes," continued the other, "and the coachman was his other son, the brother of that devil Joe, who seems born to spoil all my schemes."

"But I do not understand all this. They both wore your clothes, respectively, and now I see you are wearing theirs."

"Yes. The rascals surprised us and forced us to change."

"What! two boys? Could you not master them?"

"No; that Joe's got a spirit called ventriloquism, to help him in all his tricks."

The miser in whining tones related how our hero had outwitted him and the coachman.

"That is the game, is it?" cried the proprietor, his small eyes twinkling with rage. "Well, I guess I can spoil it."

He touched a bell and an attendant entered.

"Proceed immediately," said he, "to the trap that leads to the underground cell. You'll find it open. Close it, and report to me."

The man, however, did not move.

"William," cried the doctor, springing up, "did you hear me?"

The man began to tremble.

He was evidently afraid of the doctor's wrath, yet hesitated to obey.

"What are you standing there trembling for?" yelled the proprietor, pulling forth a pistol and aiming it at his head. "Speak, or I'll blow your brains out!"

The man's courage forsook him, he sank on his knees, exclaiming:

"Don't kill me, doctor, don't kill me, and I'll tell you all."

"All what?"

"Two boys what got into the place in disguise have bribed the keepers and unlocked all the cells of the inmates. They're all waiting for the signal to rush upon you and kill you."

"By Jove!" yelled the proprietor, pale with fury. "I'll give them the signal myself; I've been prepared for an event like this. In every cell is a train of powder; metallic wires connect the charges with the electric battery on yonder shelf. I can so arrange the machinery that in fifteen minutes a spark will be emitted which will run along the wires, simultaneously explode all the charges, and send the whole building in the air. Ah, ah! The time has come to put my infernal machine into operation."

He uttered a fiendish laugh, and approaching the battery, carefully poured the various acids into the jars. Then he took up the ends of the copper wires and put them into a curiously-arranged machine, which was run by clock-work.

"You see," said he, explaining the *modus operandi* with all the complacency of an inventor, "this clock-work gradually brings the ends of the wires closer together. When they arrive within half an inch of each other, the spark will fly between them, and at the same instant the whole asylum will be shattered into atoms. Meanwhile we can escape, leaving the fools waiting for the signal. Oh, they'll get it, in a way they do not think of!"

"He, he!" giggled the miser. "It'll serve them right! It'll serve them right!"

The coachman and attendant were too horrified at the diabolical scheme to utter a word.

"Come, gentlemen," cried the doctor, "let's get out of here as fast as we can."

They opened the door, but hardly had they stepped into the hall-way when they were met by the keepers, headed by Henry, Joe, and Mr. Thornton.

In an instant the doctor and the miser were bound and gagged, and then thrust into the very cell which Mr. Thornton had just left.

Joe fired off the pistol.

It was the signal.

Simultaneously all the inmates rushed out of the cells and into the asylum yard.

Among them was Mrs. Thornton, and the man with the depressed skull.

Meanwhile the keepers had unbarred the gate which led out of the building.

"For Heaven's sake!" cried the attendant, who was in the proprietor's office, "hurry out of this place."

"Why?" asked Joe.

"In a few minutes the place will be blown into the air!"

"Impossible!"

The attendant hurriedly explained the infernal machine which was in operation.

"Can it be prevented?" exclaimed Joe.

"No, no," cried the attendant, "it is too late! Oh, let us flee before we are all killed."

Already most of the inmates had rushed out. Joe and Henry, followed by his parents, and the rest that were within the building, hurried out.

They had just gained the woods when a report like the discharge of a hundred cannon was heard. The air was darkened by a shower of rocks and stones, which fortunately fell harmless around them.

A cloud of smoke and dust for some moments enveloped the scene.

When it had disappeared, nothing was visible of the asylum but a mass of dust and ruins.

Among the fragments of broken stones were seen the torn and mangled remains of Dr. Trueheart, the inhuman proprietor of what had been a curse on the face of the earth, and Job Thornton, the mean, rascally miser.

Both had met their richly deserved fate.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A GRAND DISCOVERY.

We must go back to the hotel where we left Fay and Yacup.

They spent the time during which the rest were absent from the city in taking walks through the town and viewing the various objects of interest that struck their fancy.

Still the time wore heavily on their hands, and as day after day passed without the return of the others, or without receiving any tidings from them they became anxious and concerned.

Fay especially feared that some mischance had befallen Joe, and became quite sad at the thought.

To cheer her spirits, Yacup proposed that they should take a drive to Central Park.

Fay acceded to this, more to please her friend than for any pleasure she might experience without Joe at her side.

A carriage was ordered, and the young pair gayly dressed, were soon being rapidly driven to that beautiful park which is the joy and pride of all our citizens.

The afternoon was bright and the weather lovely.

The park was thronged with ladies and gentlemen, who were the embodiment of the wealth, fashion, and beauty of the metropolis.

Yet, among all none appeared so charmingly beautiful, none so gracefully blended the sweet simplicity of girlhood with the unfolding charms of hidden womanhood, as our heroine, Fay Templeton, then sweet sixteen.

The vehicle in which they were was an open barouche, and as the noble steeds pranced along many people stopped to gaze in admiration at the beautiful girl.

A closely-covered carriage passed by them.

Its occupant, a gentleman, observed the girl, and a slight exclamation escaped his lips.

He pulled the check string and called his coachman's attention to the barouche.

"Follow it," ordered he, sinking back into his seat.

Then began a chase, all unconscious to Fay and Yacup, through the park and back again to the terrace.

Here Yacup ordered the coachman to make a halt while he and Fay alighted to obtain some refreshments.

Hardly had they disappeared in the direction of the terrace, when the occupant of the coach that had followed them also alighted, and going up to the driver of the barouche handed him a note.

"Give this to the young girl when she returns," he said, at the same time slipping a gold-piece in the driver's hands.

"I will, sir," said the coachman, pocketing the coin. "You may depend on me."

Then the mysterious man returned to his coach.

Half an hour later Fay and Yacup came back from the terrace.

"Please, ma'am," said the coachman to Fay, after she and Yacup had taken their seats within the vehicle, "there's a gentleman that begged me to give you this note."

Fay took the missive and eagerly opened it and read:

"MY DARLING FAY—MY OWN DEAR DAUGHTER:—If you ever want to see your father, order your driver to follow my vehicle. I am driving to my home, and there I will receive you. There are reasons why I cannot show myself to you now, and clasp you to my bosom, as I long to do. Follow me, darling; all will be explained."

"Your loving father,"

"ALVAH TEMPLETON."

"Vell," asked Yacup, "vrom who isht dot led-der, if I may ask?"

"From my father, Yacup," replied she, eagerly—"oh, I shall see, speak to him; he will tell me all—why he has not seen me before—oh, read it!"

Yacup read the letter through, and then said:

"Vell, vat you goin' to do mit it?"

"Why obey, of course," said she.

"I don'd like all dis secrets about it," said Yacup, shaking his head.

"Father has reasons for it," she answered; "but he will tell me all."

"Vell," said he, as if to satisfy the doubts of his mind, "I'll be near you, anyhow, and no harm shall cum by you as long as I am here, by tam. If you gets hurt, Joe he would eat mine head off."

"I hope," replied she, laughingly, "that the emergency will not arise."

"Coachman," asked Yacup, "who vas dot man vot gives you dot note?"

"He is sitting in that carriage there, sir," answered the coachman, pointing to the vehicle.

"Vell, you shust follow dot carriage."

"All right," said the driver, closing the door and ascending to the box.

The other vehicle set itself into motion and drove rapidly out of the park, followed by the barouche. On through the various streets it drove, until at last it halted before the elegant mansion which, in a previous chapter, our hero and Fay had ineffectually attempted to enter.

Though Fay was on the alert to catch a glimpse of her father as he descended from the coach, yet he was so muffled in a mantle, and entered the house so quickly, that she could not distinguish his form or features.

In obedience to Yacup's orders, the barouche drove up beside the other vehicle, and he and Fay alighted and ascended the broad staircase. Before they had time to ring the bell, the door was opened by a servant, who led them into a parlor furnished to a degree of surpassing luxury and elegance.

"My master desires," said the servant, "that the young gentleman should remain in the parlor while he speaks to the young lady."

Yacup received this piece of information with ill-concealed displeasure, but Fay thought it was but natural that her father should wish that their reunion should take place while they were alone.

"Who is your master?" asked Yacup, abruptly.

"Colonel Templeton," replied the servant.

"Vell," said he, whisperingly, to Fay, "you go, und ven you vants me shust scream like blazes, und I cums right purty quick, you bet."

"Lead on," said Fay to the servant.

The latter conducted her up one flight of stairs and to the door of the library, where he left her alone.

The door was slightly ajar, and with her heart beating strangely and a tremor shaking her limbs, Fay slowly entered the room.

One glance at its occupant was sufficient.

She recoiled in horror, and, turning deathly pale, gasped:

"You are not my father!"

"I know it, Fay," replied he, grasping her by the wrist, "and it was for that reason I summoned you here to-day. I am Lookah, his Indian servant."

"Oh, my poor father," sobbed Fay, "oh, where is he?"

Lookah carefully locked the door, and then turning to her, said:

"He is alive, but in my power. Do not shrink from me, Fay, for I will not harm you. Listen, while I reveal to you the motives for my act. I loved your mother, Fay, with a passion deep and unutterable. Then I was a rajah, a prince. My kingdom contained thousands of acres of land. I ruled over thousands of slaves. Though your mother, however, scorned my love, and instigated her father to declare war upon me. He was mightier than I was, and conquered my territory, and from a rajah I became a slave. Well, let that pass. When your mother married Colonel Templeton, I was transferred with her dowry to his household. Though I hated him, yet the love I bore your mother was so strong that for her sake I buried my revenge while she lived. After her death my hate, intensified by its suppression, burst forth anew, and I longed for the opportunity of revenge. It came. On our passage to this

country I fired the ship and turned suspicion on his head. I thought that they would hang him for arson, but during the conflagration he was struck by a mast and rendered partially idiotic. Then the plan came into my head to change our respective positions. I, then slave, became the master, he became the slave. The greater portion of his wealth I managed to secure from the wreck. I impersonated him. His long absence from the country and the darkness of his complexion, rendered more so by his long residence in India, favored the deception. Upon my arrival in this country I was treated with the greatest honor. I was invited to banquets and festivals by the highest in the land. My culture and education enabled me to act well my part. No one suspected that I was other than I appeared to be. Ah, ah, they honored me, Lookah, the servant, the slave, while they profoundly pitied Colonel Templeton, the poor half-witted fool."

"Oh, wicked, heartless man!" ejaculated Fay.

"The first dread of exposure," continued he, not noticing her interruption, "came at the time when you and Joe came here to seek your father. Had you been alone, or with him who now accompanied you, I would have admitted you then and revealed this to you. But somehow I fear that Joe, I dread to meet him. Now I have told you all. For your own safety and that of your father it will be necessary for you to act towards me as if I were your father."

"What I can never do," interrupted she, vehemently.

"Girl," hissed he, "you must. My word can doom your father to a miserable death. If you would not have him die, if you would live in hope, perhaps, at some future day to see him, you must implicitly do my bidding."

"Oh!" cried she, "what would you have me do?"

"Live here. Allow me to introduce you as my daughter. Speak to me in accents of filial love. You will here be surrounded by wealth and luxury; and, if my ambition is fulfilled, you will grace a still higher sphere."

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. He unlocked and opened it and a servant entered.

"Well?" asked he.

"The committee have arrived."

"Send them here," ordered he.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### CONCLUSION.

AFTER the servant had departed on his errand, Lookah turned to Fay and hissed into her ears:

"Now I will introduce you to these gentlemen as my daughter. One look to betray me and you die."

He took a small jeweled dagger from his breast, and threatening her with it restored it to its place.

The poor girl, pale with fear, nodded an assent to his words.

The servant now returned, ushering three portly gentlemen into the room. Lookah received them with a courtesy that did credit to his training, and which was one of the means by which he deceived those around him into a belief that he was really the ex-United States Consul.

"Gentlemen," he said, affably, "to what fortunate circumstance do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"Colonel Templeton," replied the chairman of the committee, "we have come to bring you the pleasing intelligence that our party has nominated you for the position of Governor of the State of New York, and we have been deputed to inform you of the fact, and urge you to accept the high honor conferred upon you by the unanimous vote of the convention."

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," responded the false colonel; "in accepting the nomination so kindly and unanimously tendered to me, I will but at this time express my heartfelt thanks to you individually. At some more fitting time I will have the honor to respond to those whom I hope will soon be my constituents. Gentlemen, it is an old saying that misfortunes never come singly, but I sincerely believe that fortune also comes in pairs. This day, at least, has given me a signal instance thereof. You have all heard the melancholy story of the disaster which occurred to the ship on which I was on the way home to my native land. You all know that I mourned the loss of a dear daughter, who, I thought, had perished in that dire catastrophe. This day my tears of sorrow were changed to tears of joy, for she whom I mourned as dead was restored to me. Behold, gentlemen, my daughter stands before you. Allow me to introduce you to Miss Fay Templeton."

The decisive moment for our heroine had arrived. Should she be silent, and suffer this cruel

deceit to continue? Should she, by her acquiescence, give it the stamp of truth? Surely the gentlemen before her were men of honor. If they could but imagine who the man was on whom they were heaping these unmerited honors—honors that were intended for her father—they would recoil from the wretch with horror. She saw that Lookah was narrowly watching her; but she determined, come what may, once and for all, to expose the fraud and deceit.

"He lies!" cried she, suddenly. "I am not his daughter!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Lookah, drawing forth the dagger, and twirling it around as if carelessly playing with it. "Pardon me, gentlemen; the shock of the catastrophe has somewhat affected her reason. She is indeed my daughter."

The honorable gentlemen forming the committee gazed at the pair in mute astonishment.

Somewhat emboldened, Fay rushed towards them, and placing them as a shield before her, cried:

"I am not mad—I speak the truth."

"No more, girl, no more," hissed the servant.

By this time the suspicions of the committee were aroused, and the chairman, pointing at the weapon, said:

"Surely, colonel, you would not draw your dagger on your own daughter?"

Feeling sure of friends, Fay rapidly continued:

"He is not Colonel Templeton; he is not my father, but my father's servant. He is an Indian slave."

Lookah would hear no more. With the cry of a baffled tiger he sprang upon Fay, and would have buried the dagger in her heart, had not the gentlemen forming the committee sprang upon him and wrenched it from his grasp. At the same moment the sound of many footsteps ascending the stair was heard, the next, and the door was violently flung open, and there rushed into the room Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, Colonel Templeton, Joe, Henry and Yacup.

Fay was the first to perceive her father, and rushing up to him sank into his arms, exclaiming:

"Father, dear father!"

Some gleam of reason seemed to return to the imbecile man as he embraced his daughter, for tears rushed from his eyes and he softly murmured:

"Fay, my own dear Fay."

Meanwhile a couple of officers, who had entered simultaneously with the rest, clasped a pair of handcuffs on Lookah's wrists while he stood spellbound with astonishment at the sight of his master, whom he thought safely secured in the lunatic asylum.

A number of explanations followed, and the committee were exceedingly grateful that the fraud practiced upon them was so early discovered.

Lookah was dispatched off to jail, where he remained until he was in due time tried and convicted of arson on the high sea, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Colonel Templeton took up the residence occupied heretofore in his name and stead by his servant, and, at Fay's earnest request, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, with Joe, Henry and Yacup, also remained in the spacious residence.

The colonel was placed under the best medical treatment the country could afford, and in a few months completely regained the control of his mind.

It was a happy day indeed when he was fully restored to health, both in mind and body.

The miserable hovel occupied by the old miser was torn down, Mr. Thornton regained possession of the wealth of which he had been robbed, together with the increase due to the miser's thrift, and Mary, the housekeeper, who had so tenderly reared our hero, was made happy by a position in Colonel Templeton's household, which was the common home of all.

What need I add further, except to say that as years passed by and our hero arrived at man's estate, he came to know his own heart, and discovered that it was brimful of love for Fay, who had meanwhile grown into a most beauteous lady.

A declaration and mutual confession of love followed.

The happy day was set, and a grander and more magnificent wedding was never yet celebrated than that when Joe, the boy ventriloquist no longer, led Fay to the altar.

[THE END.]

## Useful and Instructive Books.

**HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both the young and old. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing-room. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the GREATEST BOOK ever published, and there's MILLIONS (of fun) IN IT. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.** For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents; or send price to the office of THE BOYS OF NEW YORK, and receive a copy by return mail. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents, or we will send it to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or it will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship, and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents, or sent, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of Billiards, Bagatelle, Backgammon, Croquet, Dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.**—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also, tricks with cards, incantations, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars, and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO FLIRT.**—Just out. The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window, and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets. Also giving full instructions for making cages, nests, etc. Fully explained by 28 handsome illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY** is the title of a very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Sold by all newsdealers, or send 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and receive it by return mail, post paid.

**HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations; giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of ten cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

# Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT COMIC LIBRARY.

- No.
- 57 Two Hard Nuts; or, A Term of Fun at Dr. Crackem's Academy, by Sam Smiley
- 58 The Shortys' Country Store, by Peter Pad
- 59 Muldoon's Vacation, by Tom Teaser
- 60 Jack Hawser's Tavern, by Peter Pad
- 61 Ikey; or, He Never Got Left, by Tom Teaser
- 62 Joseph Jump and His Old Blind Nag, by Peter Pad
- 63 Two in a Box; or, The Long and Short of It, by Tom Teaser
- 64 The Shorty Kids; or, Three Chips of Three Old Blocks, by Peter Pad
- 65 Mike McGuinness; or, Traveling for Pleasure, by Tom Teaser
- 66 The Shortys' Christmas Snaps, by Peter Pad
- 67 The Bounce Twins, or, The Two Worst Boys in the World, by Sam Smiley
- 68 Nimble Nip, the Imp of the School, by Tom Teaser
- 69 Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure, by Peter Pad
- 70 Muldoon Out West, by Tom Teaser
- 71 Those Quiet Twins, by Peter Pad
- 72 Muldoon, the Fireman, by Tom Teaser
- 73 A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life of Fun, by Peter Pad
- 74 An Old Boy; or, Maloney After Education, by Tom Teaser
- 75 Tumbling Tim; or, Traveling With a Circus, by Peter Pad
- 76 Judge Cleary's Country Court, by Tom Teaser
- 77 Jack Ready's School Scrapes, by Peter Pad
- 78 Muldoon, the Solid Man, by Tom Teaser
- 79 Joe Junk, the Whaler; or, Anywhere for Fun, by Peter Pad
- 80 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village, by Tom Teaser
- 81 Behind the Scenes; or, Out With a New York Combination, by Peter Pad
- 82 The Fanny Four, by Peter Pad
- 83 Muldoon's Base Ball Club, by Tom Teaser
- 84 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston, by Tom Teaser
- 85 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack, by Tom Teaser
- 86 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling, by Peter Pad
- 87 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Philadelphia, by Tom Teaser
- 88 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Sassy, by Tom Teaser
- 89 Little Tommy Bounce; or, Something Like His Dad, by Peter Pad
- 90 Muldoon's Picnic, by Tom Teaser
- 91 Little Tommy Bounce on His Travels; or, Doing America for Fun, by Peter Pad
- 92 Boarding-School; or, Sam Bowser at Work and Play, by Peter Pad
- 93 Next Door; or, The Irish Twins, by Tom Teaser
- 94 The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York, by Tom Teaser
- 95 A Bad Boy's Note Book, by "Ed"
- 96 A Bad Boy at School, by "Ed"
- 97 Jimmy Grimes, Jr.; or, the Torment of the Village, by Tom Teaser
- 98 Jack and Jim; or, Rackets and Scrapes at School, by Tom Teaser
- 99 The Book Agent's Luck, by "Ed"
- 100 Muldoon's Boarding House, by Tom Teaser
- 101 Muldoon's Brother Dan, by Tom Teaser
- 102 The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones, by Tom Teaser
- 103 Senator Muldoon, by Tom Teaser
- 104 The Shortys' Minstrels; or, Working the Same Old Rackets, by Peter Pad
- 105 The Comical Adventures of Two Dudes, by Tom Teaser
- 106 Muldoon, the Cop. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 107 Muldoon, the Cop. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 108 Billy Moss; or, From One Thing to Another, by Tom Teaser
- 109 Truthful Jack; or, On Board the Nancy Jane, by Tom Teaser
- 110 Fred Fresh; or, As Green as Grass, by Tom Teaser
- 111 The Deacon's Boy; or, The Worst in Town, by Peter Pad
- 112 Johnny Brown & Co. at School; or, The Deacon's Boy at His Old Tricks, by Peter Pad
- 113 Jim, Jack and Jim; or, Three Hard Nuts to Crack, by Tom Teaser
- 114 Smart & Co., the Boy Peddlers, by Peter Pad
- 115 The Two Boy Clowns; or, A Summer With a Circus, by Tom Teaser
- 116 Benny Bounce; or, A Block of the Old Chip, by Peter Pad
- 117 Young Dick Plunket; or, The Trials and Tribulations of Ebenezer Crow, by Sam Smiley
- 118 Muldoon in Ireland; or, The Solid Man on the Old Sod, by Tom Teaser
- 119 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 120 Muldoon's Grocery Store. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 121 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 122 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 123 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 124 Muldoon's Trip Around the World. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 125 Muldoon's Hotel. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 126 Muldoon's Hotel. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 127 Muldoon's Christmas, by Tom Teaser
- 128 The Shortys' Christmas Rackets, by Peter Pad
- 129 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part I, by Peter Pad
- 130 Sam Smart, Jr.; or, Following in the Footsteps of His Dad. Part II, by Peter Pad
- 131 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun. Part I, by Tom Teaser
- 132 Three of Us; or, Hustling for Boodle and Fun. Part II, by Tom Teaser
- 133 Out For Fun; or, Six Months With a Show, by Peter Pad
- 134 Dick Duck, the Boss of the Town, by Tom Teaser
- 135 The Shortys Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part I, by Sam Smiley
- 136 The Shortys Doing Europe; or, On a Grand Tour for Fun. Part II, by Sam Smiley

# Latest Issues of Frank Reade Library

By "Noname."

Price 5 Cents.

- No.
- 78 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Buckboard; or, Thrilling Adventures in North Australia.
- 79 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Sea Serpent; or, Six Thousand Miles Under the Sea.
- 80 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Explorer; or, The Underground City of the Sahara.
- 81 Frank Reade, Jr.'s New Electric Air-Ship the "Zephyr"; or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part I.
- 82 Frank Reade, Jr.'s New Electric Air-Ship, the "Zephyr"; or, From North to South Around the Globe. Part II.
- 83 Across the Frozen Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Snow Outter.
- 84 Lost in the Great Atlantic Valley; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Submarine Wonder, the "Dart."
- 85 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse"; or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part I.
- 86 Frank Reade, Jr., and His New Electric Air-Ship, the "Eclipse"; or, Fighting the Chinese Pirates. Part II.
- 87 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Clipper of the Prairie; or, Fighting the Apaches in the Far Southwest.
- 88 Under the Amazon for a Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip.
- 89 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Silver Whale; or, Under the Ocean in the Electric "Dolphin."
- 90 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Catamaran of the Air; or, Wild and Wonderful Adventures in North Australia.
- 91 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search For a Lost Man in His Latest Air Wonder.
- 92 Frank Reade, Jr., in Central India; or, The Search For the Lost Savants.
- 93 The Missing Island; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Wonderful Trip Under the Deep Sea.
- 94 Over the Andes With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, Wild Adventures in Peru.
- 95 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Prairie Whirlwind; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Canyon.
- 96 Under the Yellow Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Cave of Pearls With His New Submarine Cruiser.
- 97 Around the Horizon for Ten Thousand Miles; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Wonderful Trip With His Air-Ship.
- 98 Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Sky Scraper"; or, North and South Around the World.
- 99 Under the Equator from Ecuador to Borneo; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Submarine Voyage.
- 100 From Coast to Coast; or, Frank Reade Jr.'s Trip Across Africa in His Electric "Boomerang."
- 101 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Car; or, Outwitting a Desperate Gang.
- 102 Lost in the Mountains of the Moon; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Trip With His New Air-Ship, the "Scud."
- 103 100 Miles Below the Surface of the Sea; or, The Marvelous Trip of Frank Reade, Jr.'s "Hard-Shell" Submarine Boat.
- 104 Abandoned in Alaska; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Thrilling Search for a Lost Gold Claim With His New Electric Wagon.
- 105 Around the Arctic Circle; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Famous Trip With His Air-Ship, the "Orbit."
- 106 Under Four Oceans; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Chase of a "Sea Devil."
- 107 From the Nile to the Niger; or, Frank Reade, Jr., Lost in the Soudan With His "Overland Omnibus."
- 108 The Chase of a Comet; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Trip With His New Air-Ship the "Flash."
- 109 Lost in the Great Undertow; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Submarine Cruise in the Gulf Stream.
- 110 From Tropic to Tropic; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Latest Tour With His Bicycle Car.
- 111 To the End of the Earth in an Air-Ship; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Mid-Air Flight.
- 112 The Underground Sea; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Subterranean Cruise in His Submarine Boat.
- 113 The Mysterious Mirage; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Desert Search for a Secret City with His New Overland Chaise.
- 114 The Electric Island; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for the Greatest Wonder on Earth With His Air-Ship, the "Flight."
- 115 For Six Weeks Buried in a Deep Sea Cave; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Great Submarine Search.
- 116 The Galleon's Gold; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Deep Sea Search.
- 117 Across Australia With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Electric Car; or, Wonderful Adventures in the Antipodes.
- 118 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Flying Machine; or, Fighting the Terror of the Coast.
- 119 On the Great Meridian With Frank Reade, Jr., in His New Air-Ship; or, A Twenty-Five Thousand Mile Trip in Mid-Air.
- 120 Under the Indian Ocean With Frank Reade, Jr.; or, A Cruise in a Submarine Boat.
- 121 Astray in the Selvas; or, The Wild Experiences of Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp, in South America With the Electric Cab.
- 122 Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure With His New Air-Ship.
- 123 Six Sunken Pirates; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Adventures in the Deep Sea.
- 124 Beyond the Gold Coast; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Overland Trip With His Electric Phaeton.
- 125 Latitude 90°; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Most Wonderful Mid-Air Flight.
- 126 Afloat in a Sunken Forest; or, With Frank Reade, Jr., on a Submarine Cruise.
- 127 Across the Desert of Fire; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Marvelous Trip to a Strange Country.
- 128 Over Two Continents; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Long Distance Flight With His New Air-Ship.
- 129 The Coral Labyrinth; or, Lost With Frank Reade, Jr., in a Deep Sea Cave.

# Latest Issues of YOUNG SLEUTH LIBRARY.

By the author of "Young Sleuth."

Price 5 Cents.

- No.
- 73 Young Sleuth's Seven Signs; or, The Keen Detective's Marked Trail.
- 74 Young Sleuth on the Stage; or, An Act Not on the Bills.
- 75 Young Sleuth at Monte Carlo; or, The Crime of the Casino.
- 76 Young Sleuth and the Man with the Tattooed Arm; or, Tracking Missing Millions.
- 77 Young Sleuth in Demijohn City; or, Waltzing William's Dancing School.
- 78 Young Sleuth in Siberia; or, Saving a Young American from the Prison Mines.
- 79 Young Sleuth Almost Knocked Out; or, Nell Blondin's Desperate Game.
- 80 Young Sleuth and Billy the Kid Number Two; or, The Hidden Ranch of the Panhandle.
- 81 Young Sleuth's Master Stroke; or, The Lady Detective's Many Masks.
- 82 Murdered in a Mask; or, Young Sleuth at the French Ball.
- 83 Young Sleuth in Paris; or, The Keen Detective and the Bomb-Throwers.
- 84 Young Sleuth and the Italian Brigands; or, The Keen Detective's Greatest Rescue.
- 85 Young Sleuth and a Dead Man's Secret; or, The Message in the Handle of a Dagger.
- 86 Young Sleuth Decoyed; or, The Woman of Fire.
- 87 Young Sleuth and the Runaway Circus Boys; or, Following a Pair of Wild New York Lads.
- 88 Young Sleuth at Atlantic City; or, The Great Seaside Mystery.
- 89 Young Sleuth, the Detective in Chicago; or, Unraveling a Mystery.
- 90 The Man in the Safe; or, Young Sleuth as a Bank Detective.
- 91 Young Sleuth and the Phantom Detective; or, The Trail of the Dead.
- 92 Young Sleuth and the Girl in the Mask; or, The Lady Monte Cristo of Baltimore.
- 93 Young Sleuth and the Corsican Knife-Thrower; or, The Mystery of the Murdered Actress.
- 94 Young Sleuth and the Cashier's Crime; or, The Evidence of a Dead Witness.
- 95 Young Sleuth in the Toils; or, The Death Traps of New York.
- 96 Young Sleuth and the Miser's Ghost; or, A Hunt For Hidden Money.
- 97 Young Sleuth as a Dead Game Sport; or, The Keen Detective's Ruse for \$10,000.
- 98 Young Sleuth and the Gypsies' Gold; or, The Package Marked "Z."
- 99 Young Sleuth and Policy Pete, the Sharper King; or, The Keen Detective's Lottery Game.
- 100 Young Sleuth in the Sews of New York; or, Keen Work from Broadway to the Bowery.
- 101 Young Sleuth and the Mad Bell Ringer; or, The Secret of the Old Church Tower.
- 102 Young Sleuth's Unknown; or, The Man who Came Behind.
- 103 Young Sleuth's Great Swamp Search; or, The Miss-Girl of Everglade.
- 104 Young Sleuth and the Mad Doctor; or, The Seven Poisoned Powders.
- 105 Young Sleuth's Big Bluff; or, Simple Sallie's Mission.
- 106 Young Sleuth's Great Contract; or, The Keen Detective's Double Game.
- 107 Young Sleuth's Night Watch; or, The Keen Detective Guarding Millions.
- 108 Young Sleuth and the Mystery of the Dark Room; or, The Crime of the Photograph Gallery.
- 109 Young Sleuth and the Gold Ship Robbery; or, Beating Bold Crooks on an Ocean Steamer.
- 110 Young Sleuth and the Great Mine Mystery; or, Murdered Under Ground.
- 111 Young Sleuth and the Runaway Heiress; or, A Girl Worth Millions Among Desperate Crooks.
- 112 Young Sleuth and the Haunted Mill; or, The Phantom Mystery of Dark Dell.
- 113 Young Sleuth and the Millionaire Tramp; or, Diamonds Under Rags.
- 114 Young Sleuth and the Masked Bather of Atlantic City; or, The Mystery of a Crime of the Surf.
- 115 Young Sleuth and the Mad Artist; or, The Crime of the Studio.
- 116 Young Sleuth's Best Find; or, The Secret of the Iron Chest.
- 117 Young Sleuth's Lady Ferret; or, The Keen Detective's Beautiful Spy.
- 118 Young Sleuth and a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing; or, Unmasking the Prince of Impostors.
- 119 Young Sleuth's Boy Pupil; or, The Keen Detective's Street Boy Pard.
- 120 Young Sleuth and the Sidewalk Prince; or, Neck to Neck With Hidden Foes.
- 121 Young Sleuth and the Mysterious Model; or, The Secret of a Murdered Artist.
- 122 Young Sleuth and the Lady Physician; or, The Mystery of the Poisoned Cup.
- 123 Young Sleuth and the Actor's Strange Crime; or, The Murder Before the Footlights.
- 124 Young Sleuth and the Madhouse Mystery; or, The Mystic Sign of 7.
- 125 Young Sleuth and the Mystery of the Mill on the Marsh; or, The Indian Doctor's Dark Plot.
- 126 Young Sleuth and the Female Snake Charmer; or, The Handcuffed Man of the Iron Room.
- 127 Young Sleuth and the Twin Newsboys; or, The Queen of the Green Goods Men Outwitted.
- 128 Young Sleuth and Lost Mr. Medway; or, the Hand Upon the Quicksand.
- 129 Young Sleuth and the Copper Mine Mystery; or, The Detective's Underground Clew.
- 130 Young Sleuth and the Slaves of the Silver Dagger; or, The Mystery of the New Aladdin.
- 131 Young Sleuth and the Lady Diamond Sharp; or, Desperate Play for Priceless Jewels.
- 132 Young Sleuth and the Broadway Window Smasher; or, The Diamond Thief's Last Haul.

All the above libraries are for sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street New York.

# COMPLETE LIST OF JACK WRIGHT STORIES

— Published in the —

## BOYS' STAR LIBRARY.

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| 216 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor; or, Hunting for a Sunken Treasure....by "Noname"  | 304 Jack Wright and His Electric Man-of-War; or, Fighting the Sea Robbers of the Frozen Coast.....by "Noname"   | 339 Jack Wright and His Submarine Warship; or, Chasing the Demons of the Sea of Gold.....by "Noname"                                |
| 220 Jack Wright and His Electric Turtle; or, Chasing the Pirates of the Spanish Main by "Noname"                           | 306 Jack Wright and His Submarine Torpedo-Tug; or, Winning a Government Reward by "Noname"                      | 340 Jack Wright and His Prairie Yacht; or, Fighting the Indians of the Sea of Grass.....by "Noname"                                 |
| 223 Jack Wright's Submarine Catamaran; or, The Phantom Ship of the Yellow Sea.....by "Noname"                              | 308 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea-Demon; or, Daring Adventures Under the Ocean, by "Noname"                  | 341 Jack Wright and His Electric Air Rocket; or, The Boy Exile of Siberia...by "Noname"   |
| 227 Jack Wright and His Ocean Racer; or, Around the World in Twenty Days.....by "Noname"                                   | 310 Jack Wright and His Electric "Whale;" or, The Treasure Trove of the Polar Sea. by "Noname"                  | 342 Jack Wright and His Submarine Destroyer; or, Warring Against the Japanese Pirates.....by "Noname"                               |
| 229 Jack Wright and His Electric Canoe; or, Working in the Revenue Service.....by "Noname"                                 | 311 Jack Wright and His Electric Marine "Rover;" or, 50,000 Miles in Ocean Perils.....by "Noname"               | 343 Jack Wright and His Electric Battery Diver; or, A Two Months' Cruise Under Water.....by "Noname"                                |
| 231 Jack Wright's Air and Water Cutter; or, Wonderful Adventures on the Wing and Afloat.....by "Noname"                    | 312 Jack Wright and His Electric Deep Sea Cutter; or, Searching for a Pirate's Treasure.....by "Noname"         | 344 Jack Wright and His Electric Stage; or, Leagued Against the James Boys.....by "Noname"  |
| 235 Jack Wright and His Magnetic Motor; or, The Golden City of the Sierras. by "Noname"                                    | 314 Jack Wright and His Electric Monarch of the Ocean; or, Cruising for a Million in Gold.....by "Noname"       | 345 Jack Wright and His Wheel of the Wind; or, The Jewels of the Volcano Dwellers. by "Noname"                                      |
| 236 The Boy Miners.....by C. Little  | 315 Jack Wright and His Electric Devil-Fish; or, Fighting the Smugglers of Alaska....by "Noname"                | 346 Jack Wright and the Head-Hunters of the African Coast; or, The Electric Pirate Chaser.....by "Noname"                           |
| 238 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor, and His Under-Water Iron-clad; or, The Treasure of the Sandy Sea.....by "Noname"        | 316 Jack Wright and His Electric Demon of the Plains; or, Wild Adventures Among the Cowboys.....by "Noname"     | 347 3,000 Pounds of Gold; or, Jack Wright and His Electric Bat Fighting the Cliff Dwellers of the Sierras.....by "Noname"           |
| 241 Jack Wright and His Electric Deers; or, Fighting the Bandits of the Black Hills. by "Noname"                           | 317 Jack Wright and His Electric Balloon Ship; or, 30,000 Leagues Above the Earth by "Noname"                   | 348 Jack Wright and the Wild Boy of the Woods; or, Exposing a Mystery with the Electric Cart.....by "Noname"                        |
| 246 Jack Wright and His Prairie Engine; or, Among the Bushmen of Australia.....by "Noname"                                 | 318 Jack Wright and His Electric Locomotive; or, The Lost Mine of Death Valley.....by "Noname"                  | 349 Jack Wright Among the Demons of the Ocean With His Electric Sea-Fighter....by "Noname"  |
| 253 Jack Wright and His Electric Air Schooner; or, The Mystery of a Magic Mine.....by "Noname"                             | 319 Jack Wright and His Iron-Clad Air-Motor; or, Searching for a Lost Explorer.....by "Noname"                  | 350 Jack Wright, the Wizard of Wrightstown and His Electric Dragon; or, A Wild Race to Save a Fortune.....by "Noname"               |
| 257 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea-Motor; or, The Search for a Drifting Wreck.....by "Noname"                            | 320 Jack Wright and His Electric Tricycle; or, Fighting the Stranglers of the Crimson Desert.....by "Noname"    | 351 Jack Wright's Electric Land-Clipper; or, Exploring the Mysterious Gobi Desert...by "Noname"                                     |
| 262 Jack Wright and His Ocean Sleuth-Hound; or, Tracking an Under Water Treasure...by "Noname"                             | 321 Jack Wright and His Electric Dynamo Boat; or, The Mystery of a Buried Sea...by "Noname"                     | 352 Skull and Cross-Bones; or, Jack Wright's Diving-Bell and the Pirates...by "Noname"  |
| 266 Jack Wright and His Dandy of the Deep; or Driven Afloat in the Sea of Fire.....by "Noname"                             | 322 Jack Wright and His Flying Torpedo; or, The Black Demons of Dismal Swamp....by "Noname"                     | 353 Jack Wright and His Phantom Frigate; or, Fighting the Coast Wreckers of the Gulf.....by "Noname"                                |
| 271 Jack Wright and His Electric Torpedo Ram; or, The Sunken City of the Atlantic.....by "Noname"                          | 323 Jack Wright and His Prairie Privateer; or, Fighting the Western Road Agents.....by "Noname"                 | 354 Jack Wright and His Air-Ship on Wheels; or, A Perilous Journey to Cape Farewell. by "Noname"                                    |
| 272 Jack Wright and His Deep Sea Monitor; or, Searching for a Ton of Gold.....by "Noname"                                  | 324 Jack Wright and His Naval Cruiser; or, Fighting the Pirates of the Pacific.....by "Noname"                  | 355 Jack Wright and His Electric Roadster in the Desert of Death; or, Chasing the Australian Brigands.....by "Noname"               |
| 274 Jack Winters in the English Army. A Story of the War in Egypt.....by Capt. Geo. Granville (U. S. A.)                   | 325 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor, and His Whaleback Privateer; or, Cruising in the Behring Sea.....by "Noname" | 356 Jack Wright's Ocean Marvel; or, The Mystery of a Frozen Island.....by "Noname"  |
| 275 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor, Exploring Central Asia in His Magnetic Hurricane. by "Noname"                           | 326 Jack Wright and His Electric Phantom Boat; or, Chasing the Outlaws of the Ocean.....by "Noname"             | 357 Jack Wright and His Electric Soaring Machine; or, A Daring Flight Through Miles of Peril.....by "Noname"                        |
| 276 Jack Wright and His Ocean Plunger; or, The Harpoon Hunters of the Arctic.....by "Noname"                               | 327 Jack Wright and His Winged Gunboat; or, A Voyage to an Unknown Land.....by "Noname"                         | 358 Jack Wright and His Electric Battery Car; or, Beating the Express Train Robbers. by "Noname"                                    |
| 277 Jack Wright and His Electric "Sea-Ghost;" or, A Strange Under-Water Journey.....by "Noname"                            | 328 Jack Wright and His Electric Flyer; or, Racing in the Clouds for a Boy's Life...by "Noname"                 | 359 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea Horse; or, Seven Weeks in Ocean Perils.....by "Noname"   |
| 279 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor, and His Deep Sea Diving Bell.....by "Noname"  | 329 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor's Electric Sledge Boat; or, Wild Adventures in Alaska.....by "Noname"         | 360 Jack Wright and His Electric Balloon Boat; or, A Dangerous Voyage Above the Clouds.....by "Noname"                              |
| 281 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor, and His Electric Tricycle Boat; or, The Treasure of the Sun-Worshippers.....by "Noname" | 330 Jack Wright and His Electric Express Wagon; or, Wiping Out the Outlaws of Deadwood.....by "Noname"          | 361 In the Jungles of India; or, Jack Wright as a Wild Animal Hunter.....by "Noname"  |
| 283 Jack Wright and His Under-Water Wrecking Raft; or, The Mystery of a Scuttled Ship.....by "Noname"                      | 331 Jack Wright and His Submarine Explorer; or, A Cruise at the Bottom of the Ocean by "Noname"                 | 362 50,000 Leagues Under the Sea; or, Jack Wright's Most Dangerous Voyage.....by "Noname"   |
| 285 Jack Wright and His Terror of the Seas; or, Fighting For a Sunken Fortune.....by "Noname"                              | 332 Jack Wright and His Demon of the Air; or, A Perilous Trip in the Clouds.....by "Noname"                     | 363 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor, Working for the Union Pacific Railroad; or, Over the Continent on the "Electric".....by "Noname" |
| 287 Jack Wright and His Electric Diving Boat; or, Lost Under the Ocean.....by "Noname"                                     | 333 Jack Wright and His Electric Ripper; or, Searching for Treasure in the Jungle....by "Noname"                | 364 Over the South Pole; or, Jack Wright's Search for a Lost Explorer with His Flying Boat.....by "Noname"                          |
| 289 Jack Wright and His Submarine Yacht; or, The Fortune Hunters of the Red Sea.....by "Noname"                            | 334 Jack Wright and His King of the Sea; or, Diving for Old Spanish Gold..by "Noname"                           | 365 Jack Wright and His Electric Air Monitor; or, The Scourge of the Pacific.....by "Noname"  |
| 292 Jack Wright and His Electric Gunboat; or, The Search for a Stolen Girl. by "Noname"                                    | 335 Jack Wright and His Electric Balloons; or, Cruising in the Clouds for a Mountain Treasure.....by "Noname"   | 366 The Boy Lion Fighter; or, Jack Wright in the Swamps of Africa.....by "Noname"   |
| 294 Jack Wright and His Electric Sea Launch; or, A Desperate Cruise For Life.....by "Noname"                               | 336 Jack Wright and His Imp of the Ocean; or, The Wreckers of Whirlpool Reef.....by "Noname"                    | 367 Jack Wright and His Electric Submarine Ranger; or, Afloat Among the Cannibals of the Deep.....by "Noname"                       |
| 296 Jack Wright and His Electric Bicycle-Boat; or, Searching for Captain Kidd's Gold...by "Noname"                         | 337 Jack Wright and His Electric Cab; or, Around the Globe on Wheels..by "Noname"                               | 368 The Demon of the Sky; or, Jack Wright's \$10,000 Wager.....by "Noname"  |
| 298 Jack Wright and His Electric Side-Wheel Boat; or, Fighting the Brigands of the Coral Isles.....by "Noname"             | 338 Jack Wright and His Flying Phantom; or, Searching for a Lost Balloonist.....by "Noname"                     | 369 Adrift in the Land of Snow; or, Jack Wright and His Sledge-Boat on Wheels....by "Noname"  |
| 300 Jack Wright's Wonder of the Waves; or, The Flying Dutchman of the Pacific.....by "Noname"                              |   |   |
| 302 Jack Wright and His Electric Exploring Ship; or, A Cruise Around Greenland....by "Noname"                              |   |   |

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price, 5 cents. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.

# Frank Tousey's Hand Books.

Containing Useful Information on Almost Every Subject Under the Sun. Price 10 Cents Per Copy.

No. 1.

## Napoleon's Oraculum and Dream Book.

Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 2.

## HOW TO DO TRICKS.

The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. Price 10 cents.

No. 3.

## HOW TO FLIRT.

The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents.

No. 4.

## HOW TO DANCE

Is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances. The price is 10 cents.

No. 5.

## HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. Price 10 cents.

No. 6.

## HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.

Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 7.

## HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 8.

## HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.

A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents.

No. 9.

## HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.

By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (deceiving multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it. Price 10 cents.

No. 10.

## HOW TO BOX.

The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Price 10 cents.

No. 11.

## HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.

A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old. Price 10 cents.

No. 12.

## HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.

Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also, letters of introduction, notes and requests. Price 10 cents.

No. 13.

## How to Do It; or, Book of Etiquette.

It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it.

No. 14.

## HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 15.

## HOW TO BECOME RICH.

This wonderful book presents you with the example and life experience of some of the most noted and wealthy men in the world, including the self-made men of our country. The book is edited by one of the most successful men of the present age, whose own example is in itself guide enough for those who aspire to fame and money. The book will give you the secret. Price 10 cents.

No. 16.

## HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.

Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

No. 17.

## HOW TO DRESS.

Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents.

No. 18.

## HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful. Price 10 cents.

No. 19.

## FRANK TOUSEY'S

## United States Distance Tables, Pocket Companion and Guide.

Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, table of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents.

No. 20.

## How to Entertain an Evening Party.

A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 21.

## HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.

The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents.

No. 22.

## HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.

Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight. Price 10 cents.

No. 23.

## HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.

Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. Price 10 cents.

No. 24.

## HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.

Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction. Price 10 cents.

No. 25.

## HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.

Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book. Price 10 cents.

No. 26.

## HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.

Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents.

No. 27.

## HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings. Price 10 cents.

No. 28.

## HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortunes of your friends. Price 10 cents.

No. 29.

## HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.

Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents.

No. 30.

## HOW TO COOK.

One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks. Only 10 cents per copy.

No. 31.

## HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.

Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents.

No. 32.

## HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.

Handsomely illustrated, and containing full directions for mounting, riding and managing a bicycle, fully explained with practical illustrations; also directions for picking out a machine. Price 10 cents.

No. 33.

## HOW TO BEHAVE.

Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing room. Price 10 cents.

No. 34.

## HOW TO FENCE.

Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book. Price 10 cents.

No. 35.

## HOW TO PLAY GAMES.

A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc. Price 10 cents.

No. 36.

## HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.

Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings. Price 10 cents.

No. 37.

## HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, zolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents.

No. 38.

## HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints. Price 10 cents.

No. 39.

## How to Raise Dogs, Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.

A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw. Price 10 cents.

No. 40.

## HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.

Including hints on how to catch Moles, Weasels, Otter, Rats, Squirrels and Birds. Also how to cure Skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents.

No. 41.

## The Boys of New York End Men's Joke Book.

Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book. Price 10 cents.

No. 42.

The Boys of New York Stump Speaker. Containing a varied assortment of Stump Speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also End Men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York,

No. 52.

## HOW TO PLAY CARDS.

A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Cassino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All 'ours, and many other popular games of cards. Price 10 cents.

No. 53.

## HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.

A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book. Price 10 cents.

No. 54.

## HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.

Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by 28 handsome illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents.

No. 55.

## HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.

Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents.

No. 56.

## HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.

Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know. Price 10 cents.

No. 57.

## HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for 20 years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines. Price 10 cents.

58.

## HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.

By Old King Brady, the world known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives. Price 10 cents.

59.

## HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.

Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen. Price 10 cents.

60.

## HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.

Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney. Price 10 cents.

61.

## HOW TO BECOME A BOWLER.

A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the standard American and German games; together with rules and systems of sporting in use by the principal bowling clubs in the United States. By Bartholomew Batterson. Price 10 cents.

62.

## How to Become a West Point Military Cadet.

Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu. Senarens, Author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet." Price 10 cents.

63.

## HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.

Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instructions, descriptions of grounds and buildings historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written By Lu. Senarens, Author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet." Price 10 cents.

64.

## How to Make Electrical Machines.

Containing full directions for making Electrical Machines, Induction Coils, Dynamos, and many Novel Toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents.

65.

## Muldoon's Jokes.

This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. We offer this amusing book, together with the picture of "Muldoon," for the small sum of 10 cents. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

66.

## How To Do Puzzles.

Containing over 300 interesting puzzles and conundrums with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents.

67.

## How To Do Electrical Tricks.

Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents.

68.

## How To Do Chemical Tricks.

Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents.

69.

## How To Do Sleight of Hand.

Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents.

70.

## How to Make Magic Toys.

Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, by mail, upon receipt of price.

71.

## How to Do Mechanical Tricks.

Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it by mail, postage free, upon receipt of the price.

72.

## How to Do Sixty Tricks With Cards.

Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks with illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it to you by mail, postage free, upon receipt of price.

73.

## How to Do Tricks With Numbers.

Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States, or we will send it to you by mail, postage free upon receipt of the price.

# Funny Stories by the Great "Bricktop."

Handsome Lithograph Covers in Colors. Stories Fully Illustrated by  
Worth. Each Story Complete. Price 10 Cents Each.

- 1 Mulligan's Boarding-House.
- 2 To Europe by Mistake.
- 3 Joining the Freemasons.
- 4 Our Servant Girls.
- 5 Zeb Smith's Country Store.
- 6 On a Jury.
- 7 Mrs. Brown's Boarding-House.
- 8 Henpecked.
- 9 Columbus, the Discoverer,  
by Duke Ragbag
- 10 A Bachelor's Love Scrapes.
- 11 Uncle Josh.
- 12 Hunting for a Wife.
- 13 Mrs. Snoodle's Curtain Lectures.

- 14 Dodging a Creditor.
- 15 My Wife's Mother.
- 16 Going to the Country.
- 17 A Quiet Fourth of July.
- 18 Where Are You Going?
- 19 That Parrot Next Door.
- 20 Our Baby.
- 21 Good Templars Exposed.
- 22 Our Boarding-School.
- 23 The Troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Tumbleton.
- 24 Mrs. Blinker's Blinds.
- 25 My Birthday.

The above books are for sale by All Newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent, postage free, to any address, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore St., N. Y.**

# LATEST ISSUES OF THE JAMES BOYS STORIES Published In DETECTIVE LIBRARY.

**Each Number Complete in Itself. - - Price 10 Cents Each.**

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <p>587 The James Boys in the Ozark Mountains; or, Old King Brady and Carl Greene and the Diamonds of the Lake... by A. N. Y. Detective</p> <p>588 The James Boys and the Life Hunters; or, Carl Greene's Hot Struggle with the Bandits... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>589 The James Boys in the Bad Lands; or, Old King Brady and Carl Greene Guarding Government Gold... by a New York Detective</p> <p>590 Jerry Owens and the Beacon Light; or, The Signal Fires of the Williams Brothers... by Robert Maynard</p> <p>591 The James Boys' Fight for a Rare Gem; or, Carl Greene, the Detective, and the Young Australian... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>592 The James Boys and the Sport; or, Carl Greene as the "Gent From California"... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>593 The James Boys Down the Mississippi; or, Tracked to Memphis by Old King Brady and Carl Greene... by a New York Detective</p> <p>594 The James Boys' Fight to a Finish; or, Carl Greene's Campaign of Bullets... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>595 The James Boys and the Train Robbers; or, Old King Brady and Carl Greene Working a Double Trail... by a New York Detective</p> <p>596 The James Boys and the Lost Heir; or, Carl Greene, the Detective's Many Ruses... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>597 Hunted For Ten Years; or, The James Boys' Fight Against Fate... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>598 The James Boys and the Hoosiers; or, Tracked by Old King Brady and Carl Greene From Independence to Indianapolis... by a New York Detective</p> <p>599 The James Boys and the Cattle King; or, Carl Greene as a Herder... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>600 At Midnight on the 11th; or, Old King Brady and the Mystery of Pier A... by a N. Y. Detective</p> <p>601 The James Boys and the Dumb Dude; or, Carl Greene, the Detective's Great Game... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>602 The James Boys and One Shot Pete; or, Carl Greene, the Detective, in a New Character... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>603 The James Boys and the Ku-Klux; or, Chased Through Kentucky by Old King Brady and Carl Greene... by a New York Detective</p> <p>604 The James Boys in the Wilderness; or, Carl Greene's Search for the Outlaws' Home... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>605 The James Boys in California; or, Chased to the Land of Gold by Old King Brady and Carl Greene... by a New York Detective</p> <p>606 The James Boys After a Fortune; or, Carl Greene's Fight For a Stolen Will... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>607 The James Boys and the Cripple; or, Carl Greene as the Wooden Leg Hermit of the Ozarks... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>608 The James Boys at Cracker Neck and as Highwaymen... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>609 The James Boys and the Night Hawks; or, Chased by Old King Brady and Carl Greene from Missouri to the Gulf... by a N. Y. Detective</p> <p>610 The James Boys' Rival Band; or, Carl Greene's Double Fight Against Outlaws... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>611 The James Boys and the Midnight Express; or, Carl Greene's Great Railroad Case... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>612 The James Boys' First Fight With Old King Brady... by a New York Detective</p> <p>613 The James Boys' Mascot; or, Carl Greene Plays a Great Part... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>614 The James Boys' Missouri Raid; or, Carl Greene and Timberlake Defied... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>615 The James Boys' Fate and the James Boys' Brides... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>616 Last Days of the James Boys; or, The End of a Noted Band... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>617 The James Boys and Old King Brady Fighting Carl Greene; or, The Mad Banker's Millions... by a New York Detective</p> | <p>618 The James Boys' Bonanza; or, Carl Greene's Hard Luck... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>619 The James Boys' Three Weeks' Fight Along the Border; or, Chased by Old King Brady and Carl Greene... by a New York Detective</p> <p>620 The James Boys as Bank Robbers and the James Boys' Band... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>621 The James Boys in the War; or, Under Quantrell's Black Flag... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>622 The James Boys' Fiercest Struggle; or, The Murderous Fight in the Deserted Mine... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>623 The James Boys' First Crime; or, The Beginning of a Terrible Career... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>624 The James Boys and Old King Brady in the Great North Woods; or, Carl Greene's 1,000 Mile Trail... by a New York Detective</p> <p>625 The James Boys' First Days as Bandits; or, From Guerrillas to Outlaws... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>626 The James Boys and Foxy Williams; or, Carl Greene's Partner in Peril... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>627 The James Boys' Waterloo; or, The Fate of the Bandits... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>628 The James Boys' Red Path to Victory; or, Carl Greene's Hot Chase with Bandits... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>629 The James Boys at the Great Fair; or, Daring Work in Kansas City... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>630 The James Boys Working for Old King Brady; or, Carl Greene and the Road Agents of the Kaw... by a N. Y. Detective</p> <p>631 The James Boys and Thunderbolt Ned; or, Carl Greene as the Wild Rider of Missouri... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>632 Quantrell's Last Ride; or, The Fall of the Scarlet Flag... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>633 The James Boys and the Rocky Cut Train Robbery; or, The Red Light on the Bridge... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>634 The James Boys and Old King Brady in the Great St. Genevieve Bank Robbery; or, Chased Across the State by Carl Greene... by a New York Detective</p> <p>635 The James Boys' Flight to Deadwood; or, Carl Greene's Chase from Missouri to Dakota... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>636 The James Boys and the St. Louis Express; or, The Train Robbery at Glendale... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>637 The James Boys' Wild Riders; or, Fighting Their Way to Safety... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>638 The James Boys and the Kentucky Bank Robberies; or, Old King Brady Working on a Great Case... by a New York Detective</p> <p>639 The James Boys; or, The Bandit King's Last Shot... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>640 Sam Sixkiller, the Cherokee Detective; or, The James Boys' Most Dangerous Foe... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>641 Chasing the James Boys; or, A Detective's Dangerous Case... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>642 The James Boys and the Night Owls; or, Carl Greene and His Band of Sleuths... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>643 The Man From Nowhere and His Adventures with the James Boys... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>644 The James Boys and Pinkerton; or, Frank and Jesse as Detectives... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>645 The Double Shadow; or, The James Boys Baffled... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>646 The James Boys and the Texas Express; or, The Flag Station on the Iron Mountain Road... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>647 Jesse James and Siroc; or, A Detective's Chase for a Horse... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>648 Thirty Days with the James Boys; or, A Detective's Wild Chase in Kentucky... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>649 Jesse James' Last Shot; or, Tracked by the Ford Boys... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>650 The James Boys and the Little Rock Stage Robbery; or, Fighting in Two States... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>651 The James Boys on the Road; or, The Bandit Kings in a New Field... by D. W. Stevens</p> | <p>652 The James Boys Baffled; or, A Detective's Game of Bluff... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>653 The James Boys Lost; or, The Detective's Curious Case... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>654 The James Boys and the Russellville Bank Robbery; or, The Bandits at Work in Kentucky... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>655 The James Boys in the Saddle; or, The Highwaymen and the Haunted Mill... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>656 Quantrell's Old Guard; or, The James Boys in Missouri... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>657 The James Boys' League; or, Baffled by a Keen Detective... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>658 The James Boys and the Six Sheriffs; or, The Plot Against the Bandit King... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>659 The James Boys' Knights of the Road; or, The Masked Men of Missouri... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>660 The James Boys' Mistake; or, Carl Greene the Detective's Clever Ruse... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>661 Jesse James, the Midnight Horseman; or, The Silent Rider of the Ozark... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>662 The Last Dark Deeds of the James Boys; or, The Great Robbery on the Rock Island Road... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>663 The James Boys' Signal Lights; or, The Cavern of Mystery... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>664 The James Boys' Boldest Raid; or, Foiled by a Brave Detective... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>665 The James Boys in Danger; or, Carl Greene, the Detective's Cunning Scheme... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>666 The James Boys' \$100,000 Haul; or, The Robbery at Big Springs... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>667 The James Boys' Island; or, Routed by a Game Detective... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>668 Jesse James Avenged; or, The Death of Bob Ford... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>669 The James Boys Jailed; or, Carl Greene the Detective's Clever Capture... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>670 The James Boys and the Jayhawkers; or, Fighting Under the Black Flag... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>671 The James Boys in Arkansas; or, After Confederate Gold... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>672 The Moonlight Riders; or, Carl Greene, the Detective, Working in Three States... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>673 The James Boys in New York; or, Fighting Old King Brady... by a New York Detective</p> <p>674 Old Saddle-Bags, the Preacher Detective; or, The James Boys in a Fix... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>675 The James Boys and Cole Younger; or, The Raid on the Stillwater Penitentiary... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>676 The Last of the Band; or, The Surrender of Frank James... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>677 The James Boys at Bay; or, Sheriff Timberlake's Triumph... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>678 The James Boys Afloat; or, The Wild Adventures of a Detective on the Mississippi... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>679 The James Boys and Jim Cummins; or, The Great Express Robbery on the Memphis Road... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>680 The James Boys Tricked; or, A Detective's Cunning Game... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>681 The James Boys in No Man's Land; or, The Bandit King's Last Ride... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>682 Jesse James' Pledge; or, The Bandit King's Last Ride... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>683 The James Boys and the Red Legs; or, The Great Kansas Raid... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>684 The James Boys' Band of Ten; or, The Red Light on the Bluff... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>685 The James Boys' Shadows; or, The Nemesis of the Bandits... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>686 The James Boys' Blunder; or, The Fatal Mistake at Northfield... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>687 The James Boys and the Railroad King; or, Held for Ransom by Train Robbers... by D. W. Stevens</p> <p>688 The James Boys in Deadwood; or, The Game Pair of Dakota... by D. W. Stevens</p> |
|--|--|---|

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price, 10 cents. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.

# Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY:

- 1079 Benny Bounce; or, A Block of the Old Chip—comic.....by Peter Pad  
1080 Nozzle Ned, the Boy Fireman of Madison. by Robert Lennox  
1081 The Two Boy Cattle Kings; or, An Indian Mail Carrier's Oath.....by Paul Braddon  
1082 Nimble Nick, the Boy of Nerve; or Fighting His Own Battles.....by C. Little  
1083 From Pole to Pole; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Submarine Voyage.....by "Noname"  
1084 The Two Boy Clowns; or, A Summer With a Circus—comic.....by Tom Teaser  
1085 The Mark of Mystery; or, Saved by a Carrier Pigeon.....by Paul Braddon  
1086 Steadfast Sid, the Boy Who Never Surrendered; or, Standing Up for a Square Deal by C. Little  
1087 Dick Daring, the Boy Unknown; or, The Trail of the Death Decoy.....by R. T. Emmet  
1088 The Magic Island; or, The Strange Cruise of the Black Frigate.....by Roger Starbuck  
1089 Dandy Dan of Deadwood and His Great Divide.....by "Noname"  
1090 Young Dick Plunket; or, The Trials and Tribulations of Ebenezer Crow—comic.....by Sam Smiley  
1091 Old Oak Burrell, the Journalist Detective by Paul Braddon  
1092 Among the Amazons. A Thrilling Story of the Interior of Africa.....by R. T. Emmet  
1093 Afloat in a Tiger's Den; or, The Wreck of the Menagerie Ship.....by Roger Starbuck  
1094 Newsboy Ned; or, From the Pavement to a Palace.....by C. Little  
1095 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Coach; or, The Search for the Isle of Diamonds. Part I.....by "Noname"  
1096 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Coach; or, The Search for the Isle of Diamonds. Part II.....by "Noname"  
1097 Rob Ready, the Life Saver; or, The Pirate Wreckers of the Bahamas.....by Roger Starbuck  
1098 Captain Tom Seymour, the Game Cock of the Coast.....by Ralph Morton  
1099 Dandy Dan of Deadwood Betrayed; or, The Vultures of Montana.....by "Noname"  
1100 The Black Fiend of the Red Sea; or, The Lost Girl of the Coral Cave.....by Roger Starbuck  
1101 Muldoon's Hotel. Part I.—comic.....by Tom Teaser  
1102 Muldoon's Hotel. Part II.—comic.....by Tom Teaser  
1103 Dandy Dan of Deadwood in Texas; or, The Silver Moon Mystery.....by "Noname"  
1104 Fergus of the Flail; or, Fighting For Land and Life.....by Corporal Morgan Rattler  
1105 Pawnee Bill's Boys; or, The Young Boomers of Oklahoma.....by Paul Braddon  
1106 The Boy Scout.....by N. S. Wood  
1107 Muldoon in Ireland; or, The Solid Man on the Old Sod.....by Tom Teaser  
1108 Frank Reade, Jr., With His Air-Ship in Asia; or, A Flight Across the Steppes.....by "Noname"  
1109 On Board a Slave Ship; or, Kidnapped For a Strange Voyage.....by J. G. Bradley  
1110 The Weird House of White Cliff.....by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg  
1111 Buffalo Bill, Jr., and His Band of Dead Shots.....by Allyn Draper  
1112 The Ship of Silence; or, The Terrible League of the Black Sword.....by Roger Starbuck  
1113 Fred Frost, the Young Arctic Explorer; or, Bound to Reach the North Pole.....by Albert J. Booth  
1114 Bootblack Bob; or, From Rags to Broadcloth.....by C. Little  
1115 Afloat in a Cannibal Ship; or, The Fated War-Sloop of the Ladrões.....by Roger Starbuck  
1116 The Boy Firemen; or, Stand by the Machine.....by Howard De Vere  
1117 The Young Diamond Seekers; or, Roughing it in the Carolina Mountains.....by R. T. Emmet  
1118 The Young Rip Van Winkle by Allan Arnold  
1119 The Lost Gold Raft; or, A Perilous Cruise For a Floating Treasure.....by Roger Starbuck  
1120 Sharp, Swift and Spry; or, Three Jolly Peddlers—comic.....by Sam Smiley  
1121 The 'Forty-Niners; or, The Pioneer's Daughter.....by T. W. Hanshew  
1122 Dick Deadline, the Young Revenue Captain; or, The Pirate of the Gun-Brig.....by Roger Starbuck  
1123 Young King Crusoe; or, The Treasure Trove of Falcon Key.....by C. Little  
1124 Hook and Ladder No. 2.....by Howard De Vere  
1125 Sam Sureshot, the Skeleton Marine; or, The Lost Frigate of the Demon Isles.....by Roger Starbuck  
1126 Billy Button, the Young Clown and Bareback Rider. A Story of the Circus.....by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg  
1127 The Orphans of New York. A Pathetic Story of a Great City.....by N. S. Wood  
1128 Young Capt. Perry, the Hero of 1812. An Exciting Privateer Yarn.....by George G. Small  
1129 Among the Fire-Worshippers; or, Two New York Boys in Mexico.....by Berton Bertrew  
1130 The Actor's Son. A Story of Trials and Triumphs On and Off the Stage.....by Gus Williams  
1131 The Ocean Wolf. A Story of Privateering in 1812.....by George G. Small  
1132 The Witch's Secret; or, The Hidden Crime.....by T. W. Hanshew  
1133 Bound Boy Ben; or, Sold Into Slavery.....by C. Little  
1134 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part I.....by "Noname"  
1135 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part II.....by "Noname"  
1136 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part I.....by "Noname"  
1137 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part II.....by "Noname"  
1138 Green Mountain Joe, the Old Trapper of Malbro Pond.....by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg  
1139 Red Light Dick, the Engineer Prince.....by Albert J. Booth  
1140 Adrift in the Tree-Tops.....by Allyn Draper  
1141 Lost in Labrador; or, The Search for the Frozen Pirate.....by C. Little  
1142 The Mysterious Man of the Mountain. A Story of the Hudson River.....by P. T. Raymond  
1143 In the Sea of Ice.....by Albert J. Booth  
1144 The Young Deserters; or, The Mystery of Ramsey's Island.....by Berton Bertrew  
1145 "Special" Bob; or, The Pride of the Road by Albert J. Booth  
1146 Adrift in a Haunted Lake; or, The Mystery of a Lost War Ship.....by Roger Starbuck  
1147 The Arkansas Scout.....by Paul Braddon  
1148 The Wolf Boys of Michigan.....by Jas. D. Montague  
1149 The Boy Nihilist; or, Young America in Russia.....by Captain Geo. Granville, (U. S. A.)  
1150 Daniel Boone's Best Shot; or, The Perils of the Kentucky Pioneers.....by John Sherman  
1151 The Parson's Boy; or, The Innocent One of the Family—comic.....by Tom Teaser  
1152 The Game Cock of Deadwood. A Story of the Wild Northwest.....by Geo. G. Small  
1153 Randy Rollins, the Young Fireman. A Story of Heroic Deeds.....by Robert Lennox  
1154 Little Buffalo Bill; or, The Boy Scout of the Rio Del Norte.....by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg  
1155 The Lost Island. A Romance of a Forgotten World.....by C. Little  
1156 The Silent Band.....by "Noname"  
1157 Kit Carson's Little Scout; or, The Renegade's Doom.....by Gaston Garne  
1158 Hook and Ladder Jack, the Daring Young Fireman.....by Robert Lennox  
1159 The Men in Green.....by "Noname"  
1160 Yellowstone Kelly.....by Robert Maynard  
1161 Captain Jack Tempest, the Prince of the Sea.....by J. G. Bradley  
1162 A Poor Boy's Fight; or, The Hero of the School.....by George G. Small  
1163 Boarding School Scrapes; or, The Rackets of a Young Ventriloquist. Part I.—comic.....by Tom Teaser  
1164 Boarding School Scrapes; or, The Rackets of a Young Ventriloquist. Part II.—comic.....by Tom Teaser  
1165 Lost on a Yacht; or, The Adventures of Four American Boys.....by R. T. Emmet  
1166 Rob Rudder, the Boy Pilot of the Mississippi.....by P. T. Raymond  
1167 On a Sinking Island.....by Kit Clyde  
1168 Muldoon's Flats—comic.....by Tom Teaser  
1169 The Hut in the Swamp; or, The Mystery of Hal Percy's Fate.....by R. T. Emmet  
1170 Nick and Jed, the King Trappers of the Border.....by P. T. Raymond  
1171 Clear the Track Tom; or, The Youngest Engineer on the Road.....by Albert J. Booth  
1172 The Demon of the Deep; or, Above and Beneath the Sea.....by Howard De Vere  
1173 Larry the Life Saver; or, A Born Fireman by Robert Lennox  
1174 The Island of Mystery; or, Adventures Under the Sea.....by Howard De Vere  
1175 Goldburn, the Girl Guerrilla.....by Morris Redwing  
1176 Dick Mizzen; or, The Cruise of the 'Corsair'.....by Richard R. Montgomery  
1177 Yankee Bob, the Young Scout of the Rappahannock.....by Ralph Morton  
1178 The Potomac Detective.....by Ralph Morton  
1179 Union Dick in the Rebel Camp.....by Philip Murdock  
1180 Cavalry Jack at Murfreesboro.....by Col. Ralph Fenton  
1181 Cavalry Jack in the Swamps.....by Col. Ralph Fenton  
1182 Sea-Dog Charlie; or, The Adventures of a Boy Hero.....by W. I. James, Jr.  
1183 The Shortys on the Road; or, In the Old Business Just for Fun—comic.....by Peter Pad  
1184 The Haunted Cave.....by Jas. D. Montague  
1185 Infantry Dave, the Young Scout of the Wilderness.....by Ralph Morton  
1186 Daniel Boone, the Hero of Kentucky.....by Paul Braddon  
1187 Three Yankee Chums; or, Dr. Dodd's Exploring Expedition.....by Commodore Ah-Loon  
1188 Burt, the Detective; or, A Sleuth-Hound on the Track.....by Police Captain Howard  
1189 The Mysterious Messenger; or, The Secret of the Three Black Stars.....by Hart Barnard  
1190 The Gallant Middy; or, Captured by Pirates.....by Richard R. Montgomery  
1191 Meta, the Girl Crusoe; or, The Secret of the Sea.....by Gus Williams  
1192 Under the Gallows.....by a U. S. Detective  
1193 The Gold Hunters of Mexico; or, The Prairie Phantom.....by H. C. Emmet  
1194 Drifting Harry; or, Hoeing His Own Row by J. G. Bradley  
1195 A Trip to the Center of the Earth.....by Howard De Vere  
1196 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn.....by Col. J. M. Travers  
1197 Shady Dell School; or, Haps and Mishaps of Schoolboy Life.....by Capt. Will Dayton  
1198 Dick Wright and His Band of Cannibals by J. R. Scott  
1199 Sawdust Charlie, the Pet of the Ring.....by An Old Ringmaster  
1200 The Blasted Pine; or, Three Boy Scouts.....by Capt. Will Dayton  
1201 The Boy Trapezist.....by a Former Professional  
1202 Little Nugget, the Pride of Leadville.....by Major J. Anderson  
1203 The Young Aeronaut.....by Prof. Wise  
1204 Denver Dan and His Mystic Band.....by C. Little  
1205 Denver Dan and the Road Agents.....by C. Little  
1206 Denver Dan and the Counterfeiters.....by C. Little  
1207 Denver Dan Outwitted; or, The Outlaw's Triumph.....by C. Little  
1208 Denver Dan the Sheriff.....by C. Little  
1209 Denver Dan to the Rescue; or, The Mountaineer's Stratagem.....by C. Little  
1210 Denver Dan and His Chums.....by C. Little  
1211 Denver Dan in New York.....by C. Little  
1212 The Twin Boy Scouts.....by Percy B. St. John  
1213 Prairie Phil; or, The Panther of the Platte by Harry Rockwood  
1214 Trapper Duke; or, The Female Avenger.....by Jas. D. Montague  
1215 Black and Blue; or, Nick Wharton on the Warpath.....by Harry Rockwood  
1216 Little Hal, the Boy Engineer.....by Captain Will Dayton  
1217 The Pirate's Son.....by J. T. Brougham  
1218 The Search for the "Midas;" or, Treasures from the Deep.....by Gerald Fleming  
1219 Gorilla George; or, A New York Boy in Africa.....by J. L. Freeman  
1220 Special Express Ned, the Prince of Boy Engineers.....by Horace Appleton  
1221 North Woods Tom, the Athlete Hunter.....by Kit Clyde  
1222 Lighthouse Lem; or, The Mystery of Deadman's Reef.....by an Old Sea Captain  
1223 Joe Jordan, the Young Inventor.....by H. K. Shackelford  
1224 Lasso Luke; or, The Three Prairie Pards.....by Kit Clyde  
1225 Jack Harkaway's Schooldays.  
1226 Jack Harkaway Afloat.  
1227 Jack Harkaway Among the Savages.  
1228 Jack Harkaway's Escape.  
1229 Jack Harkaway at Oxford.  
1230 Jack Harkaway and the Black Band.  
1231 Jack Harkaway and the Brigands.  
1232 Jack Harkaway and the Spy.  
1233 Jack Harkaway Trapped.  
1234 Jack Harkaway and the Italians; or, The Brigand's Doom.  
1235 Jack Harkaway and His Son's Adventures Round the World.  
1236 Jack Harkaway and His Son Homeward Bound.  
1237 Young Harkaway and the Pirates.  
1238 Jack Harkaway's Triumph.  
1239 Jack Harkaway on Magic Island.  
1240 Jack Harkaway's Peril.  
1241 Jack Harkaway to the Rescue.  
1242 Jack Harkaway, the Magician.  
1243 Jack Harkaway, the Avenger.  
1244 Jack Harkaway in Australia.  
1245 Jack Harkaway and the Convicts.  
1246 Jack Harkaway and the Bushrangers.  
1247 Young Jack Harkaway and His Boy Tinker.  
1248 Tinker's Man, Bogey.  
1249 Young Jack Harkaway in Spain.  
1250 Young Jack Harkaway in Turkey.  
1251 Mole Among the Mussulmans.  
1252 Young Jack Harkaway and the Arabs.  
1253 Young Jack Harkaway and the Counterfeiters.  
1254 Dick Lightheart.....by Bracebridge Hemyng  
1255 Dick Lightheart's Trials.....by Bracebridge Hemyng  
1256 Dick Lightheart's Triumph.....by Bracebridge Hemyng  
1257 Dick Lightheart at Sea.....by Bracebridge Hemyng  
1258 Dick Lightheart Around the World.....by Bracebridge Hemyng  
1259 Dick Lightheart in London.....by Bracebridge Hemyng  
1260 Dick Lightheart's Victory.....by Bracebridge Hemyng

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price, 5 cents. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.